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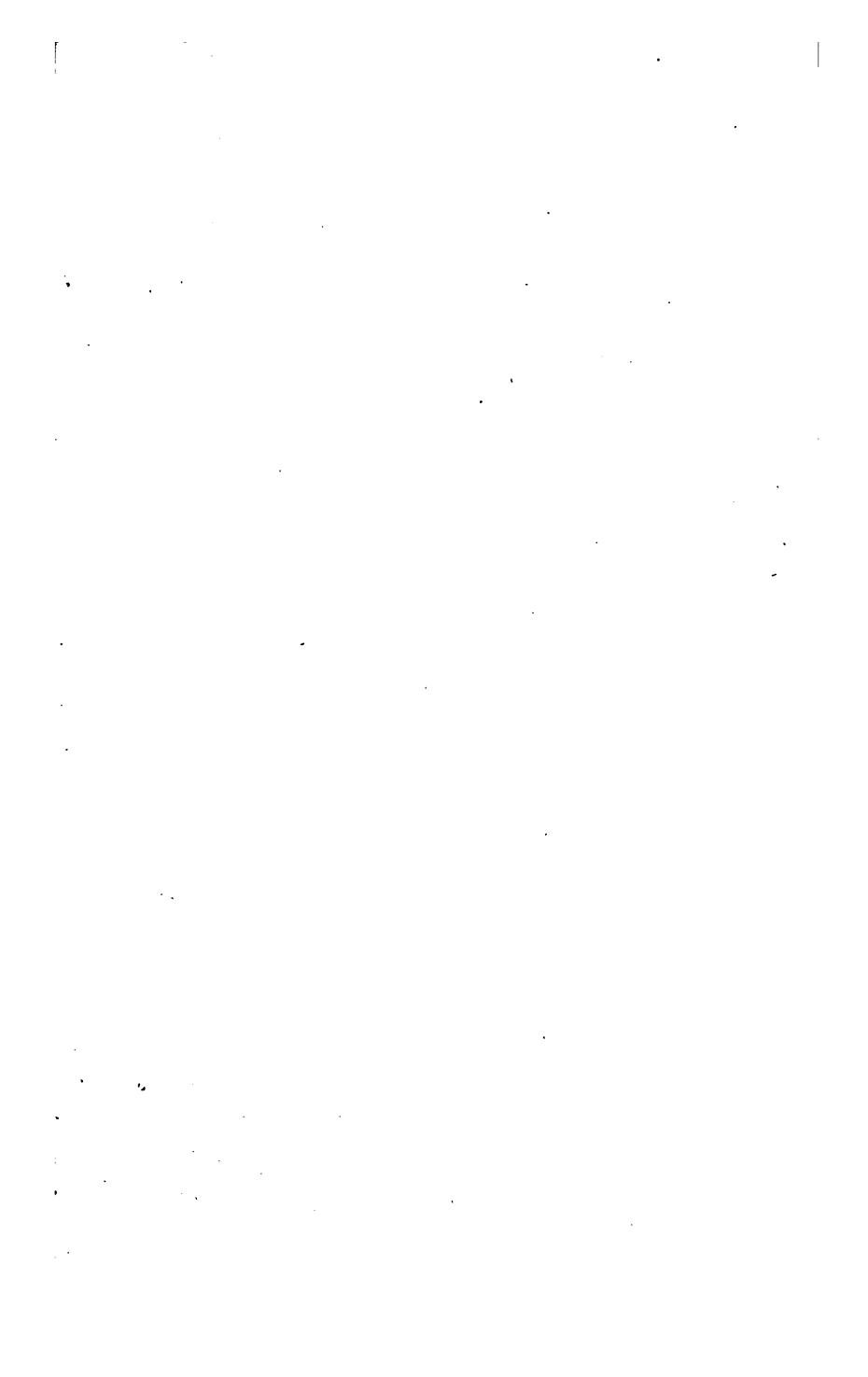


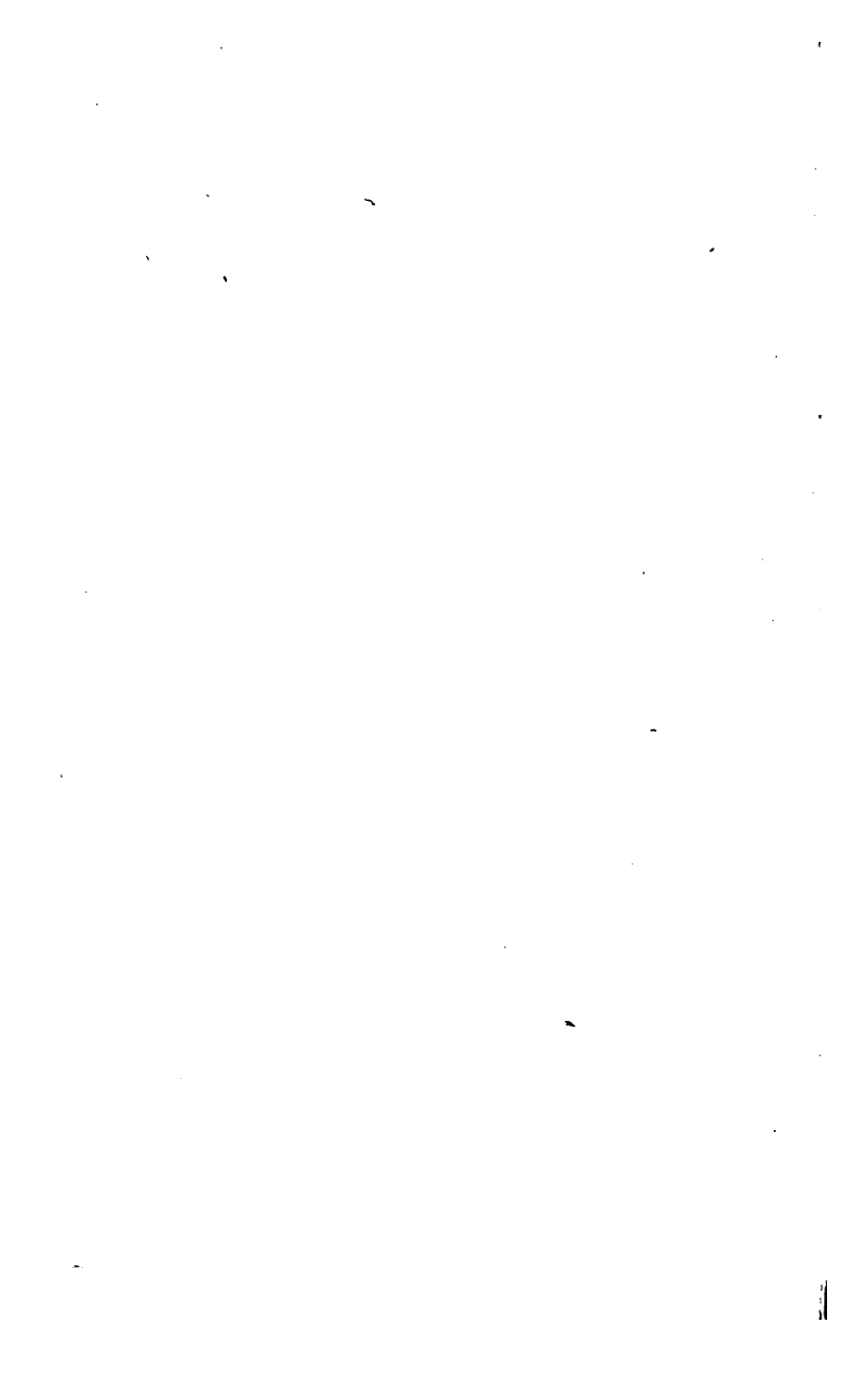
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My dear Mr. Garrison

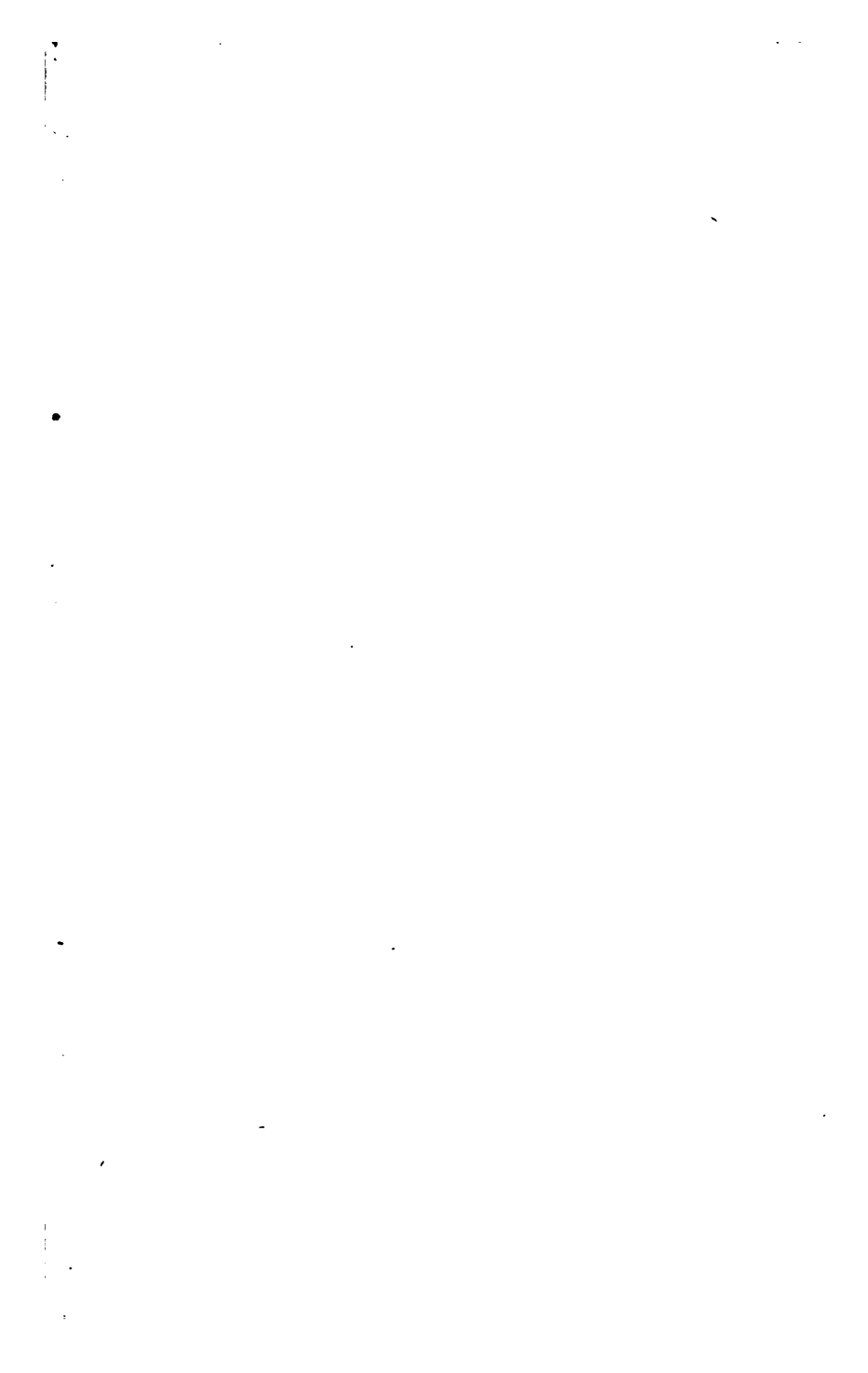
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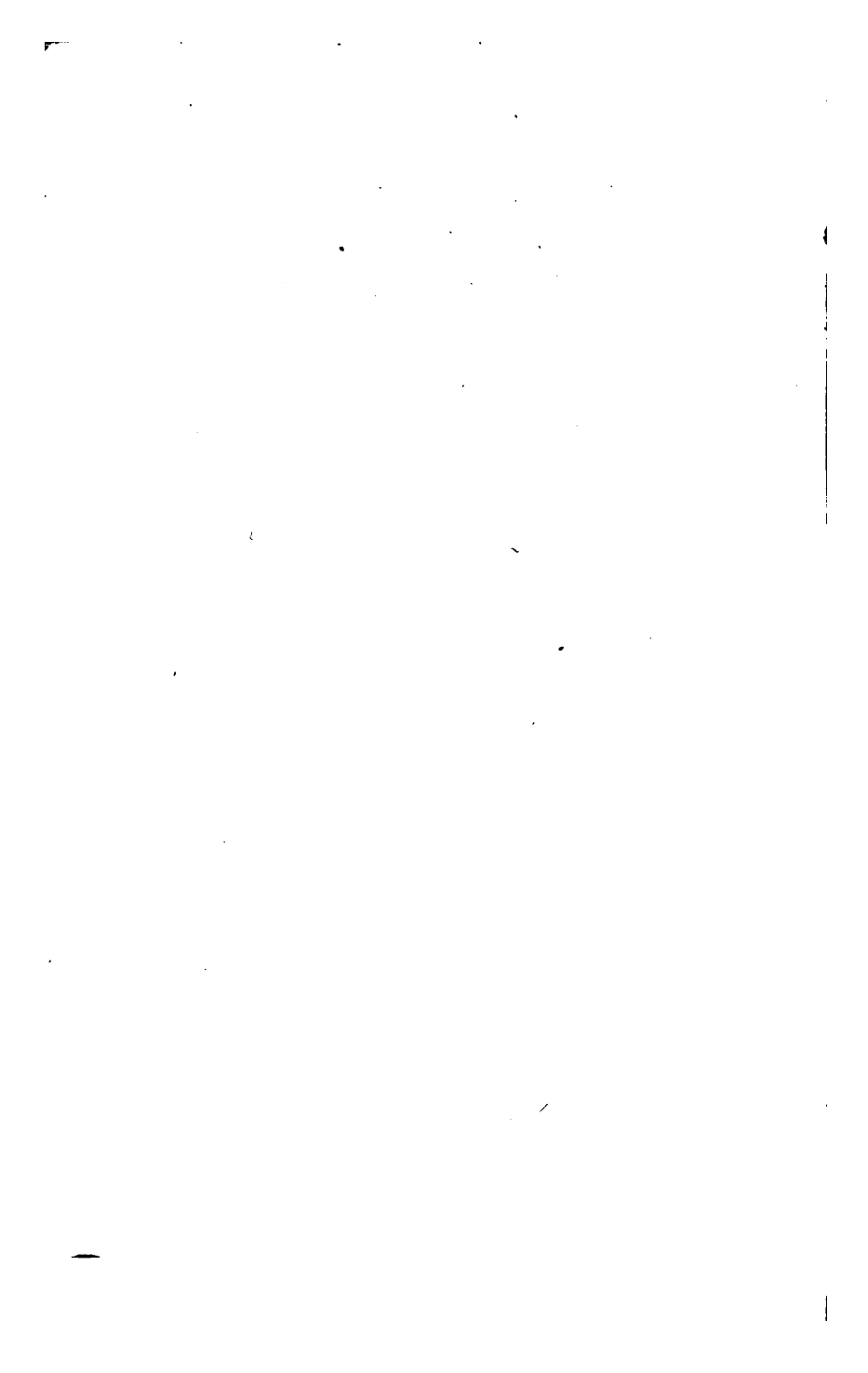
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POEMS.



PASSAIC,  
A GROUP OF  
POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER:  
WITH OTHER  
MUSINGS:

BY FLACCUS.

[Thomas Ward]

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THE NEW  
AMERICAN

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## CONTENTS.

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### BOOK I.

	Page
Sonnet to Passaic, - - - - -	9
Introductory Musings on Rivers, - - - - -	10
Passaic—Tale I.	
The Great Descender—Canto I. - - - - -	17
The Great Descender—Canto II. - - - - -	27
Passaic—Tale II.	
The Worth of Beauty: or, a Lover's Journal. Canto I.	
First Love, - - - - -	42
Canto II.—Second Love, - - - - -	82
Passaic—Tale III.	
The Last Look, - - - - -	125
Passaic—Tale IV.	
The Martyr: a Revolutionary Ballad, - - - - -	141
Passaic—Tale V.	
The Retreat of Seventy-six, - - - - -	146
Conclusion—To Passaic, - - - - -	161

### BOOK II.

Musings, in Various Moods, - - - - -	167
Adieu to Town, - - - - -	185
The Lament of Bacchus, - - - - -	187
The Graham System, - - - - -	190
The Bachelor's Lament, - - - - -	193
The Geological Lectures, - - - - -	196
Reply to a Lady, - - - - -	199

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	Page
Letter to a Fat Militia Colonel, - - - - -	202
Winter, - - - - -	204
The Return to Town after the Great Fire, - - - - -	206
Epithalamium, - - - - -	208
A New Song on an Unfashionable Theme, - - - - -	211
To an Infant in Heaven, - - - - -	213
Hymn of Patience, - - - - -	216
Worldly Friendship, - - - - -	217
The Wreck of the Home, - - - - -	220
On the Death of a Young Lady, - - - - -	224
The Friend that Died for me, - - - - -	226
The Disappointment of Manhood, - - - - -	227
To the First Crocus, - - - - -	231
On the Earthquake, - - - - -	233
Our Country: a Lyric, - - - - -	237
Freedom to her Sons, - - - - -	241
The Lost Pleiad, - - - - -	246
Elegy, - - - - -	249
The Union Hymn, - - - - -	250
Politics, - - - - -	252
Letter to the Editor of the Knickerbocker, - - - - -	258
Homœopathy, no Novelty, - - - - -	263
The Monomania of Money-making, - - - - -	266
NOTES, - - - - -	281

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**ERRATA.**

Page 66, line 16, for "sweep" read "sweeps."  
 Page 71, last line but two, a period after "alone."  
 Page 92, line 11, for "friend" read "fiend."  
 Page 127, stanza 6, line 8, for "was" read "were."  
 Page 128, stanza 10, line 4, for "joy" read "jog."  
 Page 131, last line, insert "balmy" before "spring."  
 Page 165, last line but one, for "divine" read "divide."  
 Page 242, line 4, for "yeoman" read "yeomen."

## BOOK I.

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# PASSAIC,

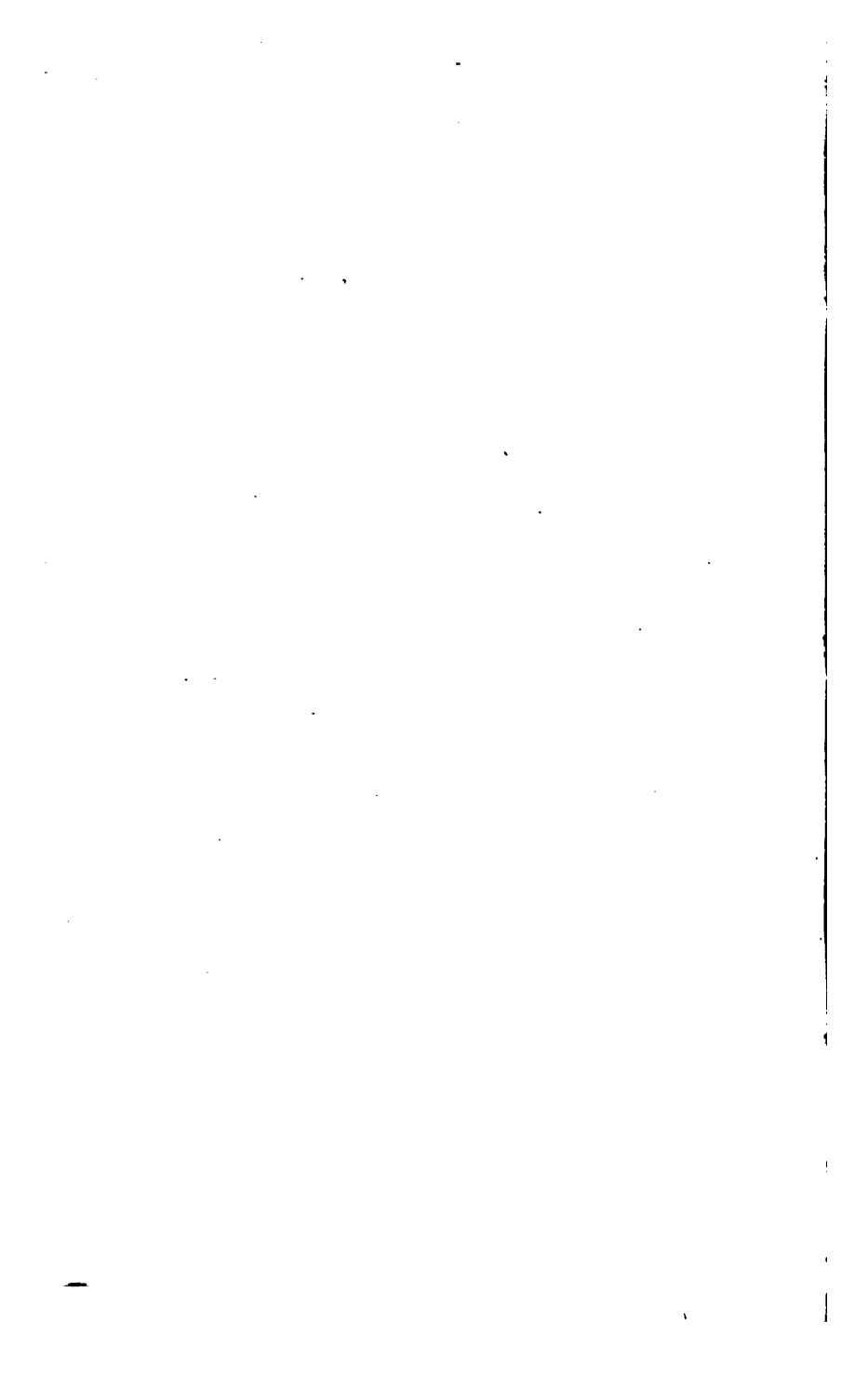
A GROUP OF

POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

---

'Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My bright example as it is my theme;  
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.'

DENHAM'S COOPER'S HILL.





SONNET TO PASSAIC.

---

WHEN earnest lovers fain their love would prove  
To the fair idol of their youthful prime,  
They gaze, they muse, and, prodigal of time,  
In the flower-path of all her roavings rove :  
At last, sure token of excess of love,  
Bewildered quite, they madden into rhyme.  
Oh, fair Passaic ! if the frequent crime  
Of hours misspent in visions idly wove  
By thy sweet side so many summer days,  
If longings strange when doomed to dwell apart,  
If followings far through wild and dangerous ways  
Where shocked at every frolic leap I start,  
Prove not my love, then let my verse of praise  
Confirm the doting passion of my heart !

THE  
AMERICAN

## PASSAIC.

---

### INTRODUCTORY MUSINGS

#### ON RIVERS.

---

"Of shallow brooks that flowed so clear  
The bottom did the top appear ;  
Of deeper too, and ampler floods,  
Which as in mirrors showed the woods."

DRYDEN.

#### I.

BEAUTIFUL Rivers ! that adown the vale  
With graceful passage journey to the deep ;  
Let me along your grassy marge recline  
At ease, and musing, meditate the strange  
Bright history of your life ; yes, from your birth  
Has beauty's shadow chased your every step :  
The blue sea was your mother, and the sun  
Your glorious sire : clouds your voluptuous cradle,  
Roofed with o'erarching rainbows ; and your fall  
To earth was cheered with shout of happy birds—  
With brightened faces of reviving flowers,  
And meadows, while the sympathising west

Took holiday, and donned her richest robes.  
From deep mysterious wanderings your springs  
Break bubbling into beauty ; where they lie  
In infant helplessness awhile, but soon  
Gathering in tiny brooks they gambol down  
The steep sides of the mountain, laughing, shouting,  
Teasing the wild flowers, and at every turn  
Meeting new playmates still to swell their ranks ;  
Which, with the rich increase resistless grown,  
Shed foam and thunder, that the echoing wood  
Rings with the boisterous glee ; while o'er their heads,  
Catching their spirit blithe, young rainbows sport,  
The frolic children of the wanton sun.

Nor is your swelling prime or green old age,  
Though calm, unlovely ; still, where'er ye move  
Your train is beauty ; trees stand grouping by  
To mark your graceful progress : giddy flowers,  
And vain, as beauties wont, stoop o'er the verge  
To greet their faces in your flattering glass :  
The thirsty herd are following at your side ;  
And water-birds in clustering fleets convoy  
Your sea-bound tides ; and jaded man, released  
From worldly thralldom, here his dwelling plants—  
Here pauses in your pleasant neighborhood ;  
Sure of repose along your tranquil shores.  
And when your end approaches, and ye blend  
With the eternal ocean, ye shall fade

As placidly as when an infant dies ;  
And the death-angel shall your powers withdraw  
Gently as twilight takes the parting day,  
And, with a soft and gradual decline  
That cheats the senses, lets it down to night.

## II.

Bountiful Rivers! not upon the earth  
Is record traced of God's exuberant grace  
So deeply graven as the channels worn  
By ever-flowing streams : arteries of earth  
That widely branching circulate its blood :  
Whose ever-throbbing pulses are the tides.  
Amazing effort for the weal of man !  
The whole vast enginery of Nature, all  
The roused and laboring elements combine  
In their production ; for the mighty end  
Is growth—is life to every living thing.  
The sun himself is chartered for the work :  
His arm uplifts the main, and at his smile  
The fluttering vapors take their flight for heaven,  
Shaking the briny sea-dregs from their wings :  
Here wrought by unseen fingers soon is wove  
The cloudy tissue, till a mighty fleet,  
Freighted with treasures bound for distant shores,  
Floats waiting for the breeze : loosed on the sky  
Rush the strong tempests, that with sweeping breath  
Impel the vast flotilla to its port ;

Where, overhanging wide the arid plain,  
Drops the rich mercy down : and oft when Summer  
Withers the harvest, and the lazy clouds  
Drag idly at the bidding of the breeze,  
New riders spur them, and enraged they rush  
Bestrode by thunders, that with hideous shouts  
And crackling thongs of fire urge them along.

As falls the blessing, how the satiate earth  
And all her race shed grateful smiles !—not here  
The bounty ceases : when the drenching streams  
Have inly sinking quenched the greedy thirst  
Of plants, of woods, some kind invisible hand  
In bright perennial springs pumps up again  
For needy man and beast : and as the brooks  
Grow strong, apprenticed to the use of man,  
The ponderous wheel they turn, the web to weave,  
The stubborn metal forge : and when advanced  
To sober age at last, ye seek the sea,  
Bearing the wealth of commerce on your backs,  
Ye seem the unpaid carriers of the sky  
Vouchsafed to earth for burthen ; and your host  
Of shining branches, linking land to land,  
Seem bands of friendship—silver chains of love  
To bind the world in brotherhood and peace.

## III.

Primeval Rivers ! ancient as the hills—

From immemorial ages have ye run  
From mountain unto sea : your busy brooks  
Still singing endless songs ; your solemn falls  
Pealing aloft their ever-during hymn  
Unwearied—mightiest thine, Niagara !  
The loudest voice which Earth sends up to Heaven.

Back to the primal chaos fancy sweeps  
To trace your dim beginning ; when dull earth  
Lay sunken low, one level plashy marsh,  
Girdled with mists ; while Saurian reptiles, strange,  
Measureless monsters, through the cloggy plain  
Paddled and floundered ; and the Almighty voice,  
Like silver trumpet, from their hidden dens  
Summoned the central and resistless fires ;  
That with a groan from pole to pole upheave  
The mountain masses, and with dreadful rent  
Fracture the rocky crust : then Andes rose,  
And Alps their granite pyramids shot up  
Barren of soil ; but gathering vapors round  
Their stony scalps condensed to drops, from drops  
To brooks, from brooks to rivers, which set out  
Over that rugged and untravelled land,  
The first exploring pilgrims to the sea.  
Tedious their route, precipitous and vague,  
Seeking with humbleness the lowliest paths :  
Oft shut in valleys deep, forlorn they turn  
And find no vent ; till gathered into lakes

Topping the basin's brimming lip, they plunge  
Headlong, and hurry to the level main  
Rejoicing : misty ages did they run,  
And with unceasing friction all the while  
Frittered to granular atoms the dense rock,  
And ground it into soil—then dropped (oh ! sure  
From Heaven) the precious seed : first mosses, lichens  
Seized on the sterile flint, and from their dust  
Sprang herbs and flowers : last from the deepening  
mould  
Uprose to heaven in pride the princely tree,  
And earth was fitted for her coming lord.

Thus in those ancient channels still ye run—  
Enduring rivers ! thus will run till earth's  
High places be laid low—ye haughty hills !  
Had not the Almighty word the solemn truth  
Elsewhere revealed, I know your days are numbered :  
Yes ! streams, the gentlest of God's messengers,  
Though late, yet sure shall bow your stubborn heads,  
And bring your honors level with the plain !—

Whenever upon mountain peaks I stand,  
And mark the broken and disordered scene—  
The wreck, the crumbling crags, that stone by stone  
Have tumbling piled the rubbish heaps that choke  
The deep ravines, while up their hoary sides  
Rash vines and bushes clamber where they can,

Clinging with hungry, desperate roots—it seems  
To fancy's eye that earth is one wide ruin,  
And vegetation but the ivy wreath  
That crowns, and beautifies its mouldering walls :  
Unworthy dwelling for aspiring souls  
That crave perfection : yet there be who deem  
The charms of earth enhanced by ruggedness—  
That without contrast beauty's self were tame :  
If true of nature, yet that better land  
Exists, where order without change can charm ;  
And universal beauty needs no foil  
To yield perpetual rapture to the soul.  
Not unattainable this perfect clime  
Even by the weakness of ignoble man,  
If rightly sought, as rivers seek the sea :  
With humbleness that loves the lowliest ways—  
With patience under crosses, and withal  
Enduring courage, faithful to the close—  
The crowning close ! when on the wondering sight  
Opens the eternal sea ! lit by the Sun  
Of Righteousness, whose vivifying ray  
Cheers the awed spirit, quickens, purifies,  
And lifts it like a virgin cloud to heaven !



# PASSAIC. (1)

## TALE I.

---

### THE GREAT DESCENDER.

#### CANTO I.

---

"Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,  
Nor man, nor fiend hath fallen so far."

---

BYRON.

WILD was the night ; fast flew the hurrying cloud,  
Mantling the heavens with many-folded shroud ;  
The baffled moon kept struggling, though in vain,  
Through the rent gloom to smile upon the plain.  
Out stood the cliffs, still blacker than the sky,  
Whence rushing, tumbling, foaming from on high,  
PASSAIC, driven with impetuous sweep,  
Sprang with a scream of horror down the steep ;  
And in the depths of sternly-girdling rock,  
Muttered deep groans of anguish at the shock :  
To whose lament, the snarling winds on high  
Yell back their surly howlings in reply :  
And not a voice disturbed the air, beside  
That clamorous quarrel of the wind and tide ;

Whose loud dispute—for wranglers never spare—  
With ceaseless brawling tires the sleepy air.  
Dark, savage scene—wild as a murderer's dream—  
Which to the moon's dim-gazing eye might seem  
Like a sick beast, that, fretting as it lay,  
Growled, frowned, and fumed the sullen night away.

Now from the west upheaves a denser gloom ;  
Red lightnings gleam, and coming thunders boom  
Portentous : starts the sleeper in his bed,  
Blessing the shelter that protects his head ;  
And mourns the hapless traveller's piteous plight,  
Who bears the tyrannous fury of the night.  
Bursts the big cloud, the gushing deluge pours,  
That ev'n the cataract outrains and roars :  
When lo ! a flash, and quick successive shock  
Quivers and thunders ; high upon a rock,  
Lit by the lightning's momentary blink,  
A human form sits dangling o'er the brink !  
And by his side, lo ! darkly crouching there,  
A red-eyed monster, black, with shaggy hair !

Oh ! who is watching at this awful hour ?  
What murderer hides him from law's iron power ?  
What unchained madman shows his daring form,  
Or madder poet, amorous of the storm ?  
The glancing moonlight, as the clouds roll by,  
Reveals the startling phantom to the eye.

His dress and mien a lowly man display,  
Whom fortune owes much, but neglects to pay :  
Yet his fixed lip shows firmness not to blench ;  
His eye, a fire no cataracts can quench.

From his drenched hat the spray-drops, gathering  
slow,(2)

Drip one by one far down the gulf below :  
Like tears they seemed, that 'scaped his bended head—  
Alas ! the only tears he knew to shed.  
His care-worn features, wild, and fever-tinged,  
Bespoke a soul ambition's fire had singed :  
High resolution flashed from every look,  
And trying thoughts his rigid sinews shook ;  
As if some mighty purpose swelled his mind,  
Big with results to science and mankind.  
No murderer he, that shunned the meed of crime—  
No madman loose, nor madder child of rhyme :  
No ! 'tis the Great Descender, mighty PATCH !  
Spurner of heights—great Nature's overmatch !  
Lone, strange, and musing on his deeds unborn,  
Of youth the laughter, and of age the scorn ;  
And the fell fiend that crouched so darkly there,  
Was but his pet and follower, a bear :(3)  
For his was far too bold, too wild a mind,  
To mate with creatures of a common kind.  
Thus great Columbus idled on the shore,  
Dreaming of worlds his genius should explore :

Thus Newton, child-like, blew his bubbles bright,  
To give the sneering world the laws of light :  
Thus Franklin flung his line and kite on high,  
Angling for lightnings in the liquid sky ;  
By all the jeers of gaping fools unchecked,  
Whose very heads his wit would soon protect.  
Oh ! ever thus, short-sighted man decries  
The startling projects of the great and wise :  
And Science' self seems doomed to wander here,  
Scoffed, scorned, and pelted, through her long career :  
Yet nobly gives for sneers new powers unborn,  
And with protection pays the debt of scorn.

What wonder then our hero should evade  
The face of man, and court the lonely shade ?  
What wonder his congenial soul should seek  
The spot where daring waters leap and break ?  
There breathed a spirit round that wild abyss,  
Of storm and energy, akin to his :  
The strife of tortured waters, groaning there,  
Seemed but the struggle of his own despair ;  
While their calm progress after trials passed,  
Typed the sure triumph he should find at last.

But hark ! — he lifts his voice, and thus proceeds ;  
Turning his thoughts to words that shall be deeds :  
' Ill fated lot, to grovel yet with pride,  
To thirst for fame, with power to win denied :

From my sad birth, to toil and ignorance doomed,  
Cursing my days ignobly thus consumed.  
And yet oftentimes the question stays my sighs :  
Can grovelling ignorance ne'er hope to rise ?  
Can the wide world, in all its paths of care,  
No instance show to hold me from despair ?  
Are none unlettered at this very hour  
Treading the heights of wealth, of place, of power ?  
Are there none such, great Gotham ! wear thy crown,  
And sway the topping circles of the town ?  
Find we none such among our noisy great,  
Holding the high—ay, highest chairs of state ?  
Oh, Law and Physic !—mid your dregs and lees,  
Have ye none such that fatten on the fees ?  
Mid Physic's apes, than with her sons no less,  
Are there none such ?—great BRANDRETH ! answer

yes.

Ah yes !—too many such the prize obtain :  
So many seek, it kills my hope to gain.  
Alas ! then whither shall my spirit turn,  
To quench in deeds these fiery hopes that burn ?  
Teach me, ye stars ! some method, short of crime,  
Some untried ladder lend me now to climb !

With lifted head and proudly soaring eye,  
He scanned, as sage diviners wont, the sky :  
At once, a sudden meteor, trembling there,  
Slid down the sky, and quenched itself in air :

The hero started : ' Ha ! I will obey !  
Renown is mine !—the heavens have marked the way :  
Yon meteor whispers : wherefore climb at all,  
Since fame as well irradiates things that fall ?  
Yon earth-born meteor, spawn of slime and mire,  
More wakes the vision by its dropping fire,  
Than the world-sprinkled heavens, whose lights  
                  sublime

Have cheered the darkness since the birth of time.  
And more : does not the monarch of the skies  
Go down in glory too, as well as rise ?  
How many watch him as he sinks away !  
How few pay homage to his rising ray !  
The lightning's self may glitter as it likes,  
'Tis ne'er gazetted, save it stoops and strikes.  
How many, smitten with the fame it gave,  
Have dived in bells far 'neath the ocean-wave !  
Or from balloons in parachutes gone down,  
Stooping to catch the jewel of renown.  
We pass unpraised the stones that round us lie,  
But hail them when they tumble from the sky :  
The Arch-fiend's fame no poet's tongue would tell,  
Nor history chronicle, until he fell ;  
And Pisa's tower, so bending, and so tall,  
We laud—that only makes a threat to fall.  
' And thou, Passaic ! of clear streams the queen—  
How many pilgrims at thy shrine are seen !

Why gather thus these strangers at our walls ?  
To see thy flood—and why ?—because it falls !  
Ignobly else thy gentle tide had flowed,  
Nor won the worship of th' admiring crowd :  
Thy very mists, whose silver-drizzling spray  
Bears rain-bow blossoms in the sun-bright day,  
Have first to fall, before they mount and glow,  
With glory's garland wreathed around their brow.  
Oh ! thus the world, for its applause, demands  
Some perilous deed—some trial at our hands :  
A life of peace, though better worth a name,  
Is barely whispered by the breath of fame ;  
While trumpets shout at every daring leap,  
Which Danger ventures from his dizzy steep.  
Forgive me, Heaven !—if that which I pursue  
So warmly now, be sought too rashly too :  
Ambition drives me—urging, pushing still—  
I have the bump, and cannot use my will.  
Floods, tempests, quicksands, rocks of blackest frown,  
Line the sole route life opens to renown.

‘Thou stubborn stream ! that from thy fount dost  
sweep

Downward, unswerving to thy goal, the deep ;  
Nor even pausest at yon giddy height,  
But run'st in eager rapids at the sight,  
To gain sure headway for the leap profound,  
Then clear'st the horrid barrier at a bound,

Lighting in triumph on the vale below—  
Canst thou rush on where I would fear to go ?  
Canst thou by leaping win immortal praise,  
And I not reap with like success the bays ?  
Yes ! here I'll prove, at midnight, and alone,  
Some things, as well as others, can be done ! (4)  
I hang a cloud, a blot upon the sky :  
For heaven too low, for worldly use too high,  
Till my rich fall, like rain upon the dearth,  
With wisdom's increase gladden all the earth.  
Thou gaping chasm ! whose wide devouring throat  
Swallows a river—while the gulping note  
Of monstrous deglutition gurgles loud,  
As down thy maw the huddled waters crowd,  
I to thy hungry jaws devote me too !  
My hour is come—my steady nerves keep true !  
I toss my body from these giddy rocks,  
' To bring up drowning honor by the locks.'  
I dive for glory's rare and pearly prize :  
I stoop to conquer, and I fall to rise !  
Cavern of savage darkness, foam, and roar,  
Where never mortal plunged, and lived before !  
Oh ! cast me safe, as erst, within him hid,  
The great Leviathan the prophet did !  
Sons of renown ! who seek a deathless name —  
Mount, if ye like ! I will *descend* to fame !'  
He ceased, with dignity in every look :  
Then from his head his dripping hat he took,



And whirled it proudly in the boiling-sea,  
 Saluting thus : ' Old friend ! I follow thee !'  
 With one rude bound he rushes madly on  
 To the dark brink's sharp edge—and—is he gone ?  
 Not yet—not yet ; he halts in mid-career—  
 What sudden thought, what shock arrests him here ?  
 Ah ! wherefore seek the anguish that oppressed,  
 In hour like this, his big, tumultuous breast !  
 Condemn him not !—we cannot know the strife  
 That shakes a mortal on the verge of life.

Again he's roused—first crazzming in his cheek  
 The weed, though vile, that props the nerves when  
 weak.

Once more he rushes ! Stay—he stops once more,  
 With more spasmodic quickness than before ;  
 Envy would say, fright checked his bold career—  
 Vain, ignorant sneer !—for heroes know not fear.  
 Perchance he thought upon his parents, lone,  
 Childless, all hope of future issue gone ;  
 Himself, last scion of the house of Patch,  
 Tossed like the tide, for every rock to catch !  
 Perchance he started, thinking on his debts ;  
 Perchance—but see ! all danger he forgets,  
 And from his breast a vessel doth remove,  
 Charged with the nectar heroes ever love :  
 With one long draught, the fiery tide he quaffs—  
 Feels a new vigor—leaps, and shouts, and laughs :

Now!—now!—he springs! he clears the final stone,  
Shoots down the darkness—gracious heaven!—he's  
gone!

No shriek is sent, no sound is heard, beside  
Th' eternal thunder of the falling tide;  
And Bruin's growl, who prudent turned about,  
Following his master by a safer route.  
Mad, reckless man, to brave sure ruin so,  
And stake his body on so rash a throw!  
Ambition's fool—none saw the death he braved—  
All's lost with life, even to the fame he craved.  
But hark!—far down yon water-flooded vale,  
A voice swells faintly on the evening gale:  
He lives!—he lives!—his feeble voice it is—  
His, first survivor from that black abyss!

On a green isle, which seems so sweet asleep,  
That the rude waters, ere its shores they sweep,  
Fork gently, touched with charms that helpless lie;  
And pass unwaked the dreaming beauty by—  
The hero lies, left by the hurrying stream:  
Though spent, his eye is bright with victory's gleam—  
Battered, and worn—still conqueror of the fall,  
Exhausted—yet triumphant over all!

## PASSAIC..

### TALE I.

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#### THE GREAT DESCENDER.

#### CANTO II.

THERE are, to tempt our mortal search and aim,  
Two rival peaks that crown the hill of fame :  
One sought by those in love with temporal power,  
Who court the certain glory of the hour :  
Who posthumous honors deem not worth the strife,  
And plant no crops they may not reap in life.  
Such are the rich, the placeman of the day,  
Professor, judge, all worthy in their way,  
But who more love live plaudits in their ear,  
Than all the praises dead men can—not hear ;  
And this their epitaph when life is o'er :  
' They filled their place—as it was filled before.'

The steeper summit of the glorious hill  
Is clomb by spirits of a loftier will ;

Who beaten routes and vulgar custom shun,  
And aim at deeds by mortals yet undone :  
Fame's forlorn hope, who tread her frightfullest ways—  
The samphire-gatherers of her cliff-born bays—  
Who scorn renown which threescore years can span,  
Which bounds the glory with the frame of man ;  
Whose sun-struck sight one dazzling maxim blinds :  
' No mortal fame can sate immortal minds.'  
So lost in longing for perennial bays,  
They slight as dross contemporaneous praise ;  
And bid intruding worshippers return,  
And hoard their homage for their senseless urn.  
How wild soe'er their hopes—their schemes immense,  
One must admire their lofty confidence,  
Who scorn the pittance of the shores to reap,  
And bound for glory, launch upon the deep :  
Freighted with stuffs by cunning genius wove,  
Devised to tempt some distant trader's love—  
Since goods at home as cheapest trash despised,  
In ports remote and foreign, may be prized—  
Consigned to strangers in an unknown clime,  
To barter there for honors of far time.

What different paths these rival ranks divide !  
Those trudge the road—these course the mountain  
side ;  
Those till the lands by others tilled before,  
These clear new fields on some untrodden shore ;

Those ride on jades of sorry speed and power,  
These back wild steam, at fifty miles the hour ;  
Those mount the hill, to catch the breezes there,  
These in balloons spring up at once to air ;  
Those by safe steps descend the rocky steep,  
These clear the dreadful barrier at a leap !  
Oh ! none can doubt which rival throng of fame  
Our own bold hero of the fall may claim :  
Mate of the few, too rare in every age,  
Who blend at once the hero with the sage ;  
Who mighty thoughts with mighty brains conceive,  
And mighty deeds with mighty hands achieve.  
He stopped at nought his daring spirit bid ;  
Whate'er his mind conceived his body did.  
Oh ! rarest union of all mortal powers !  
Oh ! pride—that such a paragon is ours !

We left him fainting on the grassy bank ;  
His frame unstrung, his garments dripping dank :  
Unconscious violets bore his noble head,  
And mossy cushions lent his limbs a bed.  
O'er his pale brows green laurels brushed the air,  
As though they sought to twine in chaplets there :  
While trump of frogs, sole heralds of his feat,  
Seemed but the foretaste of applause more sweet.  
Revived at length, he seeks his humble home ;  
Full of past deeds, but more of those to come.  
At every step, lit by the moonlight beam,  
The trickling drops like sparkling jewels gleam :

And gems they are in Science' eye that shine  
More precious than the rarest of the mine.  
The tears of pity, or the soldier's blood,  
Match not those drippings of the conquered flood.  
Triumph is his and ever bright renown—  
Ranked with immortals shall his name go down !  
He proved a fact that science never knew,  
And did a deed which none had dared to do.

Next morn, the sun awakes the busy town,  
To learn of feats and miracles unknown :  
On every post, pump, pillar, corner, tree,  
This startling card the awe-struck people see :  
' On Wednesday next, from yonder rocky height,  
Whence falls the flood—unwinged, unaided quite—  
Near where the dwarf pine lives, yet cannot grow—  
One PATCH will leap into the tide below ;  
And in his body prove to every one,  
Some things as well as others can be done.'  
Some pity melts, some horrid fears appal ;  
But soul-absorbing wonder rouses all.  
Some that had chanced his moody ways to know,  
And feared him mad, now deemed him truly so.  
Some as a hoax the matter feigned to treat,  
And foully called the hero wag and cheat.  
The Deacon said, as God no wings had given,  
Such flights by man seemed like defying heaven :  
PATCH he denounced, and on his head did pour  
Such doom as Galileo met before.

The Doctor thought the case was doubtful ; true,  
If safe he reached the water—safe went through,  
Unhurt by rocks, why—he must own, for one—  
He thought the feat might—possibly—be done :  
Especially—if he were standing by—  
The limbs to rub—the stomach-pump apply—  
Then put to bed—then purge a week—then bleed—  
He felt quite sure—he must—perhaps—succeed.

At length the day of awful trial came ;  
Momentous morn !—big with disgrace or fame.  
And neighboring farms, and distant cities, all  
Disgorge their throngs, to mingle at the fall.  
There stand at least, on mountain-height and glen,  
Ten thousand women, and one thousand men—  
For woman seeks and shines in trial's hour,  
When pity, her own balsam, she can pour—  
And measuring glances many an eye would throw  
From the tall cliff to yon black lake below,  
Streaked white with suds from many a well-washed  
rock ;

Oh ! who could mark that depth, without a shock !  
Schools are let loose—the merry urchins scream—  
Bestride the sharp-backed rock, or wade the stream ;  
And many a tree around that craggy shore  
The precious fruit of mortal bodies bore :  
Among their leaves that quivered in the breeze,  
A thousand hearts were fluttering more than these.

Loud shouts the tumbling river, 'till it frights  
To shrieks and quakings, all the rocky heights.  
Oh glorious spectacle !—oh noble stage !  
Whereon to bare bright science to the age ;  
A heaven-set trap appears this rocky glen,  
Where chasing wit may corner truth, and pen ;  
And waft its prisoner by its magic power,  
O'er tardy centuries in a single hour.  
Who would not seek it even through yon abyss !  
Or die to prove it on a scene like this !

But where is he ?—the hero of the day—  
Whose call this thronging multitude obey ?  
Why ask ? When genius oft its face displays,  
'Tis tanned and cheapened in the public gaze :  
It were unfitting his should be attacked  
By vulgar vision, till the hour of act.  
But where is he ? Approach yon humble shed,  
Behold him there !—his frugal dinner spread—  
His active jaws their motion quick repeating—  
And PATCH the hero, PATCH the sage, is eating !  
You smile !—as if a wit could live on stone—  
' As if God meant his fruits for fools alone ;(5)  
As if a genius of the mightiest ken  
Had not teeth, stomach, throat, like other men.  
Even Satire might forgive him a repast  
All human reason feared would be his last.



The compound, man, none better knew than he :  
 He felt himself ' half dust, half deity !'  
 And knew the body still supplies must find,  
 Despite the nausea of the haughty mind :  
 Ungrateful mind—the very means to slight,  
 Whence through corporeal channels springs its might.  
 Full well he knew the courage food instils—  
 The heart grows bigger as the stomach fills :  
 Full well he knew, where food does not refresh,  
 The shrivelled soul shrinks inward with the flesh—  
 That he 's best armed for danger's rash career,  
 Who's crammed so full there is no room for fear.

Now from the gathered and still gathering crowd,  
 Impatient murmurs swell, and burst aloud ;  
 And threats arise—which soon to whispers sink—  
 For look ! at last he stands upon the brink :  
 ' PATCH !' shouts the mighty multitude around,  
 And ' PATCH !' ' PATCH !' ' PATCH !' hills, caves, and  
       skies rebound !

Now ! hero—now !—one trial, and the last,  
 To build thy fortune, or forever blast ;  
 Ere one young hour be born from time's full womb,  
 Thy fame shall find a trumpet, or a tomb !  
 No time he wastes ; from the brown jug he brings  
 One draught he takes—thrice claps his hands—then  
       springs !

He's off! He whirls! with flutter, rush, whiz—dash;  
Cleaving the foam with gurgle, spatter, splash,  
Down-sinking!—Through the hushed and choking  
crowd,

- The breath grows thick, and cannot shriek aloud :  
All feel his gasping pangs—increasing still—  
The breathless spasm—the epigastric thrill ;  
As fast, and faster hurried to the stroke,  
He strikes!—all start as from wild dreams awoke !  
In that dread moment of uncertainty,  
Ev'n envy's sneer dies down to pity's sigh ;  
While the cold doubter, whom no pangs can thrill,  
Prepares to croak—he knew 't would end in ill :  
But soon to sneers and fears is put an end ;  
Through the dark lake behold his face ascend !  
Ruddy, and welcome as the second sun  
To Adam rose, who feared his race was run.  
When genius shoots his lightning through the soul  
Applause the recognizing peal should roll :  
Loud shouts and long, the roaring flood outrear,  
When safe he finds, and stands upon the shore !  
Through the glad heavens, which tempests now  
conceal,  
Deep-thunder guns in quick succession peal ;  
As if salutes were firing from the sky,  
To hail the triumph, and the victory :  
Shout ! trump of fame—'till thy brass lungs burst out !  
Shout ! mortal tongues !—deep-throated thunders,  
shout !

For lo !—electric genius, downward hurled,  
Has startled science, and illumed the world !

Now rushing winds and thunderbolts engage :  
Chaos of sounds, and dust, and flame in rage ;  
That the firm frame-work of the heavens on high  
Rocks wide, as if an earthquake shook the sky.  
While from the brimming and o'errunning cloud,  
The ominous drops, big, scattered, rare and loud,  
Tinkle like dropping pebbles on the lake—  
Beat dust from earth—on rocks, wide spattering,  
break.

Each friend of science gazes upward—wheels,  
And prudent, takes for shelter to his heels :  
Not even the hero, dripping from the flood,  
The general panic of the time withstood.  
Oh ! strange infatuation of the mind :  
To flinch at trifles, though to dangers blind.  
So the hot heroes of the barricade,  
When, tired of laws, and kings themselves had made,  
They met defying fire, and sword, and slaughter,  
Were by Lobau dispersed with muddy water.(6)

A knot of savans, huddled 'neath a shed,  
Discussed the feat ; one rigid sceptic said  
There was some trick—but where he could not see :  
Enough for him to know it could not be ;  
What was impossible for man t' achieve,  
Ev'n though he saw it, he would not believe.

A learned sage from Gotham that had come,  
Who bared some falsehoods, and believed in some,  
Declared, with boldness common to the wise,  
Possible, or not—he must believe his eyes.  
The doubter cried 't was humbug, humbug all—  
Believers ever into error fall ;  
The world was full of humbug ; he, for one,  
Could not so tamely be imposed upon.  
The hero vowed—with anger justly moved,  
To hear disputed all that he had proved—  
To prove it still, on that, or any ground—  
On taller heights, could taller heights be found ;  
Ay, hotly swore to leap through all the air,  
From the moon's horns, would any hang him there.  
Take not his boasting in the literal sense—  
Success and whiskey gave him confidence ;  
And in the heat, and triumph of the hour,  
He felt no bounds to his presumptuous power.  
The doubter, warming, said, he must repeat  
He deemed him all a humbug, and his feat.  
Redder than morn the hero's life-blood rose,  
And tinged his cheek still brighter than his nose :  
Then fell his vengeance on the slanderer's head—  
Fists flew—claws clenched—teeth gnashed, and  
                  noses bled ;  
And struggling, tumbling, rolling, on they go,  
Till Patch is parted from his prostrate foe :  
Victor alike in battle and th' abyss,  
The day, the triumph, now is doubly his !

'T were vain to trace the toils the hero passed,  
Through each repeated trial, to the last :  
From towering masts to Hudson's tide the leap,  
Or from Niagara's more appalling steep :  
Till that dark day of sorrow's blackest frown,  
When the bright sun of leapers last went down ;  
And that great light so many streams had drenched,  
Oh, Genessee !—was in thy waters quenched.  
No cloud—no gloom that morn the heavens o'erhung,  
Yet dark forebodings rose from many a tongue ;  
And warning voices bade him shun the shore,  
And tempt the horrors of the leap no more.  
But with that fatal bias which has led  
So many a hero to his doom, he said :  
' Could danger fright, I ne'er had braved th' abyss :  
If death must come, what fitter hour than this ?  
He ceased, and leaping from the fatal shore,  
Dropped like a stone, and sank to rise no more !  
When to the crowd the awful truth grew plain,  
That daring form would ne'er be seen again,  
They spoke not, shrieked not, wailed not ; with dismay,  
Each gazed on other, dumb—then turned away.  
And oh ! most sad, most touching sight—the mate—  
The widowed comrade of his wandering fate—  
His bear, returning with the mournful throng,  
There led, all friendless, masterless, along !

He fell!—the Great Descender of his time—  
The only traveller in his route sublime :  
Forewarned, like Nelson, of his doom, too well ;  
Like Nelson, mid his scenes of glory fell :  
By that last mortal effort of his mind,  
Enriching truth, but beggaring mankind.  
Dropping too often—for his zeal was such—  
He yielded, vanquished by a drop too much.  
Think not I mean to hint the hero quaffed  
Too oft for health the soul-inspiring draught :  
Though some there be who slanderously contend  
He thus was basely hurried to his end.  
Weak, ignorant fools, then know ye not, indeed,  
That souls of fire on fiery food must feed ?  
That what would burn your feeble nerves apart,  
Is natural diet to the great of heart ?  
As well the dull and browsing ass might sneer  
At locomotive in its swift career ;  
Unthinking, in the folly of his ire,  
That such tremendous energies require  
A drink of scalding vapor, and a food of fire !

There are, who hold this dread belief, beside :  
That by design the mighty leaper died ;  
That of earth's common, tame abysses tired,  
His soul some wilder, bolder plunge desired ;  
And thus, all braced to brave the final pang,  
Down the deep gulf that knows no bottom, sprang.

Such were an end—howe'er the heart it thrill—  
More in accordance with his daring will.  
Why should he further here prolong the strife ?  
He had fulfilled the mission of his life ;  
And ran art, science, and the world in debt :  
A mighty debt, alas ! uncanceled yet—  
Oh ! my sad pen with tears of ink could weep,  
To find such worth left unrenowned to sleep.  
His class immortal, who possess, combined,  
Th' heroic body with th' inventive mind,  
Too rarely run with triumph to the goal,  
Till from the clay-clog death has loosed the soul.  
Then shall their fame rush brightly into day ;  
What present owes them, future time shall pay ;  
And all, who erst their living fires did spurn,  
Shall throng to hail the ashes of their urn.

No living laurel on their brows may bloom,  
But chiselled garlands shall enwreath their tomb :  
No praise shall swell, their lonely course to cheer,  
Till poured unheeded in their marble ear :  
Their very features to the world unknown,  
Till carved by glory in the pallid stone.  
'Tis only from the chilly air of death  
Fame, like the soul, first draws enduring breath ;  
And genius, when from earthly fetters freed,  
First grows immortal, when it has no need.

Like rays phosphoric that surprise the night,  
'Tis death's corruption fires its hidden light :  
Death's tongue of thunder tells us, when gone by,  
Some flash of wit has shot along our sky.  
The world to merit wakes not till 'tis past,  
And notes no struggle, till it makes the last :  
Nor knows the skies a genius deigned to rain,  
Till like a cloud it blooms on high again :  
Learns not a spark astray from heaven has come,  
Till the bright wanderer finds once more its home ;  
And, like a star life's day-time has concealed,  
Stands, by the darkness of the grave revealed.

Martyr of science !—in whose glorious cause  
Thou'st lost thy life, and gained the world's applause,  
To the historian of thy deeds sublime,  
Thou seem'st a fossil monster of old time :  
Huge, shadowy, lone, of mighty race of yore ;  
But now on earth extinct for ever more.  
Mine be the boast thy relics to have stirred !  
Mine the Cuvierian hand that disinterred,  
And classed thee monarch of a giant reign,  
Whose mammoth like we ne'er shall see again.  
Farewell ! Great Heart ! Thou'rt doomed to bright  
    renown,  
And like thy body shall thy fame go down  
To the deep sea which rolls without a shore,  
Farther than fame or body went before.



Oh ! happy chance that gave thee for my theme !  
Now, linked together, will we sail the stream ;  
Thou shalt be called the PATCH whom Flaccus sang,  
Or I the bard who PATCH's praises rang :  
Yes ! I shall buoy thee on th' immortal sea,  
Or, failing that, thyself shalt carry me !

END OF THE GREAT DESCENDER.

# PASSAIC.

## TALE II.

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### THE WORTH OF BEAUTY: OR, A LOVER'S JOURNAL.(7)

#### CANTO I.—FIRST LOVE.

---

'Oh who can tell what cause had that fair maid  
To use him so, that loved her so well?  
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid  
For loving not!—for who can love compel?'

---

SPENSER.

MINE is no tale of venture bold,  
Of reckless quest of fame or gold ;  
Of passion's dark, erratic course,  
Through guilt and ruin to remorse ;  
Of brunt defied of bloody war,  
Or hazards cleared in travel far,  
On slippery steeps, or treacherous seas,  
Where summers scorch, or winters freeze.

Oh ! ye that such would seek, forbear !  
My theme will never charm your ear :  
But if there be who pleasure find  
To trace through peril's path the mind,  
Wherein no personal pain nor strife  
Gilds while it hazards limb and life ;

If such there be, whose feelings move  
At tale of simple, real love,  
Ungraced with danger, wreck, or wo,  
Save such as love must ever know,  
The love of our ignoble time,  
Unmet, or seldom met, in rhyme ;  
To such, at least, my quiet strain  
Not wholly will appeal in vain.

Yet though no steel my form hath marred,  
Think not my heart hath 'scaped unscarred :  
Though with no wounds my flesh hath bled,  
I've spilt the blood that eyes can shed :  
Yes ! pangs have cut my soul with grief  
So keen, that gashes were relief :  
And racks have wrung my spirit-frame,  
To which the strain of joints were tame ;  
And battle-strife itself were nought,  
Beside the inner fight I've fought.

Though other than my native sod,  
My feet, untravelled, ne'er have trod,  
Yet have I roamed through every change  
Of clime the wandering heart can range :  
From boyhood's home of bloomy bowers,  
(The haunt of sports and dreamy hours,  
By fresh rose-buttons all adorned,  
Young tender blossoms yet unthorned,  
Whose prickles, if their down were such,  
Bent pointless to my gentlest touch,)  
To manhood's rugged heights I roved,  
And many a pang and peril proved.

Oh ! home of peace ! now mine no more,  
For love's dim-seen and purple shore  
Did I forsake thy bowers of ease,  
And brave the might of passion's seas ;  
And shattered in my earliest gale,  
Have floated, rent in helm, and sail,  
O'er billows tossed, o'er billows stilled,  
Where'er the wayward winds have willed :  
Now sent south-wandering to the sun,  
Where tempests rush, and thunders stun ;  
Where tropic skies, even when at rest,  
Fret into feverish flame the breast ;  
Now by the currents of disdain,  
Whirled backward to the icy main,  
To pine long nights of chilling wo,  
More deep than polar winters know.

Bloom of the earth ! my pride, my bane,  
My spring of rapture, and of pain ;  
Bright BEAUTY !—child of starry birth,  
The grace, the gem, the flower of earth :  
The damask livery of Heaven,  
To earth for choice apparel given,  
From its own stores of rosy light :  
A sample sent to tempt our sight,  
That brimming fount of light to gain,  
Whence only scattered drops will rain :  
But ah ! whose drops so gem the air,  
And shed such rain-bow tintings there !  
It seems as if some angel-hand,  
To mark it with the owner's brand,  
Had in that fount its pencil dipped,  
And every pet of Nature tipped ;

Which by the master-touch illumed,  
At once the barren landscape bloomed.  
As morning clouds of chilly gray  
One dull disordered mass display,  
Till the awakening beams aspire,  
And crest each wavy ridge with fire,  
So gloomed the hueless world in night,  
Till Beauty rose, and all was bright !

Now roses blush ; and violets' eyes,  
And seas reflect the glance of skies ;  
And now that frolic pencil streaks  
With quaintest tints the tulip's cheeks ;  
Now jewels bloom in secret worth,  
Like blossoms of the inner earth :  
Now painted birds are pouring round  
The beauty and the wealth of sound ;  
Now sea-shells glance with quivering ray,  
Too rare to seize, too fleet to stay,  
And hues out-dazzling all the rest,  
Are dashed profusely on the west,  
While rain-bows seem to palettes changed,  
Whereon the motley tints are ranged.  
But soft the moon that pencil tipped,  
As though, in liquid radiance dipped,  
A likeness of the sun it drew,  
But flattered him with pearlier hue ;  
Which, haply spilling, runs astray,  
And blots with light the milky way ;  
While stars besprinkle all the air,  
Like spatterings of that pencil there.

But queen of flowers, of gems, of skies,  
Now WOMAN opes her peerless eyes :  
Last work the heavenly artist planned,  
The rarest of that master-hand ;  
For there is pencilled in her face  
Of all his works the hue and grace :  
All brightest, purest things of earth,  
Are mingled to compose her worth ;  
All lights that spot the evening sky,  
Are clustered in her starry eye ;  
All sunset hues the west that streak,  
Blend in the blush that lights her cheek ;  
All notes of sweetest song-birds' choice,  
Swell the rich chord of woman's voice :  
All flowers that mortal sense beguile,  
Twine in the wreath of woman's smile.  
And while so richly dowered her face,  
She teems with every inward grace :  
All thornless flowers of wit, all chaste  
And delicate essays of taste,  
All playful fancies, wingéd wiles,  
That from their pinions scatter smiles,  
All prompt resource in stress or pain,  
Leap ready armed from woman's brain.  
While every virtue that can bless,  
Truth, honor, mercy, nobleness,  
All joys that kindness can bestow,  
All faithful tenderness in wo,  
All holy hopes that woo the sky,  
All precious tears of sympathy,  
All sweet affections gushing start  
From the full fount of woman's heart.

But Heaven, to other creatures free,  
Denied the charmer's gift to me ;  
And formed me as for other's scoff,  
Or foil to set their beauty off ;  
With features coarse, and stature low,  
Ungainly gait, and accent slow ;  
But not deformed ; for, humbled then,  
My pride had kept me back from men ;  
And Pity then had stayed the sneer,  
And soothed my burnings with her tear.  
Such was my wavering, trying state,  
Too poor for love, too good for hate ;  
With too much ugliness to please,  
Nor yet enough my hopes to freeze ;  
Now drawn to seek, now driven to shun,  
As shame or passion urged me on.  
All this with nerves so finely strung,  
That every touch of Beauty wrung ;  
And all the ravished chords would thrill,  
When swept by their fair mistress's skill :  
Nay, scarce a scent-breeze stirred the air,  
But wakened some vibration there.

So much in love with Beauty's face,  
I sought her glance in every place ;  
My busy eyes no spot let rest,  
Exhausting Nature's round, in quest ;  
No tints the sunset cloud could dye,  
But I was ever watching by :  
No bow could span the stormy air,  
But I stood, dumb with homage, near :  
No lonely moon could walk the sky,  
But I must keep her company ;

Nor could she swim the glassy tide,  
But still I followed by her side.  
Ne'er passed me spangled butterfly,  
But straightway on the chase was I:  
No flowers, whose garland wreaths the year,  
Could at their stated hour appear,  
But far through wood or marsh I'd toil,  
To greet and cull the brilliant spoil.

I loved to climb the breezy height,  
And mark the valley's 'minished sight:  
I loved on summer green to lie,  
And scan the overhanging sky,  
While all the fleet of those blue seas  
Spread their white canvass to the breeze;  
Some making and some furling sail,  
Some rent and fluttering in the gale,  
Far-scudding for the horizon dim,  
Or sinking ere they reached the brim.

But clouds grown mad I loved the best,  
When rushing frightful from the west,  
With gestures wild, with eyes of fire,  
Deep-set in frowns—with tones of ire,  
Denouncing vengeance deep—or worse,  
With frantic laughter in their curse;  
Till, spent with squandered strength, they wept,  
And Nature powerless sank, and slept:  
Soft-breathing in her blest relief,  
Tear-drenched, yet sweet with passing grief:  
A slumber like the dewy rest  
That soothes th' exhausted maniac's breast:  
While rays the shattered gloom that streak,  
Would like returning reason break,



And dash the rain-bow tints on high,  
Like sudden gleams of memory.

If soulless forms thus swayed my will,  
What wonder woman's glance should thrill ?  
Since lesser beams my bosom won,  
How must it bow to Beauty's sun ?  
Oh light ! by whose unclouded rays  
My heart has counted all its days,  
Whence my young budding feelings drew  
The quickening warmth by which they grew ;  
And ah ! to which my soul has given  
The worship only due to Heaven ;  
How have I revelled in thy rays,  
And basked voluptuous in the blaze !  
Too long enjoying noon so sweet,  
Till crazed and blistered by the heat ;  
Yet when unwelcome clouds there came,  
Intruding on my realm of flame,  
O'ershadowing all the cheering bloom  
With chilly mist and leaden gloom,  
How have I wished that sun renewed,  
Burn, blind, or madden as it would !

Dear Woman ! none that ever knelt,  
Like me have followed, worshipped, felt :  
How have I watched thine eyes, to see  
Some tender favor drop to me !  
And baffled oft, still watched in vain,  
And ceasing, ached, and watched again.  
Of all thy precious glances, none  
Would light on me, for me alone :  
For if perchance a wanderer fell,  
It perched to visit, not to dwell ;

Then flew the rugged spot, as found  
For guest so fair ungenial ground.  
Of all the smiles thy lips have shed,  
Not one was wreathed to crown my head,  
Save such as jealous eyes could find,  
With lurking thorns of scorn entwined.  
No blush I ever thrilled to see,  
Was lighted up by love for me ;  
No tender vow was mine to hear,  
Nor mine the sweet confessing tear.  
Doomed loving, yet unloved, to roam,  
With houseless heart that knew no home,  
With every feeling there that burned,  
Cast down at woman's feet, and spurned :  
And all for this corroding blight,  
That stamps me charmless in her sight ;  
All, all for this—no more !—no more !  
I feel the pang that wrung before ;  
'Tis past ! and I no more bewail  
But bear my fate : now to my tale.

It was my lot for months to dwell  
'Neath the same roof with one so fair—  
It matters not whom, when, or where,  
'Tis what I *felt*, that I would tell :  
Let this suffice, nor seek beyond,  
That she was fair, and I was fond ;  
And that the scene is laid beside  
Passaic's wild, and graceful tide.  
'Twas at the crisis of my growth,  
When boyhood opens into youth ;  
When the unfolding heart-bud blows,  
And sheds its incense like the rose.

Sweet hour of feeling's joyous birth,  
Ere curst from boyhood's Eden driven,  
Ere thirst for tempting fruits of earth  
Unhoused me of my early heaven !

## I.

O ! she was gentle as the moon,  
As mild, as soft, as sweet, as calm ;  
And mellowed was her brightest noon,  
As even's stilly hour of balm.

## II.

No frown, no flash, her eye could stain,  
For when a cloud began to form,  
It broke in tears of gentlest rain,  
Ere it could gather to a storm.

## III.

How swam her dewy eyes of blue !  
How lowly drooped the silken lash !  
Her pearly cheek no blushes knew,  
Or only such as sea-shells flash.

## IV.

How light her slender form, and weak !  
How glittering soft her sunny hair !  
How, when her lips awoke to speak,  
The startled dimples fluttered there !

## V.

The tears lay near her tender eyes,  
The banks were weak, the current strong :  
She wept whene'er my wrath would rise,  
But most when I confessed my wrong.

Even now her form from misty years  
 Comes dimly swimming through my tears !  
 Hour upon hour of bliss we passed :  
 Dear hours ! too precious long to last.  
 She loved me ! but alas ! it proved  
 She only as a sister loved ;  
 While I was glowing with the fire  
 Of young and passionate desire.  
 Enough : my journal now must tell  
 All that my busy heart befel :  
 The rapture of my feelings new,  
 And ah ! the bitter anguish too !

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THE JOURNAL.

*May 9th.*

A pot of flowers beside me stands,  
 Gathered by Anna's sweet commands :  
 From rock, and wood, and marshy waste :  
 Her tender heart of simple taste,  
 More loves the wildlings of the fields,  
 Than all the show the garden yields :  
 And from the spoil she bids me twine,  
 (Sad task for awkward hands like mine,)  
 A wreath of native flowers, to wear  
 To-night, her birth-night, round her hair.

Come violets first !—your eyes are bright,  
 But not so blue as Anna's, quite :  
 Come wind-flowers ! blossoms of the sloe !  
 How white !—her teeth are whiter, though :  
 Now mountain pinks ! but ah ! her lips  
 The ruby of your bloom eclipse :

Now butter-cups, spring beauties, flags,  
And columbines, from cloven crags,  
Dark arums striped, and whortle-bells—  
Blend all with ferns from swampy dells ;  
'Tis done !—yet haunts me all the while  
The sweeter garland of her smile.

O ! happy day !—earth, sky is fair,  
And fragrance floats along the air ;  
For all the bloomy orchards glow  
As with a fall of rosy snow,  
Whose flakes in swarms forsake the trees ,  
And strew, like butterflies, the breeze.  
Yes ! Spring gives holiday to earth,  
To keep the day of Anna's birth.  
O ! happy night !—make haste ! good sun,  
'Tis surely time thy course were run.  
How happy, happy will we be !  
My eyes can scarcely wait to see  
Herself, so sweet, so sweetly crowned,  
And I so proud to lead her round !

---

*May 10th.*

Alas ! it was no happy night,  
Though Anna never shone so bright ;  
Though my own wreath adorned her hair,  
And all our friends were gathered there :  
Her cousin came the fête to see—  
To walk with him, she quitted me ;  
And I, too sore my hurt to hide,  
Retired in sullen mood aside ;  
At length she sought, and touched me quite,  
With asking, 'Why so sad to-night ?'

Without reply, I broke away,  
And gloomed the sleepless hours till day.

It was unkind—ungenerous,  
Without a cause, to serve me thus :  
And ah ! of late, I know not why,  
She shuns me, and is grown so shy.  
Now hand in hand no more we walk,  
Nor is she now so free to talk :  
Nor on my knee sits as before ;  
She says she is a child no more :  
And then what moves me more than this,  
She scarce will yield the morning kiss :  
But shrinks confused—or rather I,  
Abashed and burning, dare not try :  
A feeling mixed of awe and shame  
Restrains my step, and thrills my frame ;  
Withheld by bonds I cannot break,  
Still longing, yet afraid to take.  
And so, last night, when I drew nigh,  
I could not speak when all were by ;  
But waited till she stood alone,  
And then—so silly am I grown—  
I wavered still, so long, that he  
Led off at last the prize from me.  
And she too willing seemed, I thought,  
Though oft her turning eyes I caught ;  
Yes, yes ; the dullest sight may see  
Her thought no longer dwells on me !

I've read, yet doubted all the while,  
'The female heart is prone to guile ;'  
Alas ! that I such proof should find !

'Tis false and fickle as the wind.  
Soon will she leave us ; and each day  
That sped the time, has pained my heart ;  
But now I wish not for her stay—  
It matters not how soon we part.  
If others she prefer to me,  
I am content—so let it be !  
Thank Heaven ! some pride is left me still !  
I'd be the last to thwart her will ;  
I am resolved to let her see  
She cannot trifle thus with me.

---

*May 11th.*

Oh ! she's the dearest, gentlest heart,  
That soothes where'er she finds a smart :  
She is too good, and I was blind  
To deem her any thing but kind.  
I sat alone the dupe of care,  
And ere I dreamed she could be nigh,  
I felt her fingers in my hair,  
And turning, met that gentle eye ;  
So meek, so sorrowing, ah ! and red,  
From scalding tears but lately shed.  
Ere one imploring word she spake,  
My melting clouds began to break ;  
My heart leaped up ; I felt, I knew  
Through all my doubts, she must be true :  
She said that she had given me pain,  
And begged we might be friends again :  
About to leave us soon, her heart  
In anger could not bear to part ;  
For I, through our long friendship past,  
Had been all kindness to the last.

O! harder than reproach to bear—  
 Remorse at my ungenerous fear :  
 I prayed forgiveness : mine the shame,  
 As mine alone was all the blame.  
 'Twas now, and not till now, again  
 Gushed from her eyes the April rain,  
 Then on my breast her head she threw,  
 While I, half child, was sobbing too.  
 But soon the freshening shower was done,  
 And soon once more appeared the sun.  
 No sweeter tears o'errun the eyes,  
 Than what from healing quarrels rise :  
 Where each is generously grieved  
 For harms the other has received ;  
 Reproving each the other's shame,  
 To claim desert of all the blame ;  
 And all reproaches rashly said,  
 Fall back upon the utterer's head.

---

*May 14th.*

To-morrow Anna bids farewell,  
 And quits the home she loved so long :  
 My lips no courage have to tell  
 What I have striven to say in song.  
 When parting she beside me stands,  
 I'll slip the verses in her hands.

TO ANNA.

I.

WHEN some pet bird escapes the cage,  
 And wings once more the heavenly plain,  
 We grieve, yet soon our pangs assuage,  
 To know 'tis with its mates again.



## II.

So Anna, since, the will divine  
 To all thou lovest gives thee free ;  
 We'll pay our peace to purchase thine,  
 Since robbing us, enriches thee.

## III.

To know our loss thy gain became,  
 Would sweeten parting's bitter doom :  
 The heart, unselfish, braves the flame,  
 Whose rays the loved one's path illumine.

## IV.

Farewell !—they claim thee now, and we  
 With struggling smiles and tears obey :  
 Flee to their longing bosoms, flee !  
 We weep, yet would not bid thee stay.

---

*May 18th.*

Three long, three bitter days, are gone  
 Since she departed, and alone  
 I've dragged the hours, with fever tost,  
 Alarmed to find how much I've lost.  
 And though not far her dwelling place,  
 I've dared but once to seek her face ;  
 And then I paced the pavement o'er  
 A coward hour, before her door.

I long to see, yet keep away ;  
 And sigh for bliss I dare not seek :  
 I think I have so much to say,  
 Yet, when I meet her, cannot speak.

I feel uneasy joy when nigh,  
When absent, more uneasy pain :  
What moves me so to burn, to sigh ?  
Why starts my pulse, and rings my brain ?

It must be !—yes ! I feel, I feel,  
This is the LOVE that poets sing,  
The bee—whose honey if we steal,  
'Tis surely followed by his sting.

---

*June 2d.*

O ! Blooming June ! thou hast in truth  
White lily hands, and cheeks of rose ;  
And sky-blue eyes of cloudless youth,  
And voice with tones of birds that flows.  
I've been all day upon the wing ;  
I could not rest at home, for thought :  
And see ! the very wealth of spring  
In my flower-hunting have I caught.  
And oft arrested have I stood,  
My pet wood-robin's notes to hear ;  
So ringing in the hollow wood,  
Though few, so fluty and so clear :  
And streaming from the meadow bush,  
Bob-linkum's merry soul would gush :  
I laid me 'neath a birchen tree,  
And carved her name with rare design ;  
Then razed it, lest strange eyes might see,  
And know the foolish work was mine.

Look at my game !—azalea blows,  
The white to smell, the pink to see ;  
Green tulip-flowers, whose chalice shows  
Like mellow fruit upon the tree :

Pale sweet-briar, dog-wood blossoms white,  
 With strange side-saddle flowers; and here,  
 The choicest, dearest to my sight,  
 The first magnolia of the year.  
 To Anna this will prove a gem,  
 So pure, so fragrant, and so white !  
 I've tied some lines around the stem,  
 To give her, if I dare, to-night.

## TO THE MAGNOLIA.

## I.

When roaming o'er the marshy field,  
 Through tangled brake and treacherous slough,  
 We start, that spot so foul should yield,  
 Chaste blossom ! such a balm as thou.  
 Such lavish fragrance there we meet,  
 That all the dismal waste is sweet.

## II.

So in the dreary path of life,  
 Through clogging toil and thorny care,  
 Love rears his blossom o'er the strife,  
 Like thine, to cheer the wanderer there :  
 Which pours such incense round the spot,  
 His pains, his cares, are all forgot.

June 3d.

I met her walking, and alone !  
 Rapid my pulse, and hoarse my tone—  
 No wordy interview was ours :  
 At length, confused, I talked of flowers—

My own lay hidden on my breast :  
 Long—long I strove, with shame oppressed,  
 To draw the fragrant offering thence,  
 But vain my strife, my confidence :  
 I left her, sinless of the deed,  
 Resolved this night I *would* succeed.

---

June 4th.

O silly me !—last night I went,  
 With nerves wrought up—decided, bent,  
 No more to play the part of dunce,  
 But give the flower to her at once :  
 And need there was that haste be made,  
 Before so frail a gift should fade.  
 But all my resolutions melt,  
 Whene'er her glowing face is felt :  
 I climbed the steps with courage strong,  
 Then softly peeped—O woe ye wrong,  
 Intruding eyes to gaze ?—and there !  
 Alone and reading, but so fair,  
 With drooping head upon her hand,  
 She sat : ah ! where was my command ?  
 One trembling moment I remained,  
     Then fled, and sat me 'neath a tree,  
 To watch the dwelling that contained  
     The charm I could not, dared not see.

---

June 6th.

Go ! go ! sweet faded flower,  
     All withered as thou art ;  
 In vain for many an anxious hour,  
 I've striven against a cruel power,  
     To place thee near her heart :

I dreamed that honored thou wouldst lie  
Upon a sweeter bed to die ;  
But now unblest thou must depart :  
Away thy dying leaves I cast,  
Still sweetly breathing to the last !

---

June 11th.

'Tis pleasant, when along the sky  
The stormy clouds disordered fly,  
Dim-staining with their leaden hue  
The pure, the universal blue,  
To list, to watch through sheltering pane  
The downward rushing of the rain :  
Now, in the pauses of the wind,  
Slow-dropping, heavy, straightly lined ;  
While beaten flowers a-nodding go,  
At every crystal pellet's blow,  
And the stiff shrub, with surfeit drowned,  
Top-heavy, staggering to the ground,  
Grown graceful in its wo, appears  
Like haughty beauty bent with tears :  
Now, slanting to the storm's career,  
A hazy chaos blots the air ;  
Leaves, blossoms, mists dash dimly past,  
Borne on the wet wings of the blast.

Pleasant to ope on such a day,  
Some gentle poet's wizard lay ;  
And in the clime of fancy find  
New sunshine for the dreary mind ;  
So golden, that not all the grim  
And sullen gloom without can dim :  
And better still, to light our skies  
With dearly loved and sunny eyes ;

Which round us shed a rosier glow,  
 Than Poësy herself can throw :  
 Not fancy's radiance can improve  
 The presence of the form we love.

Such days are dear, and this was one ;  
 Without, obscured by vapors dun,  
 Within, illumed by such a sun.  
 Yes ! we have met : she sent for me,  
 (Else had I never made so free,)  
 To lend my aid in pressing flowers ;  
 Thus passed three precious, trembling hours :  
 Then petals would we tear, to see  
 The changes cultivation brings  
 In Nature's wildest, simplest things :  
 And when from me the flower she took,  
 As if a serpent touched, I shook ;  
 And what a mist came over me !  
 Sage students we in botany !  
 Below, my feelings have I penned,  
 In lines I will not dare to send ;  
 And yet 'tis sweet myself to show  
 What I would blush to let her know.

#### TO ANNA.

O ! how is study misapplied  
 With witching woman by our side ;  
 Despite our will, despite our pains,  
 We quit the task with empty brains :  
 We learn—but only Cupid's lore ;  
 The heart, and not the head, we store.  
 In vain with thee is all my skill,  
 My eyes are rebels to my will :

When held by thee, my truant look  
Is ever wandering from the book ;  
The letters dance, my senses swim,  
And all the bloomy flowers grow dim.

How can I mark the violet's eye,  
When those of heavenlier tint are nigh ?  
The lily's snow is lost to me,  
When in that hand the flower I see :  
Of petal'd rose I cannot speak,  
When near the damask of that cheek :  
Thou call'st the jasmine sweet ; ah, no !  
Not when thy breath declares it so :  
That saucy breath, whose odorous sigh  
Gives to its own sweet words the lie.  
I tear the bells where bees do sip,  
And think upon thy honied lip—  
O ! were its sweets allowed to me,  
I'd prove as busy as the bee !  
When pressing flowers, so they may hold  
Their hues unchanged through winter's cold,  
My sighs, my throbbings all confess,  
Thou art the flower that I would press ;  
To light me with thy beauty's blaze,  
And cheer the winter of my days.

---

June 18th.

O ! how the mellow heavens were bright,  
When our fair crew embarked last night :  
Above, no mist—below, no chill ;  
Passaic never slept so still.  
Huge, round, and golden rose the moon,  
But mounting, grew to silver soon :

And dwelling, spire, whate'er was white,  
Shone whiter in her lavish light ;  
While every gaudy hue was dim,  
And trees and hollows gloomed more grim :  
As if alone her virgin ray  
On purest colors loved to play :  
And from the moonrise to the boat  
One glassy line of light would float,  
Which, at the rash oar's shivering stroke,  
Quick into stars and serpents broke ;  
That glanced, and gambolled to the eye,  
Like mirrored rockets of the sky.  
But my best plans are ever thwarted—  
My Anna and myself were parted.  
I thought all eyes were watching me,  
And kept aloof, that none might see,  
And so I lost her company.  
Yet found I solace for my pang,  
For oh ! a tender song she sang :  
Her voice, rich streaming like the moon,  
So poured its steady shower of tune ;  
Round which her lute's repeated tinklings  
Broke into points like starry twinklings,  
And in the hush of resting oars,  
Far-sweet the mellow murmur pours :  
No breath, no sound to mar it now,  
Save the soft rush that sweeps the prow.

Oh ! could I hear, unmoved, her own  
And melting music's blended tone,  
When either stirs me, heard alone ?  
All night, all night the living note  
In dreams around my head would float ;



And all my haunted depths of brain  
Still echo faintly with the strain.

Returning with the changing tide,  
I found a seat by Anna's side.  
Along the eastern shore we sweep,  
Where frowns the darkly-shadow'd steep,  
Whence savage hemlock's feathered boughs  
Droop o'er the water as it flows :  
Whose fallen leaves embrown the ground,  
And shed a resinous fragrance round.

Now on the west a blackness spreads—  
Bold clouds push up their startling heads,  
And slippery lightnings flash, and glide,  
Glassed in the still unruffled tide :  
Apace was plied the rapid oar,  
To reach betimes the homeward shore ;—  
And as the hurried boat would rock,  
My arm sustained her from the shock.  
At the sweet touch my senses reeled  
With dearest wishes thus to shield  
Her form forever from the strife,  
And perils of tempestuous life.  
The scene, the moon, the coming storm,  
And in my arms her helpless form,  
Sent throbbing to my frame's extremes  
My pulses in bewildering streams :  
And melting there, my eyes grew dim,  
And welling tears o'erran their brim.  
More precious to my heart than gold,  
Those sweet and silent tears that rolled ;

With none to see, and none to tell,  
Hid even from her for whom they fell.

Now lightning, with convulsive spasm,  
Splits heaven in many a fearful chasm,  
And wingéd darkness, reaching wide,  
Like horror hovers o'er the tide :  
Which, seized as with a sudden fright,  
Shivers and trembles at the sight ;  
Although the Tempest, from his eye  
Shot only angry glances by,  
Nor once the fearful silence stirred  
With the deep thunder of his word.  
Soon comes the wind with frenzied scream,  
And lashes, till it writhes, the stream :  
It takes the high trees by the hair,  
And as with besoms sweep the air.  
The pitchy clouds rush rainless by,  
Wild-twisting in the hollow sky ;  
But for a moment raves the gust,  
To vanish in a whirl of dust.  
Ere long through spray and roar we reach,  
And run secure upon the beach.  
Now breaks the gloom, and mid the chinks  
The moon, in search of opening winks ;  
And through the clouds her course that hedge,  
She cuts her way with silver edge !  
Fair as the first hour is the last—  
Who could have dreamed a storm had passed ?

---

*Snake-Hill, July 4th.*

BELLS, drums, shouts, cannons, wakened me,  
With all the roar of jubilee :

But I escaped the din and stir,  
To climb the hills and dream of her ;  
My journal and my stick the sole  
Companions of my lonely stroll ;  
But Nature brightly smiled on me,  
And lent me her sweet company ;  
And strewing beauties for my gaze,  
Amused me in a thousand ways.  
Yet Anna—hence with jealousy !  
She could not win my thoughts from thee :  
No ! all of bright my eyes could find,  
But waked thy image in my mind !

The winds were fresh, the heavens were fair,  
Azaleas spiced the brushing air :  
And orchis in the grassy seas  
Bowed princely to the passing breeze :  
And rows of weeds in tangled plight  
Stood wov'n with threads of parasite,  
In golden meshes prisoned quite.  
Bees buzzed, and wrens that thronged the rushes,  
Pour'd round incessant twittering gushes ;  
While thousand reeds whereon they hung,  
Bent with the weight of nests and young.  
Like a huge bear, alone and still,(9)  
Crouched on the meadow, lay Snake-Hill ;  
Shaggy with bushy forest-hair,  
Wild as the savage left it there.

Now on its giddiest cliff I stand,  
Victorious o'er the prostrate land :  
Oh ! boundless view—oh ! wondrous scene !  
The marsh a velvet carpet seems,  
Broidered with silver-threaded streams

Before me, stealing through the green,  
Passaic, bashful, strives to hide,  
As shy to meet the stranger tide,(9)  
That wooing, keeps so near her side ;  
But soon, coquetting o'er, they blend,  
Like lovers blest, and down the bay,  
New-wedded, take their golden way :  
As there the honey-moon to spend,  
Before they enter on the strife—  
The dangerous world of ocean-life.  
Far off, with heads blue-veiled, and high,  
Dim mountains bank the distant sky ;  
Here opes the high-road to the deep,  
And here the city's banners sweep ;  
And streamer's fluttering lengths are sent  
From mast, and tower, and battlement.

I hear the far-rejoicing roar,  
But I have sweeter joys in store.  
Now will I ope my jewel-hoard,  
Where Anna's gifts and spoils are stored :  
This withered pink she dropped the day  
We through the florist's grounds did stray ;  
Which, when no eye but mine was near,  
I hurrying seized, and treasured here.  
This rose, that morn of bitter bliss,  
When first she shrank to shun my kiss,  
And when how sore my pain she found,  
She kindly gave to soothe the wound :  
This dream-cake, with white ribbons bound,  
Was given, inscribed with her dear name,  
The night her friend a bride became :  
'Twas useless all, such pains to take,  
For I had dreamed without the cake.

And now, most precious, and most rare,  
Her parting gift—this lock of hair :

## I.

Prisoned pet of freeborn tresses,  
Ravished from thy sisters fair,  
Dost regret their soft caresses ?  
Wouldst with them still rove the air ?

## II.

See'st thou still their fluttering tangles,  
Streamers, in the wind unfold ;  
Starred with hosts of glittering spangles,  
Striped with threads of silk and gold ?

## III.

Dost remember, when arraying  
Garlands bound their roving powers,  
How thy frolic mates kept playing  
Hide-and-seek among the flowers ?

## IV.

How, when noon upon it quivered,  
Golden twinkles strewed her hair,  
Like the dust of sunbeams shivered  
Sifted by the breezes there ?

## V.

Dost regret thy pleasant rambles  
Round her temple's fair hill-side ?  
And those chasing, rolling gambols  
Down her shoulder's snowy slide ?

## VI.

Or, when by her cheek descending,  
As she plucked the wild-flowers fair,  
For each bud she reaped in bending,  
Thou a kiss didst gather there ?

## VII.

Or, when near her bosom doting,  
Trembling, dazzled by the glow,  
How a roguish breeze there floating,  
Pushed thee on the bank of snow ?

## VIII.

O ! not dearly then were wasted  
All the thrills my heart has felt,  
Could I sip what thou hast tasted—  
Could I dwell where thou hast dwelt !

---

*Night.*

Returning home, as evening frowned,  
My Anna by the door I found,  
There watching, with the crowd around,  
The dazzling freaks of fire to see,  
That brightly closed the jubilee :  
And curious 't was the play to trace  
Of varying lights upon her face :  
First, rockets on their fiery cars  
Rushed roaring up in furious chase,  
Then broke in silent-dropping stars :  
Or, like a nest of serpents frightened,  
Ran scattering through the sky they lightened.  
When blazing wheels spin whizzing round,  
And dazzling fire-drops shower the ground,

Her features bloom with crimson glare,  
 As though a blush were mantling there :  
 But changed to suns as pearly white  
 As visions of ethereal light,  
 Her form, in silvery mists, appears.  
 Some seraph wondering at the spheres.

---

*July 17th.*

Ah ! weary fate ! sick, sick at heart,  
 Unnerved, forlorn I sit apart :  
 I look on book, and sky, and green,  
     Her image ever present plays ;  
 And like a teasing mote is seen,  
     Still dimming all whereon I gaze.  
 Oh ! when will this illusion cease,  
 When will my troubled heart find peace !

---

*July 31st.*

What have I done ? Alas ! 'tis past,  
 And my worst fears are truths at last !

At dusk, when passing near her door,  
 As every night I passed before,  
 Upon the steps I marked her stand,  
 From walk returned, with hat in hand ;  
 I saw, and frightened, turned to fly,  
 But turning, caught her asking eye,  
 Which seemed to blame so rude a fear,  
 So I was fain to draw me near.  
 She bade me enter ; all were gone  
 Save her sweet self, at home alone ?  
 With fears I vainly sought to hide,  
 I following, sat me by her side.

Twilight, the sofa, and the vow,  
My thoughts so oft had linked, that now  
I dared not speak, yet could not fly;  
But she more courage had than I,  
And said, half-sorrowing, I was wrong  
To stay from her so much—so long;  
That I a truer friendship felt,  
When we so long together dwelt;  
The adage true, she grieved to find,  
'Once out of sight, soon out of mind.'  
I could not bear the charge—and burst  
With feelings I so long had nursed;  
And muttered, tortured to the rack,  
'Twas not my will that kept me back:  
As I grew bolder, she grew shy,  
And moments passed without reply.  
Meanwhile, my downcast eyes espied  
Her hand soft-sleeping by her side;  
Which, as I kept my tempting watch,  
By turns I longed and feared to catch,  
Till, dim and dizzy with the view,  
A desperate rashness in me grew;  
I seized it, and without a word,  
And oh! it fluttered like a bird:  
Warm, soft, and trembling, there it lay,  
Half-willing, half afraid to stay.

The thought of all—the hour so bland—  
And ah! the touch of that dear hand,  
So thrilled my feelings' tenderest strings,  
So oped the sluices of their springs,  
That all the loosened currents rushed,  
And from my lips and eyelids gushed.



'Dear Anna!' came the words at last,  
'Oh! hadst thou known the pain I've passed,  
How all my best pursuits have flagged,  
As I the heavy moments dragged;  
And how my bosom's warmest powers  
Have blessed those past and happy hours,  
When ever by thy side I moved,  
And loved thee ere I knew I loved;  
And since, how with a fiercer flame  
Has burned and tossed my feverish frame,  
When every thought and dream would be  
Of thee and only thee—  
Oh! then thou had'st not harshly said  
My love for thee was cold or dead!'

Startled at all my feeling shown,  
She murmured then, with timid tone:  
'If true thou lov'st me, as before,  
How haps it that we meet no more?  
Whate'er I love—my birds, my flowers,  
With them I seek to pass my hours.'  
'Nay, judge not thus!' I checked her here,  
'Love is not weaker, mixed with fear:  
And yet, in truth, I know not why,  
What most I love, that most I fly;  
This, this alone I know—no more—  
I love thee better than before:  
And oh! when driven from thee by fear,  
'Tis then thou art most truly dear.  
No, no!—my heart is true—'tis *thine*  
That cannot feel, or love like mine!  
Two sparklers from their fountains sprung,  
Like dewy drops on blue-bells hung:

'Not love thee!' murmured she again,  
'I am unkind, ungrateful then ;  
For ever when I dwelt with thee,  
Thou like a brother wast to me ;  
Oh ! think not, though my foolish tongue  
Reproached thee, that my heart is free—  
Forgive !—forgive me !—I was wrong :  
Yes ! I *do* love—even when I chide,  
And wish thee ever by my side !'

---

I gazed into her eyes, to seek  
Some image of the pang I felt ;  
Some foot-prints there, however weak,  
That showed the god within her dwelt :  
For love, though often strangely blind,  
Is keen to mark and know his kind ;  
Howe'er remote the sail unknown,  
He first perceives, and hails his own.  
But in her eyes' calm, azure sea,  
No bark of hope appeared to me ;  
Nor would the dimmest speck emerge  
From all th' horizon's distant verge :  
Then dropped my head in anguish there ;  
Sunk hopeless, helpless in despair.  
No kiss, no last embrace, I took,  
But with one agonizing look,  
I rushed, and left her, wild with wo,  
Alarmed at throes she could not know.  
She loves me, yet it is not love—  
Why is it thus, ye heavens above ?  
Hold !—hold !—so am I racked to-night,  
I know not—heed not what I write !

*July 22d.*

## I.

She loves me, yet it is not love :  
Her eye with kindness beams,  
And at my lightest touch of wo,  
Pours forth its pitying streams :  
But oh ! it burns not with the glow  
Which eyes on fire with passion show !

## II.

She loves me, yet it is not love :  
Her smile is ever sweet,  
And breaks in happy circling curls,  
Whene'er our glances meet :  
But still, 'tis not the anxious smile  
That joys, yet trembles all the while.

## III.

She loves me, yet it is not love :  
Her cheek, that scarcely glows,  
Blooms at our meeting, with a hue  
Fair as the wild-briar rose :  
Not such the lightning blush that starts  
In quivering gleams from stormy hearts.

## IV.

She loves me, yet it is not love :  
Her own is music's voice,  
And ever of its gentlest words,  
Gives me the sweetest choice :  
But ah !—'tis not the broken tone  
That springs from love, and love alone !

## V.

She loves me, yet it is not love :  
 She springs to meet my face,  
 And still my anxious, long delay  
 Reproves with tenderest grace :  
 Ah ! nought such willing favors prove :  
 She shuns me not !—she cannot love !

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*July 24th.*

Why am I thus unloved—unblest ?  
 Am I more worthless than the rest ?  
 I find, in others' happier fate,  
 Heart linked with heart, and mate with mate :  
 Like coupled birds they sport and sing,  
 I am the only lonely thing !  
 Am I a fool ? that all should shun,  
 Or madman wild, or wretch undone ;  
 Or cynic, who disdains to please,  
 And cannot feel—oh ! none of these !  
 There, there—my tell-tale mirror shows  
 The bitter spring of all my woes :  
 Behold that poor unwinning face !  
 Beggared of every charm and grace  
 That bids the eager wishes rise,  
 And chains the spirit through the eyes.  
 Hence !—hence !—that hateful head remove !  
 It can have nought to do with love !

Sad fate ! to drag through life with pain  
 This charmless body like a chain :  
 Unblest, uncheered, to roam along,  
 With none to love !—Oh ! I am wrong !—

My mother! thou wilt not despise  
 Thy hapless boy: thy partial eyes  
 Still find redeeming traits in me—  
 Dim lights, no other eyes can see.  
 Then let the world forsake me quite,  
 And turn away their loathing sight,  
 In thy dear arms, still fondly spread,  
 I'll hide my sad, offensive head,  
 And feel, the sorer my distress,  
 Thy deeper gush of tenderness.  
 Earth fails, and only hearts above  
 Can match in truth a mother's love:  
 Oh! 'tis a gentle halo-light,  
 Unnoticed when our heaven is bright,  
 But when the storm is hovering nigh,  
 And weaving mists bedim the sky,  
 Then, *then* it is that heavenly ray  
 Circles us with its soothing sway,  
 And gilds the gloom it cannot chase,  
 With such a mild, endearing grace,  
 The very clouds grow welcome there,  
 Which such a precious garland bear.

---

July 27th.

## I.

Farewell! then, to the sweetest dream  
 That ever lover's brain possessed;  
 I wake to chase the fading beam—  
 Ah! wherefore broke my rosy rest!

## II.

Sad, in my early spring, to meet  
 So rude a dash of winter's chill;

My heart just opening to the heat  
To wither, and perchance to kill!

## III.

Oh! whither may the spirit roam  
For peace, of every hope bereft?—  
Come, busy world! ambition, come!  
And take the place which love has left.

## IV.

That gentle being could I harm,  
Who gave me all the love she felt?  
If I her bosom failed to warm,  
How vain to hope her heart would melt!

## V.

Though to revenge too easily fired,  
On thee my thirst I could not sate:  
The love thy sweetness has inspired,  
Could never curdle into hate.

## VI.

And must upon that gentle breast  
Another's favored head recline?  
By others must those lips be pressed,  
Which gave their first-born sweets to mine?

## VII.

Hold! though my jealous heart should burst,  
No wish but weal shall 'scape my breast;  
And if for others' love thou thirst,  
Even that be thine, so thou art blest!

*August 4th.*

There comes a thought most sadly sweet,  
That I with Anna still may meet;  
Still breathe with her the self-same air,  
Made fragrant by a flower so fair,  
Still muse on bliss hope must not name,  
And watch the charms I ne'er may claim.

## I.

Though dark the doom I may not flee,  
Unloved, though loving, still to pine;  
'Tis something left to hear, to see  
The bliss which never must be mine.

## II.

Though not to me from love's deep wound  
Thy words their faltering music bear;  
'Tis sweet to list, although the sound  
Lull hope to sleep, and wake despair.

## III.

Though not for me those eyes' soft rays,  
That snowy hand, that rosy lip;  
Not wholly curst, I still can gaze,  
Where I may neither touch nor sip.

## IV.

O! let me woo thee like the star  
That spots the heaven o'er yonder hill;  
Which, though no warmth it sheds so far,  
I'll worship for its brightness still.

## V.

Farewell! thou sweet and blessed light!  
Though now for my poor hopes too high,

Thee, following thy pure course of right;  
I still may reach beyond the sky !

END OF JOURNAL.

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Time dragged my heavy heart along—  
Though still my early scenes among,  
Though oft with her, even by her side,  
Bereft of hope, my passion died.  
'Twas a fair mist of rainbow hue,  
Which hope around her presence threw :  
Though still her charms were showered around,  
Hope was the sun the rays that found  
Which all those hues of glory shed,  
That formed the halo round her head :  
That sun was set, and hence the rain  
Of charms unlightened poured in vain.  
To my changed eye those charms did show  
Like flowers that shut in darkness grow ;  
Uncolored by the quickening light ;  
Leaf, blossom, stem, one tintless white :  
The form was graceful as before,  
The bloom, the glory, was no more !

Years passed : my spirits rallied quite ;  
She married, and I saw the sight  
That once had rent my heart in twain,  
With scarce a shudder-chill of pain ;  
And that slight quiver was alone  
Born of remembered feelings gone.  
Doubtless there are, who deem it strange  
A heart that truly loved could change ;



Who hold, one love should bind us fast  
With ties unslackened to the last :  
Be't as it may, or ill, or well,  
What is, not what *should* be, I tell.

Yet are there times when thrills will start  
Like lightning freaks from brain to heart,  
And wake the joys of that sweet time  
Of budding passion's happy prime.  
The sheen of tresses in the winds,

The peal of bell that early tolled,

The flower, the song beloved of old,

Will touch the secret spring that binds

The bosom's treasure-board of gold :

Ay, oft the overflowing store

Bursts of itself the prison door ;

Now ! now it opes !—I see the stream,

The boat, her form, the moonlight beam ;

And hark ! that dear, that tender strain,

Now trembles through my frame again,

As though some demon-hand essayed,

And on my living heart-strings played ;

Wringing a thrilling music thence,

That almost renders mad the sense ;

And now—dissolved—the vision dies !

My soul exhausting as it flies,

As when awoke by morning beam,

Torn from some bright bewildering dream

Of gilded barges, dancing seas,

Fair forms, and streamers in the breeze ;

And I am on the world's bleak shore,

As cold, as callous, cast once more !

END OF 'FIRST LOVE.'

# PASSAIC.

## TALE II.

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### THE WORTH OF BEAUTY: OR A LOVER'S JOURNAL.

#### CANTO II.—SECOND LOVE.

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'Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme j'aime!'

DE SEVIGNE.

---

FIVE times the earth swam round the sun,  
Five years their ripening course had run,  
And I, still travelling, clambering still,  
Stood up at last on Manhood's hill :  
Strengthened alike in mind and frame,  
But marred with features still the same :  
Still finding daily on my road,  
The worth that Beauty's charm bestow'd :  
Still feeling more, the more I grew,  
The pains its want engenders too.  
In crowds when eyes my form would scan,  
I scarce could feel myself a man ;  
And in the dance, whose joyous sight  
I relished with a child's delight,  
When eyes and jewels rivals shine,  
When music's voice and woman's join,  
When senses and when satins swim,  
When bounds the spirit with the limb,

And feet unconscious mark the strain,  
Nor need a mandate from the brain ;  
For music's motion-giving thrill  
Performs the office of the will ;  
Even there I seldom stirred, from fear  
The light satiric laugh to hear.  
Not oft I walked by woman's side,  
Restrained if not by fear by pride :  
Her choice of guides is ever shown  
In forms more lofty than her own,  
As if the spirit that defends,  
On towering frame alone attends.

'Twas not alone from shame or fear  
Of cold neglect, or bitter sneer,  
That I would shun her glowing rays,  
And softly tread her flowery ways,  
But lest the serpent Love might spring,  
And once again my bosom sting ;  
And most I feared the passion's might  
In spring's fresh morn of rosy light,  
When all creation wears his hue,  
And bathes in Love's delicious dew ;  
When courting birds throng every grove,  
And flowers, far as they can, make love.  
And then the heart's door stands ajar,  
And entrance there is easier far ;  
For then by abstinence subdued,  
The hungry heart looks out for food ;  
And oft in that impetuous hour,  
Will crop the weed or poisonous flower,  
Unsated, till the inward groan  
Declares too late the mischief done.

So when the sun first warmed my blood,  
As the young year began to bud,  
And when the fair and softened throng  
Shed round their glances, languid, long,  
I ever shunned, by trial wise,  
The dangerous bliss of woman's eyes ;  
And yet, despite my previous pain,  
My heart at last was trapped again :  
Drawn knowing, fearing, shrinking, tame  
As silly moth, within the flame ;  
And that too, not in spring's soft hour,  
But when hot summer curls the flower.  
Love grew, I scarce know how or where,  
But first in church I felt the snare,  
Which fastened by long gazing there :  
Too much I gazed, for she was one  
Discretion loudly bade me shun.

With queenly step, and form of grace,  
An ever-breathing, joyous face,  
With nostrils thin, lips loosely shut,  
By Nature's chisel cleanly cut,  
Which, when caprice turned playful out,  
Would more than curl, yet scarce would pout :  
With dark—not deeply raven hair,  
Her skin was more than lily fair,  
Whose pearly veil would half reveal  
The routes the truant veins would steal ;  
Whence blushes scarcely dimmed would gleam—  
Drowned roses in a crystal stream.  
But oh ! those eyes, those wondrous eyes !  
Whose hue all mimic art defies—

Dark gray their tint by nature given,  
But which through smiles seemed blue as heaven;  
And when a frown-cloud rose to view,  
Black as the car of thunder grew :  
And wide and various as their hue  
Would wander their expression too ;  
Which all unsteady in its range,  
Seemed ever on the brink of change ;  
Still ready, even in anger's stress,  
To tremble into tenderness.  
How did she dazzle in a storm !  
The lofty head, the heaving form,  
The flash, the nostrils fluttering free,  
All, all were fine, yet dread to see :  
And brilliant fell the glittering rain  
That followed in the cloudy train,  
And fairer still the peaceful bow  
That spanned at last her arching brow.  
Though spoiled with pride and wayward will,  
Her haughty heart was woman's still ;  
And 'neath the tempest lay asleep  
A well of feeling, pure and deep,  
O'errunning when the storm was gone,  
To soothe the harms her wrath had done ;  
As though the very storm that rushed,  
Had fed and filled the fount that gushed.

Else had I never learned to love,  
Whom gentleness alone can move :  
And oh ! 't was in that tender hour,  
She swayed me with resistless power ;  
How could she lift, and with a frown,  
As deeply, darkly cast me down !

How like a slave my mistress' will  
 I faithful watched, and followed still !  
 Content if only at her feet,  
 For even rebuke from her was sweet.  
 But pleasing more than outward sense,  
 She sparkled with intelligence :  
 Her mind so rare, her wit so smart,  
 She won my brain as well as heart—  
 Enough : the journal of my breast,  
 Kept at the time, must tell the rest.

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THE JOURNAL.

*August 26th.*

As surely as the week rolls round,  
 Am I at church devoted found :  
 As surely as I take my seat,  
 My eyes with Julia's chance to meet :  
 If once it haps, 't will hap again—  
 'Tis not in mortal to refrain  
 To watch, despite the sacred place,  
 That tempting sight, a lovely face.  
 Young hearts, beware ! that dread a wound,  
 For even the church is dangerous ground,  
 When placed athwart a vision fair,  
 Just seated within eye-shot there ;  
 With bonnet from her glowing face  
 Flung loose the summer heat to chase,  
 Leaving the glowing charms we see,  
 To wooing winds, and glances free :  
 While airs, which fans coquettish make,  
 To waves the slumbering tresses wake :  
 And looks, meant for the desk, may stray  
 And light on you along the way.  
 'Tis flowery land ; but oh ! beware !  
 The mischief-maker may be there :

Should there he catch a poaching heart,  
Poor trespasser ! he'll make it smart ;  
For hid among the flowers 't will find  
Set traps of most imprisoning kind ;  
And may be tangled ere aware,  
Within the mesh of tresses there.  
Those eye-darts shot by Cupid's bow,  
Would soon to poisoned arrows grow :  
Each hair dipped in Love's quickening spring,  
Would turn a waving snake, and sting.

Not only is the idle heart  
Endangered by the toiler's art,  
But even the serious mind may rove ;  
Devotion's self is kin to Love.  
At solemn hymn, whose stream of praise  
A thousand grateful voices raise,  
The heart unfolds its portals wide,  
Unconsciously, to join the tide :  
Whatever feeling opes the door,  
Love, ever watchful, stands before,  
Still seeking, in his strife to win,  
Sly rogue ! to slip unnoticed in.

I caution others ; as for me,  
My heart once seared, is safely free :  
Yet thrilled I when her eyes like day  
Would rest on mine though turned away ;  
For there are glances felt, not seen,  
That burn as deep, and pierce as keen.  
To-morrow I can meet her too—  
A walking party ; shall I go,  
And stir the tide now calmly clear ?  
Nonsense ! what can I have to fear ?

The scars of previous wounds o'ergrow,  
And make my bosom love-proof now !

## I.

A truce to your arts, pretty maidens !  
Your cunning I now can withstand :  
No more bite the lip till it reddens,  
Nor press the pale cheek with the hand :  
I know what a bloom it discloses,  
But ah ! ye entice me in vain ;  
I've suffered so much from the roses,  
They never shall tempt me again.

## II.

No more hang your long drooping lashes,  
So modestly bent to the ground ;  
No more with a start shoot your flashes  
So boldly and brilliantly round :  
I know that the motion is brightening,  
But ah ! it assails me in vain ;  
My heart is so scarred with the lightning,  
It shuns the encounter again.

## III.

No more, when the summer oppresses,  
Uncover the light of the brow ;  
No more let the streams of your tresses  
Run down on your shoulders of snow :  
I know that the contrast is pleasing,  
But ah ! it allures me in vain ;  
I've suffered so sadly from freezing  
I'll ne'er brave the snow-storm again !



*August 28th.*

Over the hills, a sun-bright day,  
Our party took their rambling way :  
Now the rough quarry's depths pervade,  
And now the cooling forest-shade :  
Now following brooks through deep ravines,  
Now climbing steeps for distant scenes ;  
And fair that eastern view appeared,  
Which oft my boyhood's eye had cheered,  
By fairer landscape never blest ;  
White clouds in motion, hills at rest  
By passing shadows overrun !  
Passaic basking in the sun ;  
Far city-spires that task the eye,  
Pricking like needle-points the sky :  
Beneath our feet our native town,  
Though humble, bright, because our own.  
At length, o'erpassing hill and plain,  
A quiet grass-green winding lane  
Through sheltering woodland leads us by  
A clear spring heaving silently.(10)  
Here sit we down for rest and breath,  
A knotty, spreading oak beneath,  
Whose roots drank from the fount, and paid  
The favor back with cooling shade :  
Without a sound the waters soft  
Pushed up the clean red sand, and oft  
A rising bubble from the spot,  
Bright as a crystal jewel, shot.

From Julia's side I kept aloof,  
Not feeling quite temptation-proof,  
When from her head the hat she drew,  
And to the breeze her tresses threw.

She leaned against the oak for rest,  
With parted lips, and heaving breast ;  
Then laid those dangerous eyes to see,  
Now languid with fatigue, on me :  
Deep, deep their honied weight I felt  
To sink within my heart, and melt.  
I saw my peril, and alarmed  
Drew back to shun the snare unharmed :  
Whereat she gave command to look  
For wild-flowers by the running brook.  
I went, for how could I refuse,  
And plucked the rarest I could choose :  
Odd gaping orchis, lilies too,  
Jet spotted, in the marsh that grew ;  
And bright lobelia's flaming eye  
That almost blinds the passer by :  
And I was proud to see them placed  
Within the folds that girt her waist.

O'er heaven now warning vapors dun  
Crept darkling, and put out the sun :  
Wrangled the clouds, and fell the fire,  
Struck from their rude collision, nigher.  
Escaping from the shower, we reach  
The sheltering tent of sloping beach :  
There gathered close, we list the strain  
Played on the leaves by pattering rain,  
At times by voice of thunder drowned,  
When his tremendous bass rings round.  
So close we grouped that tree beneath,  
I touched her hand—I felt her breath ;  
I scanned her cheek so dainty fair,  
But found no dimmest blemish there.

There is a power, a spell, a thrill,  
A magnetism, or what you will,  
Whose creepings on the sense encroach,  
At living Beauty's near approach :  
How did her breath my life-blood seize,  
And wake to billows like a breeze !

Returning, would her arm recline,  
All frankly, cordially on mine :  
How dear to manhood's fondest pride,  
Confiding woman's steps to guide !  
How flashed the overloaded flowers  
With gems, a present from the showers !  
I never landscape saw more gay,  
Nor bluer sky, nor brighter day ;  
And still where'er she trod the ground  
A fresher beauty bloomed around.  
Had Love been there, I might suppose,  
Seen through his soft mist, all was rose ;  
Fudge ! Love has had his ruling hour :  
Thank Heaven ! I now defy his power !  
'Twas fit enough, in school-boy days,  
To sigh, and melt at beauty's blaze :  
All that is past ; yet was she sweet !  
Well, so are many that I meet ;  
How flattering too ! where'er I go,  
Her eyes for mine a preference show :  
Poor child !—'twere pity she should burn  
With passion I can ne'er return :  
I'll gaze, not love : my course is plain ;  
I'll reap the bliss, and leave the pain.  
A pleasant life, to roam at will  
On Beauty's walks attendant still,

Safe from all rubs that lovers chafe :  
Pleasant indeed—but am I safe ?

---

*August 29th.*

No ! there is danger ; all the night  
I saw her like a starry light,  
More lovely in my visions lone,  
Than in my day-dream's truth she shone.  
'Tis nought when on the sun we gaze,  
If only dazzled by his rays ;  
But when our eyes his form retain,  
Some wound to vision must remain.

Hence, Love ! thou tempting friend, begone !  
That still through flower-fields lead'st me on ;  
Whose serpent-charm my bosom draws  
To venom'd ruin in thy jaws.  
I'll shun her, for it cannot be  
Such eyes could ever smile on me ;  
Nor wake those passion-waves again,  
To rack my heart with sickening pain :  
Yet sweetly could I yield me still,  
With closing eyes and passive will,  
In ravishing delight to ride  
Upon that bounding, sparkling tide ;  
Borne onward by the mastering flood,  
To port or breakers, where it would !

It must not be ; no ! from this hour  
I'll save me, while I have the power :  
Yet I this very night agreed  
To lend her promised books to read !  
Well ; I will leave them at the door,  
But enter Peril's courts no more.

*August 30th.*

Fool! madman! thus to venture nigh  
The toils that gird her dangerous eye—  
I reached the door: herself was there;  
Herself, with smiles all radiant fair:  
She bade me enter: I declined;  
Then stammering, staggered in half blind.  
There to the window we withdrew;  
Oh, double fool! by moonlight too:  
Deep, deep of love's insidious draught,  
With reckless, quenchless thirst I quaffed,  
Till midnight drove me home again,  
So drunken, giddy, fired in brain,  
That my bewildered, reeling head  
Could scarcely find its sleepless bed.

---

*September 2d.*

'Twas not, dear maid! thy noontide light  
That won me with its flashings bright;  
But thy sweet twilight hue that shone  
Softly on me, and me alone!  
'Twas not thy song of music clear,  
That rings to ravish all that hear;  
But oh! thy gently breathing tone  
Murmured to me and me alone!  
All force, all dazzling, fails to move,  
For softness is the soul of love.

## I.

Softness, sure though gentle power,  
Even the rudest breast can sway:  
As the mildly-dropping shower  
Wears the rigid ice away.

Cupid knows, so binds together  
Plume with barb upon his dart,  
Never shaft without the feather  
Found the quick within the heart :  
All the ways of passion prove  
Softness is the soul of love.

## II.

Smiling ripples curl more sweetly  
Round the lips which dew-drops steep ;  
Glances melt us more completely,  
When through fringed lids they peep.  
Venus, when among her roses,  
One she wished of killing hue,  
Round the glance the bud discloses,  
Showers of mossy lashes threw.  
All that moves must gently move :  
Softness is the soul of love.

## III.

Manhood dons his gentlest manner,  
When at winning he would be ;  
War with roses wreaths his banner,  
Sheaths the steel, and bows the knee :  
Eyes that fail with beaming brightly,  
Vanquish when in tears they glide ;  
Flashing sunbeams move us lightly—  
'Tis the moon that wakes the tide.  
All the arts of lovers prove  
Softness is the soul of love.

## IV.

Sighing is the tone for wooing,  
Such as lover best beseems :

Words that win, come softly flowing,  
 Like the lulling song of streams.  
 Vows of love and truth devoted,  
 Vainly at the bosom cast,  
 When on waves of music floated  
 Ever reach their port at last !  
 All that moves must gently move :  
 Softness is the soul of love.

---

*September 5th.*

To-night at Julia's house we meet :  
 Oh ! hours to be, of rapture sweet !  
 How will I feast on love's repast,  
 And triumph, while her favors last !  
 And will she change ? it cannot be ;  
 Still will I dream in her I see  
 A mind too high, a heart too warm,  
 To spurn a lover for his form :  
 A breast with feeling gushing o'er,  
 That asks for love, and seeks no more.  
 Away with pause ! it is too late  
 To dread, to shrink, to hesitate ;  
 My doom, my fate, I must abide,  
 And sink or swim, I'm on the tide !  
 Yes ! let me revel on that brow,  
 Though mad the act, and worse than vain !  
 I'll quaff the luscious poison now,  
 And leave to sober hours the pain !

---

*September 6th.*

I went ; fair crowds my sight surprise :  
 The room was starry with their eyes ;  
 But she was all surpassing fair :  
 One calla-flower ran round her hair,

And wreathed it like a hunter's horn :  
The chaste, the only jewel worn.  
Pure was her robe of virgin white ;  
Her eyes flashed round consuming light,  
Yet oft, on those she favored well,  
Softly as mellow moonlight fell.  
But scarce a solitary glance  
Would light on me, unless by chance  
Amid the flood she showered around,  
Some straggling ray my features found,  
And brilliant shone ; but cold to me  
As flash of phosphorescent sea :  
Alas ! those eyes with homage vain,  
On others showered their sparkling rain.  
Supreme my rival stood 'mid these,  
Nor left untried all arts to please ;  
She sang—his voice the praise supplied :  
She danced—and he was by her side  
In pride of form and grace of limb :  
What could I do to cope with him ?  
Hurt at the sight, but not depressed—  
For trial roused, not sunk my breast—  
I sought her hand when he resigned,  
But she through feigned fatigue declined :  
Rushed to my brow the burning blood—  
Fired with revenge and shame I stood  
One maddening moment, then withdrew,  
And to the open garden flew :  
How changed the scene to which I fled !  
Cool was the night air to my head ;  
The moon sailed high, and flowers and trees  
Bent listening to the whispering breeze :



Dear Nature ! ever pure as fair,  
How soothing came thy gentle air !  
Thy light, how chaster than the glare,  
Thy murmuring voices, than the din  
Of noisy mirth—I felt within !

## I.

The night is still, but not my soul ;  
How calm is nature's sleeping breast !  
Oh ! that her peace would mine control—  
That I, like her, were thus at rest !

## II.

The gentle moon looks mildly down,  
At her sweet gaze the vapors flee ;  
But ah ! the clouds that round me frown,  
No beam of love will chase from me.

## III.

The night-bird from his native tree  
Pours on the air his lulling strain ;  
But harshly jars his melody  
Amid the discord in my brain.

## IV.

The winds a load of sweets divine  
From out the grove's deep bosom bear ;  
But ah ! the sighs that gush from mine  
Breathe only of the bitter there !

## V.

Not song of bird, nor glance of moon,  
Nor breath of groves my smile inspires :-

Thy voice, thy face, thy sighs, alone  
Can give the peace my soul requires !

---

*September 7th.*

Fool ! fool ! with all my previous pain,  
To rush into the trap again,  
But now, farewell to love and thee !  
The world has nobler aims for me :  
Enough, enough ; henceforth we part—  
I'll close my journal, and my heart ;  
Resolved no more to be beguiled  
By such a wayward, peevish child.

---

*September 14th.*

In vain !—six days of bitter pain  
Have driven me back to love again :  
Despite my stern resolve to burst  
A bond so sweet, yet so accursed.  
Alas ! our eyes at church did meet ;  
Oh ! glance too ravishingly sweet !  
My soul leaped to my eyes to see  
One gaze of kindness bent on me :  
It told of sorrow for my pain—  
It told of wish for peace again ;  
It told beside of pride misused—  
That eyes might speak what lips refused.

It told enough to bring me back ;  
Oh ! yes : come torture, flame, or rack,  
Better thy glance, though raging bright,  
Than absence' dull funereal night :  
The one is life of painful breath,  
The other, gloomy, chilly, death ;

And like the soul, the heart will cling  
To life, however sharp its sting.

All lost my patience and command,  
Last night I went, guitar in hand,  
And 'neath her window, thus my wrong  
Poured out upon the night, in song :

## I.

The heart no deeper gloom can know  
Than absence' tomb-like solitude :  
I better bore thine anger's glow,  
Than the dull peace which has ensued.

## II.

Give back mine eyes thy form again—  
Give but mine ears thy quickening voice,  
And though thy glances flash disdain,  
And words 'speak daggers,' I'll rejoice.

## III.

For oh ! reproach I could forgive,  
Howe'er it smote my brain to hear :  
And even thy fury's rage outlive,  
To know but this—that thou wert near.

## IV.

A charm thy words, thy looks contain,  
That numbs their power to harm or kill ;  
Like chanted rage, and pictured pain,  
'Tis beauty, and 'tis music still.

## V.

For shot through eyelids plumed like those,  
 Thy glance must of their softness share ;  
 And through those lips the curse that flows,  
 Comes sweetened from the honey there.

## VI.

I *must* return—though doubly curst ;  
 Though all thy lightnings scath my brain,  
 I care not—I have known the worst—  
 For absence owns no master-pain.

September 15th.

With a cold eye, and burning brain,  
 I stiffly sought her doors again :  
 My presence, smiles of favor sweet,  
 And kindly words resistless greet ;  
 And though our quarrel and my pain  
 She ventured not to touch, 'twas plain  
 She saw, and strove with smiles to heal  
 The wounds her pride had made me feel :  
 She begged me join, in her sweet way,  
 A party for the Falls to-day :  
 And did I yield ? oh ! yes—oh ! yes !  
 She smiled, and could I then do less ?  
 Dear, tender, proud, forgiving maid !  
 Command me, and thou art obeyed.

## I.

Oh ! in reason's spite I love thee,  
 Though thy sweets be mixed with woes :  
 Who, though teasing be the briar,  
 Would not bear it for the rose ?

When with scorn thy lip is curling,  
'Till, revolting at the chill,  
Pride would bid me love no longer,  
One dear smile will win me still.

II.

Oh ! those tones of silver sweetness,  
Though reproachful or perverse,  
Who that listens would not freely  
For their music bear their curse ?  
When with bitter taunt they spurn me,  
Till, with heart upon the rack,  
From the cruel sound I turn me,  
One kind word will bring me back.

III.

Oh ! those eyes of sunny brightness !  
Oft, alas ! too dazzling bright ;  
Still, who would not bear their burning,  
For the glory of their light !  
When with stormy wrath they lighten,  
And my wincing spirit gall  
With a flame whose torture maddens,  
One soft tear will quench it all.

---

*September 16th,*

Oh ! day of wo !—but let me tell  
The facts in order that befel :  
A morn so fresh, so fair, so clear,  
Scarce thrice is matched within the year :  
Bright were the faces, bright the skies ;  
With smiling heavens shone smiling eyes.  
The merry laugh, the silver song,  
Poured ceaseless as we rode along ;

And Julia shone above the rest,  
 The brightest, wittiest, merriest, best.  
 But rarely I to mirth gave way ;  
 I was too happy to be gay :  
 For she was kind as she was fair,  
 And more, my rival was not there.

By noon our journey's goal was found,  
 Where all indeed was fairy ground :  
 For summer's sun has never smiled  
 On spot more brightly, purely wild.  
 'Twas where Passaic, scared from sleep,  
 First ventures on the daring leap : (11)  
 For miles above, the lazy tide  
 Saunters along from side to side,  
 All blindly on its doubling track,  
 Though onward still, oft wandering back,  
 Through boggy marsh and tangled wood,  
 Where the shy wood-cock loves to brood :  
 But sudden from its torpid dream  
 Horrors awake the slumbering stream ;  
 It hears too late the warning roar  
 Of the van-currents, sent before,  
 Then, whirled along with mighty sweep,  
 Breaks tumbling down the sloping steep :  
 Lighting around the rocky gloom  
 With one live mass of amber foam ;  
 Whose spatterings all the margin drench :  
 Then, hurrying through the rocky trench,  
 Pauses a moment's rest to take  
 In a deep-brimmed, isle-dotted lake ;  
 Where walls basaltic steeply stand,  
 Square-hammered by Time's iron hand ;

Whose chips and splinters at their base  
Slide tinkling when our steps displace.

With Julia on the brink I stood,  
Where towers a green and gloomy wood :  
I felt, as close she shuddering clung,  
My hand by hers unconscious wrung—  
Oh ! dearest rapture short of heaven,  
Had love, not fear, that pressure given !  
Long wander we in wonder there,  
Then for our rustic meal prepare :  
On mossy turf the cloth is spread,  
With foam below, trees overhead.  
The wine lay in a rock-rimmed pool,  
Carved by the boring tide, to cool ;  
That seems, all brimming as it stands,  
A basin left by savage hands,  
Hollowed by some dusk lover brave,  
Wherein his Indian maid might lave.  
From the high bank o'ergazing there,  
I watched the group of creatures fair,  
With locks astray, and necks bare-white,  
All sitting, kneeling, as they might :  
All laughing, screaming—for the noise  
Of falls o'erpowered the usual voice—  
All rose with health, all bright with glee—  
If others shone, oh ! did not she ?  
I felt, as doted there my eye,  
I could forswear all mortal joy—  
Hopes, home, and kindred all resign,  
To clasp that precious form as mine !

Our meal despatched, with many a prank,  
We scrambled down the steepy bank ;

And rowing o'er the lake, we land,  
And search for crystals in the sand.(12)  
In silent pools, a bright surprise,  
The water-lily glads our eyes :  
First choice of flowers the sense that greet,  
As snow-drop white, as jasmine sweet,  
In emerald cup of scalloped brim,  
Moored on the lake to rock and swim.  
I plucked one virgin blossom there,  
And placed it in her raven hair.

Embarked upon the stream once more,  
We paddled idly round the shore :  
Beside a tiny isle we float,  
Scarce larger than our clumsy boat,  
Of huge columnar prisms composed,(13)  
In all their truth of form disclosed :  
Emerging rudely from the flood,  
The pile of stony crystals stood ;  
Between whose pinching joints would push  
The wild-flower stalk and hungry bush.  
Here landing her with me, the rest  
At once push off the boat, in jest ;  
And soon beyond our reach are gone,  
Leaving us helpless there alone.  
She sat upon the islet's crown,  
Myself reclining farther down.

Oh ! bright Romance, whose glass of rose  
A bloom on rudest objects throws,  
And kindles even in skies most fair,  
A gleam of sunset glory there :  
I could not view that scene, that maid,  
Nor wish some fitting words were said :



I gazed, but lost in absent dream,  
She musing watched the silent stream :  
Her lips asleep, I had no heart  
By sound or touch to wake, and part  
Such loving, sweetly-clinging mates,  
To ope such ruby barrier-gates ;  
Scarce for a herald word to tell  
The rendering of the citadel.  
Not long my heart impetuous coyed,  
Leaving that rose-time unemployed :  
I spake, scarce wishing for reply,  
But more to guide her reverie :  
' How sweet if like a buoyant boat,  
This isle around the world might float !  
Ourselves the only crew to mark  
All strangest regions from our bark !'  
As dropped my words, a vacant smile  
Broke into dimples for a while ;  
But soon the rippling waves there raised,  
Grew calm as those whereon she gazed.

It chanced—oh ! chance to me most dread—  
Her hand lay near, too near my head :  
No charm so robs me of command,  
As such a round, soft, snowy hand :  
There lay the pearl more prized than gold,  
That I would part with all to hold !  
My eyes sailed every vein of blue,  
Down to the tips where roses grew,  
And nails of shelly tint did peep ;  
Paused on the silken down to sleep,  
On wavy dimples rose and sunk,  
Till, with indulgence dizzy drunk,

With lips so near—could man resist ?  
Forgive me, Wisdom, if I kissed !

If from those craggy rocks among  
An adder's fang her hand had stung,  
She had not more revolted sprung !  
' What means this rudeness ? hence ! begone !'  
Insult me thus, because alone !  
Shame ! thy advantage to abuse,  
And put to such unworthy use !'  
Crushed, dumb-struck—for what could I say ?  
My dropping head I hid away :  
Which waked more mercy in her eye,  
Than had my cunningest reply :  
For soon relenting at my shame,  
She softening said : ' I would not blame  
Thy fault too harshly ; come ! be friends ;  
Here is my hand—our quarrel ends :  
I pardon thee the rudeness past,  
But this offence must be the last !'

Oh ! woman ! bright when flashing pride  
High on thy cloudy brow doth ride ;  
But ah ! more sweetly, truly fair,  
When Mercy's bow is bended there !  
I take the hand that caused my wo,  
Yet will not, cannot let it go :  
Then to her wondering face uprise  
Imploring, meek, my brimming eyes ;  
For in love's furnace-heat at hand  
Tears ever ready-melted stand :  
Touched with her kindness to the heart,  
I could not bear unheard to part,

With charge of rudeness on my head,  
So foreign to my nature, laid :  
And bent to wipe that stain away,  
I said—all that I should not say :  
'Oh 'twas not rudeness that profaned  
The hand these burning lips have stained :  
No coarse desire the blame may share,  
Which love, and love alone must bear :  
Nay, start not ! thou shalt hear me first ;  
My swelling heart must gush, or burst :  
If deepest longing for thy sight,  
If fever-flame by day and night—  
A flame with tortures though alive,  
'Tis all the light that earth can give—  
If will to part with all I prize,  
To follow, dote on thine eyes ;  
In harm to shield, in pain to heal—  
If this be love, 'tis love I feel !  
Oh ! struggle not but hear me speak :  
If truth like this thy bosom seek,  
Uncouth, unworthy though I be,  
Not all unheard, I've prayed to thee !'

Wonder and rage were on her brow ;  
I saw the lightning as it broke,  
And shuddering wait the thunder-stroke :  
'Unhand me ! what ! forgiven but now,  
To heap fresh insult on me thus !  
Unmanly act, and tyrannous :  
With no retreat, no rescue near,  
Compelled thy loathsome suit to hear !  
Speak not !—forever from me go !  
I must protect myself ; but know

I seek no mate to match with me,  
 And least of all a mate like thee !'  
 With swelling form, and rigid head,  
 Up to the topmost rock she fled ;  
 She stood—she towered !—while in her hair,  
 Shone like a star the lily fair :  
 Some drops of pity gemmed her eye,  
 Which pride disdainfully dashed by—  
 With waving hand and piercing note,  
 She bids return the wandering boat :  
 It comes, but breathless with amaze ;  
 Still at the glorious form I gaze :  
 As to the burning mountain's light,  
 The hapless peasant turns his sight ;  
 Charmed at the fire-tide's dazzling fall,  
 Though soon to crush and overwhelm his all :  
 So I, unfelt th' impending ill,  
 Adored my bright consumer still  
 Entranced : but 'twas not long, not long,  
 Soon rushed the lava-torrents strong,  
 And raging, boiling, breast and brain  
 Blistered with tortures ——

*September 17th.*

Spurned, shamed, dishonored, trampled down !  
 Revenge !—there's none for woman's frown ;  
 Oh ! that some busy fiend were nigh,  
 To lend me charms to win thine eye,  
 Till Passion's cords had bound thee fast,  
 Then cast thee off as I am cast !  
 Oh ! that some rank and foul disease—  
 Some pest, some variole, would seize,

And like a ravenous vulture, peck  
 The smoothness of that cheek and neck ;  
 And dig, in countless loathsome pits,  
 About the throne where beauty sits,  
 The graves of all the charms you cherish,  
 There in their pampered pride to perish :  
 Whate'er will raze their hated bloom,  
 Disease or ruin—let it come !

Hold ! I am mad—oh ! God, forgive  
 The curse that stabs what thou mad'st live—  
 That mars one smile which thou hast curled  
 Round Beauty's lips to glad the world !

*September 1844.*

Bright thought ! bright thought !—what need  
 of curse,  
 When hurrying Time is threat'ning worse ?  
 Ay, age will bring thee down more low,  
 Than even my maddest wish could go :  
 How the bright thought my soul pervades !  
 Just Heaven ! I thank thee !—beauty fades :  
 This proudest flower of earthly growth,  
 This triumph of all boasting youth,  
 May show the rainbow's wealth of bloom,  
 But dies the rainbow's death, in gloom ;  
 'Tis here eternal Justice speaks  
 In tones of thunder ; for the cheeks  
 Where beauty's damask seal is set,  
 For the rich gem 'owe Heaven a debt,'  
 That must be paid in after years,  
 With slighted charms, and idle tears.

Oh, woman ! 'tis thy darkest doom  
To weep the wreck of beauty's bloom :  
To find the smile, the flash, the sigh,  
Like blunted darts rebounding fly :  
To find the eye all powerless move,  
Whose early glance had kindled love,  
And won the wish as by a spell,  
Of all on whom its moonlight fell !

Then toss thy head, my haughty friend,  
The time is nigh thy pride shall bend :  
My charms no withering horrors threat,  
And age will make us rivals yet ;  
And I shall spurn as thou dost now :  
Sneer on !—soon time shall bring thee low ;  
Uncurl the scorn thy lips maintain,  
And all their ruby juices drain :  
Unsheath thy lightnings ! send thy wrath,  
Like flaming swords across my path !  
There is a winter drawing nigh,  
Wherein no lightning shaft can fly :  
Pour forth from sunny eyes in streams  
Thy golden flood of noontide beams !  
Ope all the sluices where the hoard,  
The treasure, of thy smiles is stored !  
Soon, soon the reigning hour is o'er  
Of smiles and glances, when no more  
Upon the gazer's cheek appear  
The bloom of hope, the blanch of fear,  
As now in the full pride of power,  
Where'er thy dazzling eyebeams shower :  
None, none that feels, can meet thy brow,  
Nor at thy sunlike vision bow !

And wrinkles, sneers of Time, shall streak  
 The marble of that brow and cheek,  
 And o'er thy charmless visage crawl,  
 Like reptiles in a ruined hall,  
 Of all, save them, untenanted—  
 Queen Beauty's palace ere she fled :  
 There shall they make their dwelling-place  
 Upon the site of perished grace ;  
 Usurp the realm of beauty's wiles,  
 And grin upon the throne of smiles !

---

*September 21st.*

I had a vision—horrid night !—  
 Methought she died, and buried lay ;  
 And I to glut my vengeful sight  
 Tore from the corse its load of clay :  
 Her eyes that all my ruin wrought,  
 Wide open, glassy, stare at nought !—  
 Her cheeks once round with crimson pride  
 Reduced to yellow pits subside :  
 Her lips, with ruby scorn once red,  
 Blue, green, and ghastly gaping spread :  
 I took the hand I prized so much,  
 Now shrunk, and clammy to the touch ;  
 While through the skin worms wriggling broke—  
 Convulsed—I dropt it and awoke !—

---

*September 22d.*

I.

Beauty, fatal seal of Heaven,  
 Stamps the holder for decay :  
 'Tis the hectic flush of even,  
 Heralding the death of day.

## II.

'Tis the bloom of bursting roses,  
Where the worm has fixed his fangs :  
Hues the tulip's cup discloses,  
Ere a withered wreck it hangs.

## III.

'Tis bright Autumn's mantle gory,  
Summer's gaudy funeral pall,  
Robing with a treacherous glory  
Forest-leaves, when doomed to fall.

## IV.

Maidens ! all the charms ye cherish  
Die like Nature's, as they bloom ;  
Briefly triumph, quickly perish :  
Such is beauty's fearful doom !

## V.

Those fair hands, which in their whiteness,  
Rivals now with lilies glow,  
Soon with lilies lose the brightness  
Of their unpolluted snow.

## VI.

O'er those cheeks the blushes driven,  
Gleam and die like parting day :  
Ah ! too like the tint of even,  
Not like it to fade away !

## VII.

Those sweet eyes so softly shrouded,  
Show too much the heavenly cast,



Not at moments to be clouded—  
Not to gloom in night at last.

## VIII.

Oh ! then bow your pride—since Beauty,  
Messenger of Heaven a space,  
Hurries homeward when her duty  
Gives th' impatient exile grace.

---

*September 23d.*

A note from Julia sent to-day,  
Takes hope, and even revenge away :  
She said reflection told her heart  
She had too harshly bid me part ;  
That my unlooked-for suit was met  
With treatment she must e'er regret ;  
That she was but a wayward child,  
To anger easily beguiled ;  
That, having marked my frequent boast  
My heart was arrow-proof to love,  
She sought in girlish jest to prove  
Its proud resistance to the most ;  
And, eager in the playful war,  
Had pushed her feigned attacks too far,  
Till at my sudden vow she found  
The scratch she meant had proved a wound :  
That no reproaches I might cast  
Could match her own, and that the past  
Might all atonement now command,  
Even to the end I sought, her hand :  
Although but ill my wound 't would heal,  
To feign a love she could not feel.  
But, if such gift should worthless seem,  
Her best, her friendliest esteem

Was mine, with wishes that my fate  
Might find a more deserving mate.  
Oh! comfort sad—oh! bitter sweet—  
Unclassed, though lifted from her feet.  
Can Friendship's hand for love atone?  
I ask for bread, she gives a stone.  
Blame, blame her not! the fault is here;  
Can form and face like this endear?  
Soul! why this carcass drag about,  
When the least rent would let thee out,  
To soar to upper regions bright,  
Robed in some angel form of light?  
Sure 'tis no murder to set free  
A half-made, wretched thing like me!

Hold! hold! my wandering, maddening sense,  
Nor dare to act for Providence!  
Oh! rather let me bear my load,  
Than rush so rudely on my God!  
Shall I, a low-born, guilty thing,  
Intrude me on the heavenly King,  
And brave his sacred presence? No!  
When he invites me, will I go;  
For never will unbidden guest  
Find welcome to immortal feast.  
Try, try me, Heaven, if thou wilt,  
But keep my tempted soul from guilt!

---

*October 15th.*

A cloudy day, the woods I ranged  
To chase in vain the form I see:  
All nature, like my heart, was changed—  
A wintry change to her and me!

Unconscious to the spring I strayed,  
Where late we roved ; there stood the oak,  
There gushed the waters in its shade,  
Then into sighs my feelings broke.  
Not tears—for tears I cannot shed.

Those rain-drops shower no longer now :  
The fire by passion inly fed  
Has dried their fount—they cannot flow.  
Winds, clouds, and drizzling mists careered  
Wildly along the autumn sky :  
All dismal as myself appeared,  
And lent my heart sad sympathy.

Not all—not all ; one speck of blue  
Shoots through my clouds the heavenly hue ;  
The gentian flower, whose azure clear  
Completes the garland of the year ;  
Which ends with blue as it began,  
To mark whence dropped the wreath to man.  
Sweetly its petals tightly rolled,  
Untwist their fringes to the cold,  
In lonely beauty ; save the bloom  
That lights the sick leaves to the tomb :  
And widely round me, as I gazed,  
The final conflagration blazed !  
Poor leaves ! thus scarred and crimsoned o'er,  
They seem as butchered in their gore :  
Stabbed by the frost, and left for dead,  
With Murder's mark of bloody red.  
What tints ! the sumach bush is seen  
Vermillion-tipped, with base of green ;  
And where each leaf o'erlaps its fellow,  
The hidden edge is gilt with yellow :  
While crimson vines the cedars screen,

And starry gum-leaves tease the eyes  
With purple, pink, and creamy dyes ;  
With livid spots bespattered, these,  
As if devoured by strange disease.  
But monarch of the glowing trees,  
The maple rules the dazzling hour,  
Upsoaring like a blazing tower ;  
Dabbled with hues at random strown :  
With scarlet, damask, gold, and brown.  
The wanderer of this woodland road  
Might deem some minster's aisles he trode ;  
Whose glowing panes of chequered ray  
Shower sunshine through the darkest day.  
And when the chill wind rushing came,  
The forest heaved with billowy flame,  
And loosened leaves, whirled swarming there,  
Like glittering sparks bestrewed the air.  
Yes ! Nature, in our clime of blooms,  
On funeral pile her dead consumes :  
No slow gradations of decay  
Deform them as they fade away ;  
No sickly hues, no foul offence  
Of rank corruption, shock the sense ;  
But in one universal fire  
Of sunset glory, they expire !(14)

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October 16th

My task is done—for Julia meant,  
My heart this farewell sonnet sent :  
Last token of my hapless love !  
Henceforth, whatever thrills may move,  
Alone unpitied will I smart,  
Nor show the world my naked heart :

Locked ever in my breast shall lie  
 The smouldering flame, till it or I,  
 Whoe'er the vanquished be, shall die.

---

## SONNET TO JULIA.

How kindly Nature deals to leaves their doom,  
 And lends their sunset bright apparelling !  
 They burn, they glow, and every breeze's wing  
 Fans them to flames which seemingly consume :  
 Brilliant with hues, they drop into the tomb,  
 Out-blooming all the blossoms of their spring.  
 Oh ! thus, fair maiden ! when the Terror-King  
 Shall come to change thy glory into gloom,  
 Thus may he find, in thy calm hour of even,  
 Thy features lighted with a sunset glow—  
 Caught from the opening realms of souls forgiven—  
 From those best rays which glad the heart below,  
 Past virtue, present peace, and coming Heaven—  
 More bright than all the roses on them now !

## END OF JOURNAL.

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Long years my heart the ache endured,  
 Before the rankling wound was cured :  
 Meanwhile, with lingering suffering tried,  
 My Julia faded, drooped, and died.  
 There is a dread, a fatal pest,  
 That plants its seeds within the breast,  
 Which, festering there to wide disease,  
 Eats out the life by slow degrees :  
 Where once those deadly seeds are laid,  
 Farewell all hope from mortal aid !

Unerring as with fleetest dart,  
The slow destroyer wastes the heart ;  
Whose ravenous fang, that constant preys,  
Far more than rare contagion slays.

As fades a bloomy cloud at eve,  
When all its scattering shreds unweave,  
So gauzy as it sinks in blue,  
The lights of heaven show twinkling through ;  
So soft she melted from the sight,  
And from her features broke strange light,  
As if through dwindling flesh had stole  
The glimmering star-light of the soul.

She fell ! in distant land she lies,  
Denied the bliss of dying eyes,  
To shed their last fond lingering rays  
On forms that cheered their earliest gaze.  
Now, love ! forever am I free—  
That hast so traitorous proved to me :  
That smiled when wooing, frowned when won,  
Deceitful as the evening sun,  
Who tints the clouds that round him press,  
With an unstable loveliness ;  
A moment glads them with his light,  
Then gives them up to misty night.  
Each rose is girt with thousand thorns,  
Each favor by a thousand scorns ;  
And where one sunny smile appears,  
There gush a thousand sighs and tears.

Woman, farewell ! thy dangerous smile  
No more my sore heart shall beguile :

Now safer pleasure do I find  
To meet the young of thy dear kind :  
Green buds before their charms are blown  
With thorns too soft to wound, or slay ;  
As with young leopards one would play,  
Before their dangerous fangs are grown.  
Ye pretty pets ! I love to see  
Your tricks, to place you on my knee ;  
To watch your eyes, whose morning rays  
Though bright, yet burn not with their blaze :  
And cheeks, whose peach the bloom just tips,  
Not yet too tempting for the lips :  
And lips, whose cheaply-granted kiss  
Declares unripe their precious bliss :  
And shouting laugh, unquelled by guile  
To the still venom of the smile :  
As is the snake of warning sound  
Less fell than silent adder found.

'Tis sweet to see the fledglings try  
Their feeble wings before they fly :  
'Tis sweet to search the well of eyes,  
To find where truth of beauty lies :  
To watch within her armory fair,  
How darts are forged and polished there :  
To mark beginners learn to wield  
Of beams the sword, of lids the shield ;  
And feel them, harmless as they be,  
Thus try their 'prentice hand' on me,  
Before their graduated charms  
Make war on hearts, with practised arms.  
Thus gazing, I fall musing too,  
On coming harms they're doomed to do ;

The groans, the tears, the wounds, the smarts,  
The bleeding and the broken hearts;  
Rejoicing in my safety here,  
Though purchased at a price most dear.

When tired of harmless joys like these,  
I've hidden stores among the trees;  
And in the wild-wood ever find  
Fresh beauties to delight the mind.  
Dear Nature! truest love to me,  
When shunned by all, I fly to thee;  
By every winning grace adorned,  
Thee can I love, and be unscorned:  
To thy true lover constant still,  
Thy charms ne'er wound the heart they thrill:  
The only love of all the rest  
That smil'd the more, the more I press'd:  
Whose chains the earliest held me fast—  
My first love, thou shalt be my last!

Where'er my wandering footsteps ply,  
Still Beauty meets my gladdened eye.  
No steepy rock, no humble sod,  
I find by her light foot untrod.  
However lone my hiding-place,  
Still welcomes me her winning face.  
I mount the hills to fields of air,  
She waves me from the tree-tops there:  
Now twines in dance with frolic vines,  
Now coy on mossy couch reclines;  
And, breathing odors on the air,  
Sleeps with her sister violets there:  
I seek the valleys; there her beam  
Of silver flashes from the stream,



And 'mid the tinkling drops her voice  
 Rings in my ear, ' Rejoice ! Rejoice !'  
 I walk at eve before the gloom,  
 And there her richest blushes bloom :  
 I greet the sunrise from the hill,  
 In vain ; she is before me still.  
 And when the thunder-ridden cloud  
 Groans from its tortured bosom loud,  
 As on its cruel rider dashes,  
 And thickly deals his fiery lashes,  
 All lost she seems, but soon divide  
 The terror-folded curtains wide,  
 And queenly on a rainbow hill  
 With crown of every brilliant stone,  
 With wreath of every blossom blown,  
 She smiles, and hails me from her throne  
 ' Behold me with you still !'  
 Dear Nature ! of physicians best,  
 To heal the ills that wear the breast,  
 Whose skill in mortal case is sure  
 To soothe the pang it cannot cure,  
 Still let to thy asylum fair  
 The heart-sick invalid repair :  
 He'll find, whate'er his suffering,  
 A balmy clime in every bower,  
 A wholesome herb in every flower,  
 And health in every spring !

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 POSTSCRIPT.

Poeta loquitur.

DEAR Reader ! if my tedious song  
 Have held thy patient ear so long,

And if the trials I relate  
Have waked an interest in his fate,  
To farther trace our hero's track  
Till thirty years 'are on his back,'  
A moment's patience will disclose  
The happy issue of his woes ;  
Yes, happy ! Reader, give him joy !  
The form that witch'd him when a boy  
Long-parted, is at last his own :  
An early widow, childless, lone,  
In want—for he that won her eyes  
Had proved unworthy such a prize—  
His generous aid secured from harm :  
Love walks with Pity arm in arm,  
And hearts long-lost on truant track,  
Still to their early haunts go back :  
And she, that in her morning hour  
Felt not his sun of passion's power,  
But rather childlike turned to gaze  
On tempting clouds of cheating blaze,  
Yet in life's steady noon confessed  
The melting god had won her breast.

Behold him now, all perils past,  
In peaceful port safe-anchored fast ;  
And, after trial's heavy toll,  
Long-sought promotion, crowned at last  
The idol of a woman's soul !

Fair reader ! for thy gentle eyes,  
Howe'er the callous may despise  
My simple tale, will grieve to part  
With lowliest lay that feeds the heart

With notes of honest love and truth,  
And all the dreamy joys of youth,  
And every trial, grief, and scorn,  
For woman's sake by lover borne;  
And reverence deep for beauty's sheen,  
In flower, or sky, wherever seen :  
But most in her true dwelling-place,  
The rosy clime of woman's face—  
Fair reader ! in whose morning cheek  
The chasing blushes freshly break,  
My moral—if thou fain wouldst find  
Such fruit with flowery verse entwined—  
Is, not to boast thee of thy power,  
In blooming youth's triumphant hour;  
For beauty is a travelling grace,  
That knows no long abiding-place ;  
Whose welcome is a cheating bliss,  
Whose greeting is her parting kiss :  
And he, the youth now by thee wooing,  
With eyes in vain thy favor suing,  
If haply his impoverished face  
May boast no proud nor winning grace  
To touch thy dainty heart, may learn  
To wait of fortune's wheel the turn  
With steady patience : soon departs  
The hour when beauty governs hearts ;  
On which a wiser time shall press,  
To crown his struggles with success :  
Let all with trials weary, wait  
Submissive from our hero's fate ;  
And soon will fly disheartening gloom,  
Or lingering 'twill with rainbows bloom.

Unwisely oft reverse we blame—  
A summer without storm were tame :  
For who could love a cloudless sky,  
With one perennial blue on high,  
With one wide-blazing glow of light,  
Untempered to the aching sight ?  
Without one passing vapor brief  
To yield a moment's cool relief—  
To hedge the heaven in fleecy coil,  
And raise its beauty by the foil ?  
Without one solemn thunder-speech,  
Allegiance to our God to teach ?

No ! since the strife the spirit mends,  
We'll greet the storm His wisdom sends ;  
And, like the sun in tempest-fray,  
Fight through the wrack our gallant way ;  
Till, safe at sunset-hour at last,  
Triumphant over trials past,  
The very clouds that prostrate lie,  
Reflect the blaze of victory ;  
And, like bright ranks of captive foes,  
Complete our triumph at the close !

END OF THE WORTH OF BEAUTY.

## PASSAIC.

### TALE III.

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#### THE LAST LOOK.(15)

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'She vanished, we can scarcely say she died;  
For but a now did heaven and earth divide :  
She passed serenely with a single breath;  
This moment perfect health, the next was death!  
DAYDEN.

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#### I.

MORN slowly lifts the curtain of the night,  
And shows to man earth's wondrous scenery :  
Who stand, a pair, on yonder rocky height,(16)  
To watch the brightening of the eastern sky ?  
Arm linked with arm, in fond security,  
He darkly clad, and she in robe of snow :  
Noble his mein, and soft her honoring eye,  
That worships his, and fair her cheeks that glow  
With the awakening east, where roses bud and blow.

#### II.

Lovers they seem, and never lovers' feet  
A fairer spot at fairer season trod :  
All round is poured a solemn voice and sweet,  
For Nature here is talking with her God.

'Tis where Passaic leaps with all his flood,  
Trampling the vale with heavy-thundering tread,  
That the stout rocks all stagger with the load :  
Yet are there soft delights as well as dread—  
Wild-flowers and shady trees the shattered cliffs be-  
spread.

## III.

With hearts long linked, their fates are newly bound :  
Love's port is gained, all storms of courtship o'er ;  
The chill of pride, the sharp and jealous wound  
Of rival's favored eyes, so galling sore,  
The rack of absence following smiles before,  
The idly-anxious day, the feverish night,  
Now lash the billows of their breasts no more :  
Calm as a level lake, the currents bright,  
Deep, clear, and brimming, sleep in dreams of gol-  
den light.

## IV.

Oh ! softest ray that cheers benighted earth !  
The moon among our twinkling starry beams :  
The sweetest flower is marriage, that found birth  
Within the rich first garden's wide extremes.  
Young hearts, Passaic, like thy mountain streams,  
In frolic morn shout on awhile and leap ;  
Till wearied all of sports and noisy screams,  
They drop into each other's arms asleep,  
And wake like thee more fit to tug with danger's steep.

## V.

But danger's steep by these is rapture found ;  
Their eyes are fed with such indwelling light,  
That the rent rocks and dizzy cliffs around,  
Seem smiling gardens to their happy sight.

Love makes the rough place smooth—new gilds  
the bright,  
And even roses dies a rosier red ;  
And from all tears and vapors, by his might,  
Gives out such hues as on yon mists are spread :  
See! how they cling and smile—have I not truly said ?

## VI.

His was the peerless sway of eloquence ;  
His throne the pulpit, whence his power he dealt ;  
Strange, mastering power, of energy intense,  
That more than music knows to rouse and melt :  
'Twas not the might of reason in him dwelt—  
His written thoughts would fail—but Oh! when  
heard,  
All hearts, like seas the tempest's breath that felt,  
Quick into wild tumultuous life was stirred,  
Then rolled in billowy waves, submissive to his word.

## VII.

How did that voice our captive bosoms raise  
To throbbing life! as on its tones we hung,  
When met our freedom's stormy birth to praise,  
Of all our fathers' woes his faltering tongue  
Told the sad tale; and tears like rain-drops sprung  
Down droughty cheeks, long strangers to their flow:  
But when with trumpet-note he told the young  
Theirs for defence henceforth must be the blow,  
How did our spirits leap, and long to find a foe!

## VIII.

But hark!—he speaks—he calls his happy bride :  
'Look up! dear heart—the day-break hovers nigh:

The moon drops down behind the earth to hide,  
And bashful stars outrivalled yield and fly ;  
For the young east is winning every eye :  
See ! yon rose cloud that sails so meekly there,  
Bound like a ransomed spirit to the sky :  
Up the blue deep it fades—dissolves in air !  
Such be thy gentle fate, when death no more will  
spare !

## IX.

' The drowsy morn is stirring from his dream—  
Warm on his cheek the waking blushes play,  
Through lash of trees now peeps his trembling  
beam,  
Now opes his awful eye upon the day !  
Loosed on the night, and eager for their prey,  
The scattering sun-beams chase the flying gloom—  
Couriers of light, bright-rushing far away  
To spire and hill-top, met with as they roam,  
News-telling, that the king of light and life is come !

## X.

' He comes ! triumphant in his car of gold !  
Waken, ye clouds ! put on your crimson dies ;  
Ye mists ! haste up the hill-side to behold !  
Ye breezes ! joy the slumbering leaves with sighs !  
Deep breathing water-falls ! salute the skies,  
And wreath fresh rainbows round your brows of  
spray !  
Ye beasts !—birds !—insects !—all awake ! arise !  
To greet the coming of the lord of day :  
Thou, too ! oh, man, shouldst wake—but wake to  
praise and pray !



## XI.

'God of this wondrous scene! whose iron hand  
Tore ope the lion-jaws of chasms—this strait  
Of warring waters, this high mountain-land,  
Yon flaming globe, all tell me thou art great;  
And oh! with all my raptures, this dear mate  
To share and sweeten, shows me thou art good:  
I cannot thus unthankful bear thy weight  
Of unbought bounties—let this gushing flood  
Of happy tears say all my failing accents should!'

## XII.

Long do they kneel, and pour their silent prayers,  
Awed by the roar of falls, and dizzy brow  
Whereon they rest—still showering April tears:  
When hearts are full, the eyes will overflow,  
Be the deep burthen one of joy or wo:  
But soon those eye-born dews the breezes drink,  
Sooner than those which on the mosses glow:  
And now he leads her to the slippery brink,  
Where ponderous tides headlong plunge down the  
horrid chink.(18)

## XIII.

Shuddered the solid frame-work of the rock,  
Down the black gulf the waters, crushed, amazed,  
Shivered to snowy atoms by the shock,  
Shrieked dreadful: that her giddy head, half-crazed,  
Hid in his sheltering bosom while he gazed.  
Damp, with a scent of stricken flint, the spray  
Rushed like a wind, and high in air was raised;

Drenching the lovers on its drizzling way :  
'Lo! how it soars,' he cries, 'and blossoms in the day!'

## XIV.

'A fairy bridge of azure, gold, and flame,  
Where water-sprites might pass from shore to shore,  
Spans the dread gulf: the cataract's wreath of  
fame—  
The worn stream's smile of patience, trial's flower—  
Heaven's early mark of promise, that no more  
The passing curse the drowning earth should wear:  
Proof to the stream its trial-storm is o'er—  
The seal of God set o'er the waters there,  
To stamp the act as his, and bid them not despair.

## XV.

'Nor need they groan; soon, guided by his hand,  
Through rocky perils to yon flowery vale,  
Long shall they journey through a pleasant land;  
While freighted barks upon their bosom sail,  
And briny tides their welcome face shall hail,  
Sent half-way up the coming guests to greet;  
Soon at their sea-home, whence they did exhale,  
The kindred streams once more in peace shall meet:  
Oh! thus through storms to rest, our God will guide  
our feet!'

## XVI.

Now down the hill-side, o'er the valley-bridge,  
Their venturous feet the wildest paths pursue:  
They cross the village—near the southern ridge,  
Passing the gap, whence, startling to the view,  
Tall cliffs wide-parted brightly bursting through,

The whole wild beauty of the fall is seen—  
Gray rocks, black pools, and foam of snowy hue ;  
While far away, the cloven crags between,  
The fleecy waters curve, with amber striped, and  
green.

## XVII.

They seek cool shelter from the sunny glow,  
Where trees, leaf-thatched, an emerald roof have  
made,  
Whose trembling shadow blots the turf below :  
For quivering heat and dazzling glare pervade  
All save the woodland's ever-evening shade :  
There by the bank they rest, above the foam,  
On tufted moss, thick sown with blossoms, laid ;  
Around, the laurel showers its rosy bloom,  
Wreaths the bare-headed crags, and lights the  
forest-gloom.

## XVIII.

Clear-throated birds perpetual concert keep :  
Their treble pipes relieving the bass thunder  
From the hoarse lungs of caverns groaning deep ;  
While dainty insects peeping flower-bells under  
Give honied sounds, for honied sweets they plunder :  
Coolness from streams, and odors ever new  
The breezes bring, blending delight with wonder :  
Songs, odors, blossoms, gales their souls subdue,  
Balmy as Eden's bliss—alas ! as transient too.

## XIX.

Oh, Love ! no starry jewels of the night,  
No breezy blessing of the spring,

No thrill that gives to mortal sense delight,  
 Such dreamy rapture as young Love can bring,  
 When first he fans us with his downy wing:  
 Love on!—love on! young revellers, while ye may!  
 Life o'er your dim, benighted path can fling  
 No light more precious than his moonlight ray,  
 Till love immortal breaks, and blends it with the day!

## XX.

Now gently gliding from his twining arm,  
 To pluck, and bring him forest-flowers she goes;  
 He bids her mark the Kalmia's changing charm:  
 Red starry buds, and whitely opening blows,  
 Where each bent stamen, as it loosens, throws  
 With sudden spring its quickening powder there.  
 'Beware the cactus-flower!' he cries: 'it grows  
 Bristling with stings that guard its blossoms fair:  
 I would not have thee harmed, even by the tiniest  
 hair.'

## • XXI.

Smiled her meek eyes, and shone her happy brow,  
 Stirred her soft tresses in the gentle blast;  
 His doting eye pursued, as, playful now,  
 Bright flowers and branches in the tide she cast,  
 To mark their fatal voyage, sailing fast  
 From peace to ruin, in the swallowing foam:  
 Upon the stream he muses, gliding past  
 Calmly asleep, unconscious of its doom—  
 So might himself sleep on, nor dream of wreck to  
 come!

## XXII.

Wearied at length, she seeks once more his side,  
To list his accents, leaning on his breast :  
'Oft have I dreamed, by some such stilly tide,  
Ere age comes on, we'll build our cot of rest ;  
Of love, of peace—oh ! then of all possessed :  
With happy children, sporting, or asleep—  
With daughters, blooming as their mother, blest :  
Thus stream-like gliding to the solemn steep,  
To wake in happy fields, where storms no more shall  
sweep.'

## XXIII.

She answered soft : 'The picture is most bright,  
But oh ! with thee all scenes alike I prize !  
Love, like the sun, bedazzling all with light,  
Alike to bloom and desert blinds my eyes :  
The din of towns, that once I did despise,  
Would charm like mellow music, heard with thee ;  
And 'neath thy step would verdure ever rise !  
Though sweet these birds we hear, these flowers  
we see,  
Still would I meet them all, wherever thou mightst be !'

## XXIV.

Thrilled to the quick, he clasps her with a start,  
And straining, fastens on her lips a kiss  
That seemed to suck the life-blood from her heart :  
She pales ! she droops in those dear arms of his ;  
But oh ! 'tis nothing but excess of bliss :  
She dreams she floats mid girdling rainbows, driven  
Half-whirled, half-wafted, glancing down th' abyss ;

Buoyed by the foam to spirit-shores, forgiven :  
He speaks—an angel-voice confirms her shadowy  
heaven.

## XXV.

‘Come, love ! ’twere rapture thus to wear the time,  
Yet must we yield when duty bids us go :’  
‘Ah ! yet,’ she cries, ‘from yonder height sublime,  
One long, last look still let me cast below !’  
Thither he guides with cautious feet and slow ;  
Across a chasm they step, of blackest frown—  
So deep, so strait, as if with sudden blow  
Split by the axe of thunder—on the crown  
Stands a lone starving pine, where, clinging, they  
look down.

## XXVI.

‘Awful !’ he cries : ‘how the bewildered tides  
Stunned, battered, frightened, madly, vainly flock,  
Now here, now there, along their prison’s sides ;  
Where towers of square-hewn and intruding rock,  
That rear their fronts, all outlet seem to block :  
Some, angry-black, slink sidelong in a bay,  
Sullen, or palsied by the dreadful shock :  
At length, o’er heaps of tumbled fragments gray,  
Out of the hideous pit they make their hurried way.

## XXVII.

‘Close underneath us bend thy shuddering sight,  
To yon black underlying lake ; so clear,  
It seems a floor of marble, veined with white ;  
Upon whose polished glass almost appear  
Our overhanging faces mirrored there—

Cling closer now! How deep!—yet still more deep  
 Sinks the full pool; what sharp rocks, never bare,  
 What caves, there lurk!—Come hence! the fright-  
     ful steep  
 Dizzies my steadier brain, and numbs my will to  
     sleep.'

## XXVIII.

They leave the brink and bend their steps for home :  
 'Follow,' he cries; 'this narrow path we take'—  
 He moves before her, trusting she will come,  
 When sharply is his ear stabbed by a shriek!  
 He turns—he stares—he gasps—he cannot speak;  
 For she is—*where?*—swift to the rocky brow,  
 Where late they stood, he springs, he flies, to seek  
 Horrors too wild for thought!—and far below  
 Sees sinking in the gulf her fluttering robe of snow!

## XXIX.

'Screeches on screeches burst convulsive out!—  
 Bewildered, stunned, he hurries to and fro—  
 Maddening at length, as each repeated thought  
 Confirms his ruin with its hammering blow—  
 With ringing brain, and eyes all blind with wo,  
 Forth to the brink he rushes with a bound,  
 That soon had quenched his torments far below—  
 Had not a stranger's hand by Heaven been found,  
 To drag him from the crime, and spare his soul the  
     wound.

## XXX.

Ah! why not leave him to that easier fate,  
 Sweetly to death within her arms to yield;

Safe from his present torture, and more late  
His reason's wound, which never wholly healed !  
That inky lake no cavern had revealed  
More drear to him than life's lone wilderness ;  
The flintiest fragment of sunk rock, concealed  
Within its dankest, jaggiest recess,  
Were downier bed, alas ! than he again may press !

## XXXI.

I never look upon that fiendish pool  
Without a thrill, though years have rolled away ;  
With smile so grim, with glance so deadly cool,  
It seems still watching with hushed voice for prey.  
Down to the shore they wound—and there it lay,  
Unbroke by wave or bubble on its gleam,  
As though its breast no murder hid from day :  
Like the false smile, of calm yet treacherous beam,  
That cunning Guilt puts on, when guiltless it would  
seem.

## XXXII.

Now frantic threats of rash self-sacrifice,  
Now sobs and prayers his frame alternate shake :  
Oh ! 'twere enough to thaw a heart of ice,  
To mark his sorrows like a flood o'ertake,  
And on his head in pitiless masses break !  
Soon gathering friends, with ready kindness, flew,  
And for the corse long dragged that fatal lake ;  
At last, all dripping on the shore they drew—  
Oh ! agonizing sight, for lover's eyes to view !

## XXXIII.

Hushed as a dreaming statue, there she lay,  
In all the soft abandonment of sleep ;



Her clinging robes her marble limbs display  
As nature chiselled in their graceful sweep :  
Still round her cheeks her damp locks closely creep,  
Where a smile hovers, like a sweet surprise—  
One charm unstrangled by the heartless deep !  
He sees—he kneels—he clings, with piteous cries :  
All feel his choking pangs, and hide their brimming  
eyes.

## XXXIV.

‘Back!—back!—and let my kisses break her  
trance—  
She is not dead—I will not lose her so :  
Wake, dearest!—speak!—give but a sign—a  
glance!—  
Wilt thou not heed?—and must thou from me go?—  
Pity me! friends—thus left alone with wo :  
When I had griefs her dear arms would relieve,  
When bruised my balsam was her tears—ah! who  
Cling around me now?—who now can solace give?—  
Oh God! my heart is broke!—why am I left to live!’—

## XXXV.

Droop not, poor mourner! o’er those perished  
charms :  
She fell not wholly with her falling clay,  
For underneath ‘the everlasting arms’  
Caught soft and bore her better part away,  
Where treacherous steeps no more shall fright or  
slay :  
Bear well this cutting trial of his dart,  
And God thy patience with her sight will pay—

Patience, the fragrance of the bruised heart,  
Incense best loved of Him, who knows to heal the  
smart.

## XXXVI.

Oh ! blessed knowledge, that all tears that shower  
Enrich the heart, and make its harvest sure ;  
That all our sighs are gales of favoring power  
To waft the soul to starry port secure ;  
That every groan He dooms us to endure,  
Is of His voice indwelling but the call  
To guard our steps when danger's snares allure ;  
And every bruise His kindness sends to gall—  
The close grasp of His hand that would not let us fall.

## XXXVII.

Now from his fever dull collapse ensued,  
With chill and torpor, both of heart and brain—  
Oh ! better far, than such unnatural mood,  
His frenzy's fire were kindled there again :  
They bear her thence—he follows with the train,  
And all unconscious quits the fatal ground :  
Friends give him words and tears—but all in vain ;  
Earth has no balsam for a heavenly wound :  
He only finds the balm that the fell weapon found.

## XXXVIII.

They lay the lovely ruin in the grave :  
He draws him nigh with measured step and slow—  
Ah ! who can mark unmoved, however brave,  
His precious jewel sunk in earth below—  
While pitiless heaps on heaps of clay they throw,  
All rescue closing with the load profound ?—

But there he stands with stony heart and brow,  
Nor shudders once, when all are weeping round—  
Save when the first-dropped clod sends up its dull  
cold sound.

## XXXIX.

They lead him home—oh! chamber desolate—  
There is the hearth, and there the vacant chair:  
The empty cup of joys, o'erturned by fate—  
The blooming garden, desert now and bare:  
No child, no image of his lost one, there—  
And this is home—oh! mockery of home!  
Lone, dark, he sits, the prisoner of despair;  
Without a ray to cheer his dungeon-gloom,  
Save the pale star of hope that trembles o'er the tomb!

## XL.

Passaic! ever when the generous sun  
Unprisons Nature from her wintry gloom—  
Waking young brooks to praise him as they run,  
Winning all flowers to offer grateful bloom,  
And pour their gushing worship in perfume—  
Gay hearts shall haunt the wild and fatal steep  
Where thy brave current, rushing to its doom,  
Grows instant famous by a dazzling leap;  
And, shuddering on the brink, pause o'er the mur-  
derous deep.

## XLI.

There young Romance the deepness shall look down  
Sacred to passion, and to passion's wo,  
And thrill with pangs and trials not his own;  
And Mirth, light-tripping on the fatal brow,

Grow dumb for her whose joy was hushed below ;  
And Love, lone-wandering in his sweet unrest,  
Or linked with Beauty, there shall overflow,  
At the sad tale, with sorrows unrepressed ;  
And clasp his treasure close, and closer to his breast !

END OF THE LAST LOOK.

## PASSAIC.

### TALE IV.

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#### THE MARTYR: A REVOLUTIONARY BALLAD.(19)

---

'Who dies for Liberty shall find on earth  
A glorious resurrection, and new life,  
Whose breath is furnished by the trump of fame;  
And whose duration shall not fail, while beats  
A pulse within th' indignant, throbbing breast  
Of oppressed Manhood—while a hill shall stand  
To echo back his stern defiance—shoot  
To Tyranny !' F.

---

#### I.

WHEN on the field of battle the soldier sinks to death,  
And to his suffering country's cause devotes his latest  
breath;  
His country, ever grateful, rewards him with a name  
On everlasting marble carved, and hands him down  
to fame.

#### II.

But in our early struggle, o'errun by cruel foes,  
Full many a nameless martyr sank, weighed down  
with bitter woes :

Who suffers like the soldier, should reap renown as  
well—

Oh! sure he should not be forgot, whose trials now  
I tell.

## III.

'Twas night in deep mid-winter, when fields were  
choked with snow,

And widest streams were bridged with ice, and keen-  
est blasts did blow—

A heavy muffled tramp through the village streets  
went by :

All shuddered in their beds, for they knew the foe  
was nigh.

## IV.

Soon from that fearful silence alarming clamors peal,  
And rising gleams along the snow the dreadful truth  
reveal :

'Rouse! rouse ye all! the town is fired!'—cries  
friend to friend—'and lo!

The triple ranks! the flashing steel!—we're mas-  
tered by the foe!'

## V.

Wide flames, with showers of dropping stars that  
quench the stars on high,

Now flapping loud their mighty wings, rush flying  
up the sky :

Now mothers clasp their children, and wail aloud  
their woes,

And gathering, hide their little store from savage  
plundering foes.

## VI.

For oft the rude marauders had plied their cruel trade,  
And HEDDEN, with a few bold hearts, had oft the robbers stayed :

But now with stealthy step, at the hour of midnight dead,

They come !—they burst the doors—they drag the old man from his bed.

## VII.

‘Renounce thy faith! yield up thy mates! or, by King George, we’ll cast

Thy rebel limbs on yonder snows to stiffen in the blast!’

‘My limbs are little worth,’ he cried; ‘their strength is nearly gone—

My tongue shall ne’er belie my heart, nor shame my cause: lead on!’

## VIII.

Then furious all, they throttle him; when ‘Hold!’ their leader cries,

‘Despatch him not! we’ll try his pith, before the rebel dies:

Let him with us unclad return! and though unmoved by steel,

Perchance a march along the snows will cool his patriot zeal!’

## IX.

Loud yells applaud the sentence!—then, frantic with despair,

Wife, children kneel for mercy, but they find no mercy there:

For they rudely thrust them by, and they drag the  
old man forth,  
And crouching quake his bare limbs, as they feel the  
cutting North.

## X.

Then rings the shouldered musket, then taps the rat-  
tling drum,  
And with rapid step they tramp, for the freezing  
winds benumb :  
By the savage light of flames, on their dreary march  
they go,  
That shoot their shadows far before, along the gla-  
ring snow.

## XI.

No pity for their victim would move their hearts of  
stone,  
But still his bare feet tread the snows that chill him  
to the bone :  
And many an icy splinter would gash them with its  
blade—  
The blood that stains his every step their brutal march  
betrayed.

## XII.

And when his stiffened limbs would lag, by age and  
sickness lamed,  
With bayonet-thrust they urge him on, till cruelty is  
shamed :  
God bless the soldier's heart ! who cried, ' This sight  
I cannot see !'  
And round him threw his blanket warm, that clothed  
him to the knee.



## XIII.

Now, hard as marble pavement black, Passaic stops  
the way :  
Like serpent stiff in winter sleep, her torpid volume  
lay ;  
And in the midnight hush not a sound she gave the ear,  
Save the long peal of parting ice, like thunder crack-  
ling near.

## XIV.

But still the word is ' March ! ' and they tramp the  
icy floor :  
But the old man's feet are numb, and they feel the  
cold no more.  
Full many a weary mile he drags, but at the break  
of morn,  
In prison thrust, he drops at once, exhausted and  
forlorn.

## XV.

Why linger in my story ? His heavy trials past  
Broke down the feeble strength of age—he drooped  
and sank at last :  
But God the martyr's cruel death has well avenged,  
for see !  
His murderers beaten from the soil—his land, his  
children free !

# PASSAIC.

## TALE V.

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### THE RETREAT OF SEVENTY-SIX.(20)

---

'The enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawnings of that bright day, which afterward broke forth with such resplendent lustre.'

HAMILTON.

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#### I.

TRAMP !—Tramp !—Tramp !—Tramp !—  
'What flying band with thundering tread  
Along the bridge disordered led,  
With rapid and alarming stamp  
Now hurries o'er the tide ?  
Waking the pattering echoes far and wide ?  
On—on they come—tumultuous come !  
With rattling arms, and clamoring drum :  
Till all the wooden arches round  
Challenge aloud the intruding sound,  
And clank for clank, and stamp for stamp rebound !'

Thus spake a stranger to the crowd  
New-gathered on Passaic's banks,  
Drawn by the din of trampling ranks  
Resounding far, and loud.  
A skulking, and half-hidden knave  
From out the group this answer gave :

'It is the rebel band,  
In arms, audacious, to withstand  
The legions of their lawful king,  
Now flying fast with broken wing.'

'Base renegade! 'tis false!' replied  
A crippled veteran at his 'side,  
With locks all wintry-white, and waving:  
'Norebels these a righteous monarch braving;  
The holiest cause that ever prayers  
Of good men rose to aid, is theirs:  
No! these are honest patriots—steeled  
With Justice' sword, and Freedom's shield—  
Alas! with other armor scarce, or none:  
Sprung from the shop, the woods, the field,  
To die, perchance, but not to yield  
Till all their country's wounds are healed,  
And all their rights are won!  
Long, long have they besought in vain  
Their rulers to relax their chain:  
Unheard was every prayer:  
Thus writhing with the pain, what wonder  
The frenzied struggles of despair  
At last should rend the galling links asunder?  
My kindred share their country's fate:  
Two sons I boast in yonder train,  
And one lies on Long-Island plain—  
Had these old limbs their strength again,  
I were not here to prate.'

'Whence haste they now, thus spent, forlorn,  
Half-armed half-clad, on winter-morn,  
With bleeding feet unshod, and torn?

And, as their wheeling ranks advance,  
Why turn they back the anxious glance,  
As if some danger tracked them near ?

‘ Alas ! their dearest hopes are crossed :  
Defeated, driven, the city lost,  
Surrendered every fort and post,  
Before them, shame and fear :  
Behind, with all the royal host,  
Cornwallis stops the rear :  
Despair, disgrace  
In every face ;

No glance along their panic lines  
With still unquailing courage shines,  
Save his, in whom they trust alone,  
The gallant chief that leads them on :  
But he is WASHINGTON !  
Oh ! that he now would turn, and stand !  
Stop ! leader of the flying band—  
Freedom, and the wailing land  
Beseeching, cling around thy knees :  
Oh ! shield them from their enemies !  
The sacred soil by foes is trod :

Drive back th’ invaders to the waves !  
One freeman on his native sod  
Can match a score of slaves :  
Stop ! better were the deadliest fight  
Than such unworthy flight :

All is not lost—or if it be,  
Still stand !—the dead at least are free :  
Why shun the strife that must begin ?  
Ranged by yon stream in phalanx fast !  
Convince the world, though crushed at last,  
You have deserved to win :

Stand all ! that narrow bridge before,  
 And ere one *feeman* passes o'er,  
 With your free bodies pave the floor,  
     That tyranny may see  
 Her path to power so ghastly dread,  
 O'er bloody causeway of the dead,  
 Appalled, she shall not dare to tread,  
     But leave the free land free !'

They're gone !—why should they list to me ?  
 And fast beyond the hills afar  
 Sink the last plumes of passing war.  
 Yet stood there in their leader's eye  
 A fixed enduring energy—  
 A beacon steady in the storm's turmoil :  
 There must be hope, hope even in flight,  
 While such an eye as that keeps bright ;  
 He may retreat, yet scorn to fly,  
 And thus his forces gathering,  
 Sudden as bended steel may spring,  
     With terrible recoil !'

## II.

Tramp !—Tramp !—Tramp !—Tramp !—  
 ' Hark !—again the martial stamp  
 On the hollow bridge resounds,  
 From the steepy shore rebounds,  
 Peopling thick with sounds the air ;  
 Mid shouting horns and glittering armor fair !  
 See ! in dazzling pomp advancing,  
 Banners flaunting, horses prancing,  
 Seas of plumes in billows dancing,  
 And far away the frosty bayonets glancing !

Hark ! harmonious music, sent  
From many a breathing instrument,  
Pouring from their mellow throats  
Streaming hoards of golden notes :  
    That the ear  
    Which turns to hear,  
Cloyed at last with luscious treasure,  
    Sickens with delirious pleasure,  
Till rattling bugle-call, and cymbal-clash  
Startle the host—and arms and armor flash  
    With sudden glory there !  
    While ever and anon  
    The trumpet's lawless tone  
Rips up with rent outrageous the broad air.  
What troops are these in burnished armor fair ?

At which the busy knave once more  
Intruded answer as before :  
    ' It is the royal host  
    Sent from England's distant coast  
    In full accoutred pomp, to bring  
The rebel crew submissive to their King.'

' Silence that raven's horrid croak !'  
The veteran then impatient broke :  
' These are the foes of whom I spoke,  
    The tyrant's bloodhounds dread.'

' A goodly sight !' the stranger cried :  
' How gaily pass their ranks of pride  
Along the bridge successive led !  
    First in the glittering course,  
Stately slow, with conscious force,  
Snorting, prance the gallant horse !

Clattering with irregular beat  
Tumultuous ring the mingled iron feet :  
Now in banded order tramp  
Ranks of foot, with timing stamp,  
Clad in robes of gory shade,  
Livery of their dreadful trade ;  
O'er their heads, the breezes braving,  
St. George's bloody banner-cross is waving :  
Now o'er the trembling bridge with groaning jar  
Rolls lumbering on the ponderous cannon-car :  
But who are these which last appear,  
With foreign garb and reckless air,  
In shaggy caps of savage hair ?  
No British troops so wildly stare :  
What strangers have we here ?

' This '—cried the old man, and clenched his hand—  
' This is the hireling Hessian band,  
Bought and sold  
With British gold :  
Sent, with murderous heart, and brand,  
To subdue this savage land :  
Come with robberies and fires,  
Come with rapine all unsparing,  
Terror of the sick and old :  
Insulting helpless women—scaring  
Children which their arms enfold,  
And butchering their sires.

Ah ! while I watch yon mighty host  
I feel as every hope were lost ;  
Their dazzling arms grow foully dark  
As I their coming horrors mark—

Horrors that o'er my sense already fleet :  
I hear yon cannon's stunning din  
O'erwhelming Pity's voice within :  
I hear those horns, whose song ascends  
With voice of angels, urge to deeds of fiends :  
I see the horse with trampling feet  
The fractured breasts of brethren beat :  
Those glittering tubes already roar—  
I hear their fatal bullets whistle :  
I see their steely points that bristle  
Grow crimson wet with kindred gore :  
Come back ! ye scarlet legions dread—  
Oh ! think on what ye do !  
'Tis brothers' blood ye seek to shed :  
The curse of Cain will brand your head,  
And ghosts of all the murdered dead  
Your visions will pursue !  
Loose not those hireling wolves to howl—  
On kindred homes and fields to prowl,  
On kindred flesh to prey !  
Be generous in your pride of power !  
Have mercy now in triumph's hour,  
And further havoc stay !—  
Alas ! they hasten on their way,  
Nor heed what prating age may say ;  
But urge their cruel course,  
Untouched by pity or remorse—  
Come back ! ye bloody fiends of war,  
Ye slaves of tyrants bloodier far ;  
Defeated as your victims are,  
Still have they mortal fangs to scar :  
Ye shall not crush unstung !  
Yes !—one free fragment of a blade



Ere this has deadliest havoc made  
 Invaders' ranks among ;  
 For Freedom is a tigress, bayed :  
 'Beware !—touch not her young !'

They're gone beyond the hills afar :  
 Convulsive, faint, no longer shrill,  
 Along Passaic's lonely brink  
 Swell the last clarion-notes of passing war,  
 That heave, and sink—  
 Heave and sink,  
 And all again is still !

## III.

'Tis night along the Delaware—  
 'Tis merry Christmas night ;  
 And all the holiday may share,  
 Save yonder band of patriots there,  
 Preparing for the fight.  
 Extended on the opposing coast  
 Is quartered all the royal host,  
 Scattered in many a post.  
 'Now !' the patriot captain said,  
 'Clip their wings while they are spread !'(21)  
 Rattling hail, and drizzling sleet  
 'Gainst their freezing faces beat :  
 Lo ! in many a shallow boat  
 Thick-crowded on the stream they float,  
 With horse and cannon laden low,  
 Fast whitening in the driving snow :  
 With darkness, storm, and foes before,  
 While round them, with alarming roar,  
 Fragments of massive ice rush crashing on the shore !

## IV.

'Tis night along the Delaware—  
'Tis merry Christmas night,  
And all the holiday may share :  
The Hessian ranks throw off their care,  
And Trenton rings right merrily  
With strangest warrior-minstrelsy :  
' Glory greet the roving band !  
' What though banished far to roam—  
' Soldiers ever find a home !  
' When unwelcome thoughts o'ercome,  
    ' Still with drinking,  
    ' Banish thinking !  
' Glory greet the exiled band !  
' Let the toast be Father-land !  
    ' Till peep of morning light :  
        ' Fill high the can !  
        ' Fill high the can !  
' To Glory's prize—the soldier's mark :  
' The toast—the toast be Father-land !  
    ' Till peep of morning'—Hark !  
Hark to the deadly volley's rattle !  
Hark to the shout—the crash of battle !  
To arms ! to arms ! they rush, they form—  
The post surprised—the vanguard beat—  
No hope is left them but retreat !  
Away !—their foes hold every street—  
'Tis WASHINGTON that guides the storm,  
And flight, and strife alike are vain :  
Surrounded, humbled, in despair,  
A thousand men surrender there,  
    And Rahl, their chief, is slain !

## V.

'Tis night along Assânpink stream,  
 And wide the flaming watch-fires gleam ;  
 While here and there, from either shore,  
 The bellowing cannon rarely roar,  
 As if to clear their rugged throats  
 To chant to-morrow's death-hymn notes ;  
 For, quickened with the late disgrace,  
 Cornwallis rushed with force apace  
 From royal 'scutcheon to efface  
     The foul, corroding stain :  
 To-morrow shall the shame atone—  
 For that shoal, narrow creek alone  
     Divides the foes in twain.

What now can save the little band ?  
 Behind, the frozen Delaware,  
 Too frail an army's weight to bear,  
 Would yet all passing boats withstand :  
 Before, around them all the land  
     Is mastered by the foe :  
 And were it not, the moistening sky  
 Has mired the ways, they cannot fly :  
 Loud shout the royal chivalry !  
     ' To-morrow with a blow  
     Will lay the ragged rebels low !'  
 Oh ! God of suffering right, be with them now !

## VI.

'Tis morn along Assânpink stream,  
 And paling watch-fires dimly gleam :  
 Cornwallis heads his bright array—  
 But ah ! the rebels—where are they ?

Gone with all their tools of war !  
Tent, cannon, stores, and baggage-car—  
All save their fires alone !

At midnight fell a sudden cold,  
That froze the yielding earth to stone—  
Oh, sure from pitying Heaven it came !  
And back with all their force they rolled,  
Safe-shielded by the treacherous flame :  
But whither are they gone ?

Hark ! cracking cannon in the rear  
Ring sharply on the frosty air—  
The British leader, struck with wonder,  
Cries ‘ Can that be thunder ? ’ (22)  
Yes ! ’tis thunder tears the sky—  
Yes ! those crashing bolts that fly  
Shall rend the ears of Tyranny—  
Those lightnings blast her form !  
A tempest bursts on Princeton plain  
Of iron hail, and leaden rain,  
Which, ere its fury hush again,  
Shall strew the ravaged earth with slain :  
’Tis Liberty that wings the whirlwind storm !  
See her chosen son  
Lead her scanty forces on !  
Half-armed, half-trained in warlike arts,  
No matter ! dangerous still :  
The steel they boast is in their hearts,  
And Heaven will teach them skill—  
Hark their leader’s trumpet-tones of cheer !  
‘ One stout blow will set us clear ;

The first report that stuns his ear,  
Will bring Cornwallis furious here :  
We must at once break through the rear—  
We must—we *can*—we *WILL* !'

Then cannon oped the dreadful revel—  
Then muskets dropped in deadly level,  
And Murder, as the signal broke,  
Threw o'er the foes his sulphurous cloak,  
The better in its folds of smoke  
His bloody work to do :  
And deeds were done so foul, alas !  
Himself, all butcher as he was,  
In face of heaven had shuddered to review.  
But vain the patriot's bold attack—  
The van is checked—'tis beaten back !  
Oh Freedom's God ! must all be lost !  
At once, uncounting every cost,  
Their chief, whose zeal with danger rose,  
A starry standard seizes there,  
And waves it through the sulphurous air,  
Then spurs between the foes !  
Thickens the din, the smoke, the flash ;  
The bayonet thrust, the sabre gash ;  
The heated combatants, grown rash,  
Madly on each other dash ;  
But God defends the right :  
On Freedom bids the victory light,  
But claims a hero for His prize ;  
For shattered in the front of fight,  
Devoted **MERCER** lies !

A stubborn remnant yet maintain  
Their stand within the college fane :

The muses' hallowed halls they stain  
With all the wreck of fight.  
The victor summons—and they yield ;  
Triumphant now he quits the field,  
Before the royal vanguard daunts the sight.

Cornwallis comes with thundering speed—  
Revenge his raging senses blinds—  
Too late ! 'tis past the hour of need :  
His dead along his track he finds,  
His living, scattered to the winds !  
And sheltered mid the hills afar,  
The rebels, in his grasp at night,  
Themselves victorious from the fight,  
With all the spoils of war !  
Astounded at the daring feat,  
At once he sounds retreat :  
And leaves the soil he late profaned,  
Save by the captured foe unstained.

## VII.

Applauding shouts the land rang round :  
Of triumph, and of victory !  
Then hope first pierced the gloom profound,  
And then the stars, which rose in shame  
When the young banner 'gan to fly,  
First peeped through trouble's cloudy sky  
And sparkled on the eye !  
And Joy the bright alliance crowned  
Which Freedom made with Fame,  
When Trenton grew a battle-cry,  
And Princeton found a name.

Then broke th' auspicious day !  
As hope new arms to courage gave  
Fast rolled successes wave on wave,  
All brightly gilt with glory's morning ray :  
The Lion, blinded, in despair,  
Slunk baffled to his lair :  
While boldly high  
The Eagle of unquailing eye  
Soared sunward with a scream of joy,  
And flapped his wings for victory !  
And as the vapors fold by fold  
Before the light retreating rolled,  
Lo ! Freedom on the lofty stand  
Of Alleghanian mountains towered, and blazed,  
Sole sovereign of the land :  
Long—long from man in mists concealed,  
Then first with every charm revealed,  
Her form august she raised :  
August, yet gracious, and her brows were bound  
With lustrous stars that like a glory crown'd.  
Her front looked on the Atlantic shore :  
One beckoning hand, outheld before,  
Waved welcome to the world !  
And one, to point the promised ground  
She proffered to her guest,  
Turned backward to th' unmeasur'd west,  
Whose desert wealth of soil spread widely round ;  
Still spreading, spreading, till the roar  
Of sounding seas at length proclaimed its bound ;  
Where, heaving without rest,  
Pacific's solemn billows curled,  
And broke unheard along the lonely shore !

Then, at the radiant light  
Poured lavish from her presence bright,  
The mighty crowd  
Of gazing nations, awed, with homage bowed ;  
And hailed, with pæans hailed the fairest queen,  
That through all time benighted earth had seen,  
To rule her race, and lead to glory on :  
And trebly hailed the youthful land,  
Whose Heaven-directed brand  
Had showed the world how Freedom should be won !

END OF RETREAT.



## CONCLUSION.

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### TO PASSAIC.

Bless thee ! bright river of my heart—  
The blue, the clear, the wild, the sweet :  
Though faint my lyre, and rude my art,  
Love broke discretion's bands apart,  
And bade me offer at thy feet  
My murmuring praise, howe'er unmeet :  
Aware, discourse to lovers dear  
Insidious strikes the listener's ear,  
Yet have I rashly sung to prove  
The strength, the fervor of a love  
That none, to whom thy charms are known,  
Would seek to hide, or blush to own.

Yes ! oft have I indulged my dream  
By many a fair, and foreign stream ;  
But vain my wandering search to see  
A rival in far lands to thee.  
Rhine, Tiber, Thames, a queenly throng—  
The world's idolatry, and song—  
Have roved, have slumbered, sung, and sighed,  
To win my worship to their tide :

Have wound their forms with graceful wiles,  
And curled their cheeks with rippling smiles ;  
Have leaped in waves, with frolic dance,  
And winking tossed me many a glance :  
Still, still my heart, though moved, was free,  
For love, dear native stream of thee !  
For Rhine, though proudly sweeps her tide  
Through hills deep-parted, gaping wide—  
Whereon gray topping castles sprout,  
As though the living rock shot out—  
Too rudely wooes me, who despise  
The charms wherein no softness lies ;  
While Thames, who boasts a velvet brim,  
And meadows beautifully trim,  
Too broadly shows the trace of art,  
To win the wishes of the heart ;  
And Tiber's muddy waves must own  
Their glory is the past's alone.  
No water-nymphs these eyes can see,  
Mine Indian beauty, match with thee !—  
For all, whate'er their fame, or place,  
Lack the wild freshness of thy face—  
That touch of Nature's antique skill  
By modern art unrivalled still.

I've traced thee from thy place of birth  
Till, finding sea, thou quittest earth—  
From that far spot in mountain land  
Where heaving soft the yellow sand,  
Thy infant waters, clear, and rife,  
Gush sudden into joyous life ;  
To yon broad bay of vivid light,  
Where pausing rivers all unite,

As singly fearing to be first  
To quench devouring Ocean's thirst—  
I've followed, with a lover's truth,  
The gambols of thy torrent youth ;  
Have chased, with childish search, and vain,  
Thy doublings on the marshy plain ;  
Have idled many a summer's day  
Where flower-fields cheered thy prosperous way ;  
Nor have I faithless turned aside  
When rocky troubles barred thy tide,  
Tossing thee rudely from thy path  
Till thou wert wrought to foaming wrath.  
Nor when the iron hand of fate  
Dethroned thee from thy lofty state,  
And hurled thee, with a giant's throw,  
Down to the vale—where far below,  
Thy tides, by such rude ordeal tried,  
With purer, heavenlier softness glide.  
Through every change of good, or ill  
My doting heart pursued thee still, .  
And ne'er did rival waters shine  
With traits so varying rich as thine :  
What separate charms in each I see,  
Rare stream, seem clustered all in thee !  
Now brightly wild, now coyly chaste,  
Now calm, now mad with passionate haste—  
Grandeur, and softness, power, and grace,  
All beam from thy bewitching face.  
Nor are the notes thy voice can range,  
Less striking for their endless change—  
Hark !—what alarming clamors ring,  
Where far thy desperate currents spring  
Into yon chasm, so deep, and black,  
The arrested soul turns shuddering back ;

Nor dares pursue thee, through the rent  
Down to the stony bottom, sent  
Loud thundering—that the beaten rock  
Trembles beneath the ponderous shock,  
And thy commanding voice profound  
Bids silence to all meaner sound!—  
And, when in peace, thy evening song  
In silver warblings floats along,  
No whispering waters far or near,  
Murmur such music to mine ear.

Oh! is it fancy makes thy tone  
So dear, because thou art my own?  
Say, is it fancy gives thy face  
Such sweetness, such endearing grace?  
Is it because thy voice, thy glance  
Brings back my day of bright romance—  
When idle as thy loitering tide,  
I mused, sweet playmate, by thy side—  
When my thick feelings, warm and young,  
Like bees, to every blossom clung:  
And with the honey which they drew,  
Sipped not, as yet, the poison too?  
Yes! hence the radiance of thy glance—  
Trail of the sunset of romance  
Yet glowing o'er my native hill,  
A holy twilight lingers still,  
Within thy placid bosom glassed,  
Bright with the purple of the past.  
Yes! here my feelings sprang, and grew—  
Here budded early joys, and blew,  
Most fragrant in their morning dew:  
And here from weariness and ill  
My heart returns for comfort still;

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And eager breaks its hungering fast  
From memory's hoard of pleasures past.  
And here—when, every struggle o'er,  
This fevered pulse shall beat no more—  
Here let me moulder, when I must,  
And blend my own with native dust !  
For if—as fain the heart would trust—  
The spirit, disenthralled and freed,  
May stoop the frame's repose to heed,  
My own would here select my bed,  
In fond assurance that my head  
Would rest more sweetly 'neath the sod  
Whereon my boyhood's feet have trod ;  
And, hovering o'er the haunted soil,  
Would pause upon the wing ; and smile,  
Dear river of my heart ! to see  
Such loving, faithful friends as we,  
Whom time and change could not divine,  
In death still sleeping side by side !

END OF PASSAIC.



## BOOK II.

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### MUSINGS,<sup>(23)</sup>

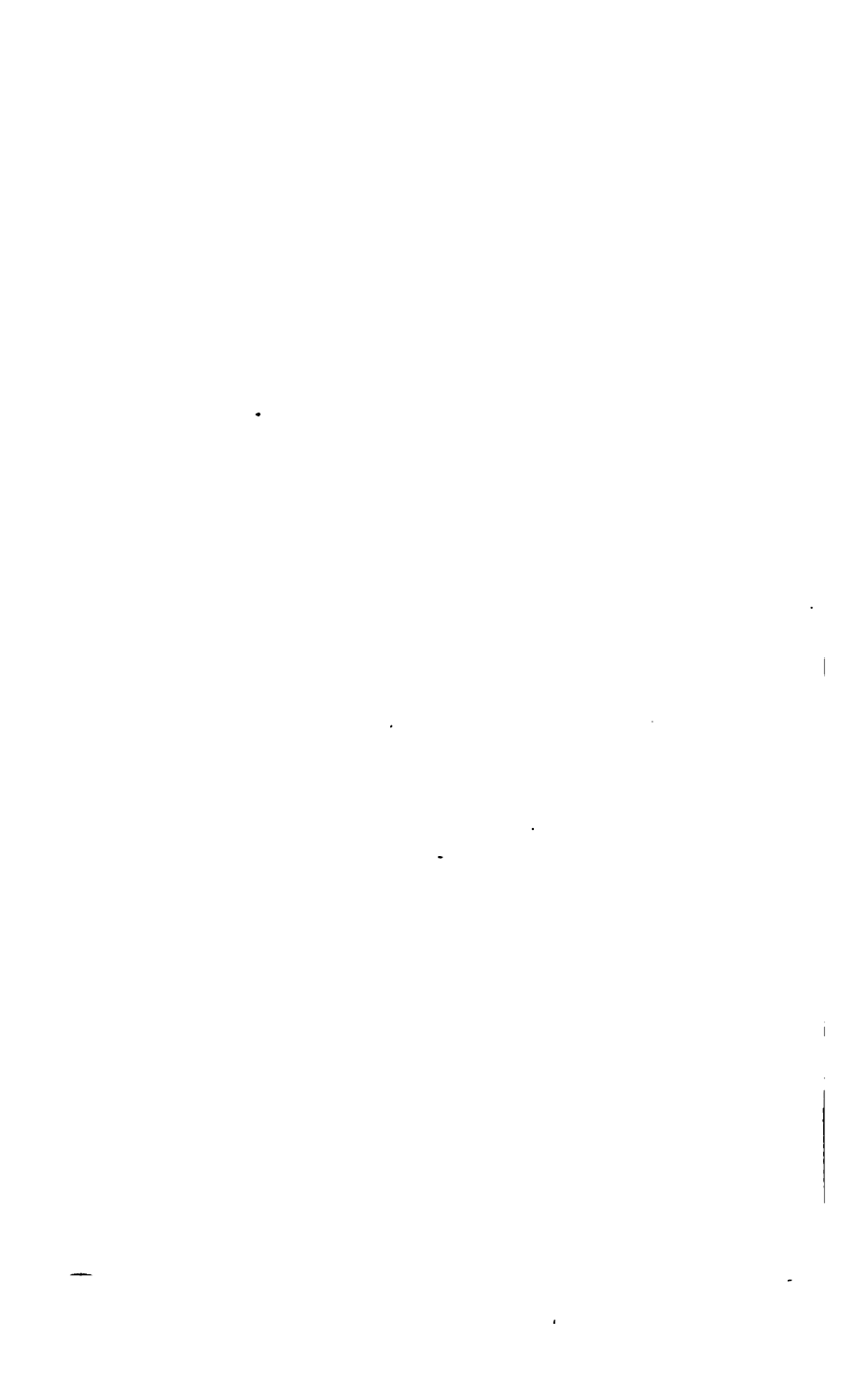
### IN VARIOUS MOODS.

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"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to weep, and a time to laugh: a time to mourn, and a time to dance."

**SOLOMON.**





## PASSAGES

FROM

THE DIARY OF FLACCUS,

AT SEA, &c.

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*The Narrows, August 1st, '18—*

THOU art before me that I longed to view,  
Tumultuous Ocean ! welcome to thy face !  
From youth I've thirsted for thy waters blue—  
To greet thee, wild one, in thy dwelling place :  
For what the stream, or mimic stage has shown,  
Are all the mountain-billows I have known.

Emblem of Freedom ! thee, whose lawless waves  
To God alone, thy only master bend,  
A freeman hails—a kindred spirit craves  
Thy rough companionship, and calls thee friend :  
A fearful friend perchance—whate'er thou art,  
Thy face is honest, and I'll trust thy heart.

Type of enduring beauty !—whose fair brow  
Shines on, regardless of the changing shore,  
With the same youth, as when the Holland prow  
First rent thy virgin foam, so long before—  
The swarthy Indian from his forest-bough  
Drank the same charms which thrill my vision now.

Sick of the ease, and dull delights of shore,  
My spirit longs for trial in its pride ;  
My stream of life is sluggish, and the roar  
Of battling elements will wake the tide :  
Mated with seas, and their rude fate, I sail  
To dream in calms, or revel in the gale.

Oh ! there is rapture in the thought, to me—  
Spiced with the hazard which the bosom braves—  
To quit the firm earth for th' unsolid sea,  
And ride the skittish backs of untamed waves ;  
And, in the briny wilderness, to drink  
The draught of beauty on destruction's brink !

My quest is for the old—the crumbling pile,  
Time-beaten towns—oh Italy ! and thee,  
Where Art, and Nature, rivals for my smile,  
Wait, with their golden gifts to welcome me—  
Domes, statues, fountains, and voluptuous clime,  
And dying glories of the olden time.

Oh ! for a glimpse of ruins tottering gray,  
Such as our young hills know not—ah ! nor shall ;  
For we would tear the ivy-wreath away,  
And patch the graces of the mouldering wall :  
Age like a waning belle in our wise clime  
With paint conceals the sacred stamp of time.

Dread test of hearts, oh Absence ! am I wise  
My tender friendships in thy charge to give ?  
Ah ! which will triumph of those early ties—  
What save a mother's deathless love survive ?  
The old may perish, or the young grow strange,  
And die—alas ! the sadder death of change.

Indulgent Heaven!—from out the giddy train  
 Of all who boast the sacred name of friend,  
 Oh! grant that one—but *one* time-proof remain—  
 One, absence tried, and faithful to the end.  
 Not vain my exile, if such be the prize,  
 Nor the long waste before my widowed eyes.

And thou too, dearest! must thy gentle heart—  
 As female hearts (so scandal whispers) will—  
 Seek for new idols as the old depart?  
 And shall the crowd, which soon my place must fill  
 Within those eyes of sky-surpassing blue,  
 Supplant my image in thy bosom too?

'Tis possible—no, 'tis not—thou may'st flout  
 At mine and love's return—but come what must—  
 Faithful, or faithless, though the world should doubt,  
 I'll trust thee still—for oh! 'tis sweet to trust—  
 So sweet, for its own sake I would not part  
 With a belief so darling to my heart.

---

*Do. Sunset.*

The west! the west!—turn to the lighted west—  
 What crimson wonders break upon us there!  
 The drooping sun, slow-sinking to his rest,  
 Paints the red hectic on the cheek of air:  
 Stamp of destruction—herald of decay,  
 Whose feverish bloom foreruns the death of day.

There's holiday above, and all the clouds  
 In gala robes the sunbeams sport among;

Festoon upon festoon intertwining crowds,  
Till all the drapery of heaven is hung :  
And far away, the ruddy masses break  
In ridgy waves, like some illumined lake !—

Gaze upward !—from the zenith's giddy crown  
Down to the sunny centre, fold on fold  
Glow in gradation as the eye goes down,  
Of purple, crimson, scarlet, orange, gold—  
Intensest gold ! where, blinding to the sight,  
The molten sun swims in a sea of light !

Not on the West alone the bloom is spread—  
The envious east is burning at the sight,  
Men's faces glare with the unnatural red,  
And twinkling waves rejoice with living light—  
Fortress and spire, and Hudson's glancing stream  
To the broad blaze flash back an answering beam.

Frail flower of beauty !—how thy hues go down !—  
Ev'n as I gaze, they melt in air away ;  
The gold grows crimson, and the crimson, brown,  
Till tint, by tint, all lapses into gray.  
Of Beauty's daughters, such the fearful doom—  
Such the brief triumph, and the lasting gloom.

The anchor swings—the sails are all abroad—  
The breeze is up, and we are on the wing,  
Long days to trudge yon rugged ocean-road,  
With all the wo that weariness can bring.  
Cheerly the sailors shout—and from below  
The hum of lute, and giddy laughter flow.

But ah! to me it is no time for mirth  
When all I love is rushing from my sight—  
My country!—while a speck of thy dim earth  
Survives the dusk, mine eyes are on thy flight!  
Night thickens—and the winds are sweeping strong,  
And my swoln feelings soften into song:

## I.

Farewell! to all I cherish—  
For fast and far I flee;  
Behind me sink my native hills—  
Before me heaves the sea.  
Rage on! ye winds—I fear not—  
Rage on! ye foaming tides—  
My trust is in my gallant ship,  
And Him above who guides.

## II.

The snowy sails are flying—  
The prow the white foam laves—  
The daring vessel dashes on  
Through all the host of waves.  
The misty shore grows dimmer—  
My home is fading fast—  
Gaze on! gaze on! my anxious eyes,  
Perchance ye look your last.

## III.

But, though the eyes be banished,  
The heart will ever see—  
My country!—ah, no fairer land  
Can win my heart from thee.  
True to my first affection,  
Whatever realms be shown;

Alive to charms of other lands,  
But faithful to my own.

## IV.

In this wild hour of darkness  
I pierce the vaulted cave,  
Whose roof is sky, whose floor is sea,  
My gaol—perchance, my grave.  
Not sense of peril thrills me,  
But thus from friends to haste,  
Who fed my hungry heart with bliss  
I never more may taste.

## V.

Last remnant of my country,  
The lighthouse gilds the shore ;  
Be still—be still my busy heart,  
The pang will soon be o'er.  
No more !—such thoughts unman me,  
When I should brace my form  
To climb the peaks of briny hills,  
And breast the tempest storm.

## VI.

While lives yon twinkling beacon,  
My home ! I hold thee yet ;  
Nor will I yield thee to the deep,  
Till that dear star be set.  
Farewell ! to all I cherish—  
In grief and gloom I flee,  
In darkness sink my native hills—  
In darkness heaves the sea !

*At Sea, August 2d.*

Morn, and the blaze of sunshine waken me !

The bustling winds, the rocking waves are come—  
Now to the deck—what life is on the sea !

The topping waves are plumed with snowy foam—  
Exulting, glancing, in the restless deep  
Sunbeams and billows dallying, shine, and leap.

How the keen wind goes whistling on its way !

Heaving the seas, and curling every crest—  
Driving against the cheek the salt sea-spray  
Fritter'd, and swept from off its throbbing breast—  
And through the tightened cordage hums, and sings,  
As though it played among Æolian strings.

Loaded with wind is every bellying sail—

Quiver the masts beneath the rushing force—  
But the staunch ship, superior to the gale,  
Inclines, yet swerves not from her rigid course ;  
And lightly o'er the wave-tops skims, and flies,  
Less like a traveller of the seas, than skies.

One lingering trace of misty home—but one—

Like a true friend attends me to the last ;  
But as we rudely haste—it faints—'tis gone !  
And lone upon the reckless seas I'm cast.  
Be thou my home, thou blue bewildering plain !  
With waves I'll dance, while tempests pipe the strain.

I stand upon the prow, and mount, and sink

With the rocked ship—who bravely holds her speed ;  
Now, climbs the wave-side to the frothy brink—  
Now, leaps the hollow like a bounding steed.

The daring throb of manhood swells my veins,  
And I defy thee, Ocean ! and thy pains.

Hail to the marriage of the sea and sky !—

My spirit bounds with every heaving surge—  
Freshness and brightness greet me as I fly—

Cheer all my frame, and with strange vigor urge :  
The sea !—the joyous sea forever more—  
How have I wasted my dull years ashore !

Rejoice ! rejoice ! already, on my sight  
Bright shores, gray towers, and coming wonders  
reel ;

My brain grows giddy—is it with delight ?

A swimming faintness such as one might feel  
When stabbed, and dying, gathers on my sense—  
It weighs me down—and now—help !—horror !—

---

*At Sea, August 12th.*

Ten days of nauseous agony—oh time !

Is there no thong to lash thee into speed ?

Ten days—when every minute rings a chime,

Whose tedious intervals, like hours, succeed :

Sullen, subdued, apart I lay me low,

In strengthless, speechless utterness of wo.

My punctual tortures jog me with the morn—

My frame disjoint, my jaded vitals wring ;  
And leave me, spent, to drag the day, forlorn,

Flung on the deck, a shunned, and pitied thing—  
Senseless, unflinching to the briny rain  
That scales the bulwark—dashing me in vain.



Hopeless, and fearless—so benumbed I lie,  
 Were death before me on his ghostly steed—  
 • Escape, and life, beseeching me to fly—  
 I could not summon vigor for the deed.  
 Nay more—should murder threat a brother's life,  
 Scarce could I lift a hand to stay the knife.

---

*At Sea, August 16th.*

Nought is around me save the dark blue sea,  
 Above me, nothing but the pale blue sky;  
 A waste of blue—that will not change to me,  
 Save when the storm-cloud hurries darkly by,  
 Or when the sky-blush mounts the heavenly height  
 At the sun's kisses, as he bids good night.

Vast, awful, gulf!—appalling precipice!—  
 How wild to hear, when on my lowly bed,  
 The beating waters of the dark abyss  
 Dash, hiss, and gurgle round my helpless head:  
 Start but a bolt—and the devouring wave  
 Leaps in, and drags me to a coral grave.

---

*Do. Evening.*

A more substantial, solid joy than eating,  
 Earth, mid her varied pleasures, does not know;  
 Presenting us, by daily thrice repeating,  
 An aggregate of bliss, unmatched below.  
 Forgive me, sentimental readers all—  
 'Tis after dinner—and I'm sensual.

But, most of all, good eating cheers the brain  
 Where other joys are rarely met—at sea—  
 Unless, indeed, we lose as soon as gain—  
 Ay, 'there's the rub—' so baffling oft to me:

Boiled, roast, and baked—what precious choice of  
dishes

My generous throat has shared among the fishes !—

'Tis sweet to leave, in each forsaken spot,

Our foot-prints there—if only in its sand ;

'Tis sweet to feel we are not all forgot—

That some will weep our flight from every land :

And sweet the knowledge, when the seas I cross,

My briny messmates ! ye will mourn my loss !

---

*August 16th—Evening.*

Why I feel better, and have done with retching :

Fruit of resistance, all the sailors say so—

I'll rouse myself—(a plague upon this pitching !)

'Tis all sheer folly to be giving way so :

One must be firm (what waves !) who travels sea-  
ward—

I—I—(excuse me—I must go to leeward,)

Oh ! place me on some savage Zealand shore—

Or peak of Alps, or steadfast pyramid ;

Give me a foot of quiet earth, once more,

Of racking throes, and rolling prison rid.

Or, set me on some lone, unshaken rock

In ocean's midst—beyond the surges shock.

*August 19th, 18—.*

The air is stifling—still, but not serene—

From such foul peace, some stirring war must  
come—

The fight of elements—amazing scene !—

Where God speaks loudest, and where man is dumb :

Far off, the clouds consolidated, drest  
In utter blackness, bank the lowering west.

Quick noiseless lightnings thread the inky mass  
Like veins of gold athwart a dusky mine ;  
And reddening vapors in a sky of brass  
Tarnish the sun, who vainly strives to shine :  
This murky air—this bloody globe on high  
Foretells no common tumult of the sky.

Hark ! to the thunder-trumpet's signal note—  
And more alarming silence that succeeds—  
And see ! the storm's black standard is afloat,  
Waving his forces on to desperate deeds—  
The banded clouds, with all their warring train,  
Wheel out to battle in the heavenly plain.

How the huge masses pile upon the sky !  
Towering, and struggling, for the topmost height,  
Till overhead like whirling rocks, they fly,  
By giants flung in some primeval fight—  
Convolving, thickening silently as death ;  
Without a drop—almost without a breath.

One mighty curtain hangs along the air  
Ragged and dark—it frowns upon the deep—  
Blacker defiance it encounters there—  
When lo ! a gaping flash, with blinding leap,  
Cleaves like a sword the cloud—and through the sluice  
With rain, and roar, and foam, the storm breaks loose.

Winds, waters, lightning, darkness, clash and howl—  
Skies, and the hill-side of each peering wave

Ring with redoubling thunders—till the soul  
Beat down, and stagger'd, is no longer brave ;  
But turns—Great Ruler !—in its need, to Thee—  
Oh ! if the bolt must fall be Thou with me !—

Again, and yet again, with lash of fire  
The spiteful lightnings smite th' opposing gloom—  
Again the rending thunder-shrieks aspire,  
Crackling, and stunning as the trump of doom ;  
Till, rolling far along the ocean's brim,  
Solemn, and sweet, they murmur like a hymn.

Celestial genius ! thou, whose daring hand  
Disarmed the snaky lightnings of their fangs—  
Franklin ! the magic of whose pointed wand—  
Diverts the bolt, as on the stroke it hangs—  
Whene'er the tempest's gleaming eyes I see,  
Next to thy God, my spirit bends to thee !

The strife is past—the warring murmurs cease,  
And broken clouds in straggling troops depart ;  
The sun, exulting at the joyous peace,  
Entwines a chaplet, by his matchless art,  
Of all the hues the heavenly ways that crowd,  
To crown the brows of yon victorious cloud !

From youth I've watched that garland of the skies,  
And hailed the storm that found so proud a grave—  
Lo ! now in pride of beauty does it rise,  
Fair as a sea-born goddess, from the wave !  
I seem that city's gateway to behold  
Whose walls are jewels, and whose streets are gold.

The drowning sun is struggling in the deep,  
 Far in the east the weary vapors crowd;  
 And there young lightnings are at play, and leap  
 In chase, and ramify along the cloud—  
 There is a calm, unearthly and divine,  
 In Nature's breast, which finds its way to mine.

---

*August 22d.*

Calm is the ocean—and her mighty breast  
 Just heaves, to show 'tis hush of sleep, not death,  
 Brilliant the sun—and the pure air at rest  
 Is chaste, and sweet as in its primal breath:  
 The lucid, unadulterated blue  
 Not ev'n a cloud of gauze is sailing through.

Wind! what sea-cavern is thy dungeon home?  
 Parent of waves! oh lift their heavy sides—  
 Lash them to life, and plume their heads with foam—  
 Puff up the sails, and speed us o'er the tides—  
 Thee! unseen spirit of the deep, I call,  
 Breath of the sea, and sky—the life, the soul of all!

---

*August 26th.*

Land!—at the faint spring-bloom of early day  
 Thrills every bosom with the deck-shout, land!  
 Leap! rush! rejoice! wait not for dress—away!—  
 See that dear, dim, blue peeping, British strand—  
 Welcome! sweet earth—oh! shall I tread the plain—  
 Shall my free feet salute the hills again!—

I greet thee, England!—mother of my home!(24)  
 With all the love that ties parental claim;  
 Which, though thy harshness chilled is not o'ercome—  
 'Tis a child's part to reverence, not to blame:

Be this our prayer—next to our native earth,  
God bless the soil which gave our fathers birth !

Welcome ! ye solid, and unyielding things,  
That waver not, however drives the gale ;  
Hills, rocks, forts, towers, to you my spirit springs—  
Ye staunch immoveables, again all hail !  
His prison-rock, Napoleon must have blest,  
That from the torturing billows gave him rest.

Farewell ! good ship—I thank thee, from my heart,  
Whose broad ribbed backsafe bore me o'er the tides ;  
I laud the genius—venerate the art  
That moulds thy frame, and to its haven guides ;  
But if again thou catch me on thy deck—  
Save to return—may midnight breakers wreck.

---

*Havre, August 27th.*

Am I at last upon thy sacred earth ?  
Gray Europe ! aged mother of the west—  
From whose full womb young nations sprang to birth—  
Young giants all—mine own above the rest :  
Spain ! England ! France ! your blood pervades the  
host—  
Rebellious children, yet your proudest boast.

I come, a pilgrim, to the shrine of age,  
For home's green sameness palls at length the sight ;  
And charms, though bright, must vary to engage—  
Now, wrinkled walls, and hoary towers delight :  
So, when long gazing on a spotless sky,  
The stain of clouds relieves the sated eye.

And now my path is o'er the open plains  
 Of France, the gay, th' heroic, and the free—  
 Free in her thoughts, whatever be her chains,  
     And friend of freemen, wheresoe'er they be.  
 Her war-worn ramparts, and her ancient streets,  
 More than her sunny fields, my spirit greets.

Yet, lovely is thy valley, graceful Seine !  
     Though shorn of trees to my rude western sight—  
 Wont to encounter, soaring from the plain,  
     The unconquered forest, in its savage might,  
 Where creature tame of brute, or human race  
 Scarce yet had dared to fix his dwelling place.

---

*Rouen, August 29th.*

Behold ! what spiry city of the vale  
     So sweetly sits upon thy silver brink !  
 What years, her aged walls have stood the gale !—  
     What years will stand, ere in thy waves they sink !—  
 Lo ! as I thread her dark, and narrow ways,  
 What towering pile springs upwards to my gaze ? (25)

Awe, reverence, rapture, thrill my pausing soul—  
     I stand aghast—as my dilating eye,  
 From the deep buried base which bears the whole,  
     Sweeps to the daring point that pricks the sky :  
 Pride swells my breast, that man should dare design—  
 That mass so bold was reared by hands like mine.

Chiselled, and feathered to the giddiest height—  
     Gray as the hairs of age, thy clustering forms  
 Stand out—thou Norman wonder ! to the sight,  
     Worn with the friction of ten thousand storms.

My prize is won—my sight's desire behold !  
 Now, fancy ! revel—this indeed is old.

---

*Paris, September 1st.*

'Tis night—I pass the lofty barrier-gate  
 Where triumph's arch in massive grandeur towers ;  
 But sure, the city holds some pageant fête—  
 So hung with lights are all her leafy bowers :  
 Down the long range the starry trees prevail,  
 Like a lit forest of old fairy tale.

Now, as I whirl along, upon me glance  
 White domes, and fountains with their glittering  
                   streams ;  
 Bronze warriors fight, and marble horses prance, (26)  
 Like rushing phantoms in the hour of dreams—  
 Now, the brass column shoots its dusk red flame,  
 Reared by the modern Cæsar to his fame.

PARIS ! I am thy prisoner—mighty queen !  
 Centre of arts, arms, science, pleasure, crime—  
 Teach me to find the noble, shun the mean,  
 Which draw thy pilgrims here from every clime.  
 I seek my couch : such visions o'er me sweep—  
 Such sense of circling wonders as to banish sleep.

. . . . .

END OF THE DIARY.



## ADIEU TO TOWN.

---

ONCE more upon the hills! rejoiced and free—  
Dear Nature! welcome is thy face to me—  
Welcome, thy woods and streams—my heart is sick  
Of paths of stone, and avenues of brick—  
Of muddy brooks, that course no leafy bowers,  
Whose scents, ye meadows! breathe not of your  
flowers.

Jarred with the din of commerce, and the strife  
Of man with man for pelf, for very life,  
To this green spot for refuge do I flee—  
My chains are snapt, and once again I'm free.  
Farewell ye streets! where dust beclouds the air—  
I quit with smiles what cost me many a tear.  
Ye docks farewell! nor wonder that I run—  
What's in bad odor, 'tis the thing to shun.  
Ye stocks! no more I watch your fall and rise,  
"There is no speculation in these eyes."  
Break, all ye banks! I heed not how ye go,  
Save me but this whereon the violets blow—  
Welcome! ye bugs, wasps, humble-bees, and flies—  
Moschetoes! pipe your dulcet melodies!  
Buzz, snarl, and sting—"ye are not so unkind"  
As the vile insects I have left behind.

The fop, fanatic, politician, thief,  
Turn gnats to joys, and make their bite relief.  
Ye bull-frogs shout ! for sweeter is your roar  
Than such as pot-house, party croakers pour.  
Come, climb the hills—ye jaded spirits, come !  
Whom fame, or thrift has bound so long at home ;  
The sight of woods, the breath of flowery plains  
Will kindle youth once more within your veins.  
Merchants ! a truce to traffic—" take the goods  
"The gods provide you" in the fields and woods.  
Ye doctors ! here's the physic for the blood—  
O ! leave your patients for your mutual good :  
A little while, come breathe these genial airs,  
'T will aid your own health, and establish theirs.  
Ye nimble lawyers ! leap these brooks and fences,  
And leave your causes to their consequences.  
Ye editors !—I cannot spare you quite—  
Remain ! to give these musings to the light.  
Brokers of Wall-street ! Babel of the town,  
Come ! mount the hills, and let the stocks go down.  
Agrarians ! stay—my muse is out this time,  
For they who grovel are unfit to climb.  
Be mine to tread this green and breezy height,  
With the mad town though distant, yet in sight ;  
Where I may see her face, avoid her din,  
Enjoy her charms, and shun the filth within—  
Here let me sit, to fancy's sport resigned,  
And muse on all the follies left behind.

## THE LAMENT OF BACCHUS.

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### I.

My sun is setting on degraded times—  
My hopes are wrecked, beyond the power to save—  
For temperance monsters rove these fallen climes,  
And threat me, Bacchus, with a wat'ry grave.  
O! could I weep, my grief would trickle here—  
But no! a foe to water scorns a tear.

### II.

For this free land I left mine eastern home—  
(Freedom with Bacchus ever is allied,)  
For I had heard of old New-England rum,  
And for its love the ocean-waves defied :  
And 'mid mint julaps, slings, and cocktails here,  
Was reigning god for many a jolly year.

### III.

Taverns, my temples—bars, my altars shone,  
And high and low would worship at my shrine;  
The crystal bottle then the rich did own,  
The honest jug, poor outcast! then was thine.

Little cared we, old mates, for rain or thunder,  
When wine was on the board, and we were under.

## IV.

Now, all is changed, and water is the cry—  
Canals, presumptuous, course each tavern side,  
And aqueducts their horrid wash supply,  
Till Philadelphia splashes with the tide :  
But Gotham balked all such hydraulic ends,  
For in its councils I had many friends.

## V.

Stout worthies they, who saved us that disgrace,  
With hydrophobic zeal, for many a year ;  
But they are gone—a wishy-washy race  
Of vile aquatics, following in their rear,  
Would pour all Croton on us—horrid wish !  
To deluge men with what Jove meant for fish.

## VI.

I sink 'neath temperance' most intemperate rage—  
Now, Rushton's soda spouts its ceaseless stream—  
Degenerate Niblo truckles to the age,  
And sells ice-cream—ye gods ! what is ice-cream ?  
And Willard throws (though truest of the bunch,)  
A dash too much of water in his punch.

## VII.

O ! Brandy, Whiskey, Arrack, Hollands, Rum !  
Distilled perfections ! Alcoholic graces !  
Ye glorious Wines ! your mortal foes have come,  
And labelled "poison" on your rosy faces.  
While ye are slandered, can I tamely sit ?  
What man of spirit ever could submit ?

## VIII.

Not Bacchus—death shall sooner end my cares—  
And will, if longer in this watery west :  
My limbs are soaked—my surgeon too declares  
(Terrific thought !) there's water in my chest !  
Farewell, ye streams ! rejoice, ye rainy skies !  
Niagara ! roar, for mighty Bacchus flies.

## IX.

Place me again on Egypt's burning sand,  
Whence erst I sprang—where springs are ever  
dry—  
Where rains and dews no more defile the land,  
And water is unknown : there let me lie—  
There, nobly dying, my last bottle drain ;  
And, in the land of spirits, live again !

## THE GRAHAM SYSTEM.

---

### I.

Oh! wondrous age, surpassing ages past,  
When mind is marching at a quick-step pace—  
When all the arts, unleashed, are hurrying fast—  
When roads to rails, and laws to mobs give place—  
When great reformers race, and none can stay 'em—  
Oh! Jackson, Owen, Symmes, Sam Patch and Graham!

### II.

The last shall be the first—'t were shame to think  
That thou, starvation's monarch, couldst be beaten;  
Who proved that drink was never meant for drink,  
Nor food itself intended to be eaten—  
That Heaven provided for our use, instead,  
The sand, and saw-dust which compose thy bread:

### III.

A startling truth!—we question, while we stare—  
A lingering doubt still haunts the imagination,  
That Heav'n could mean to stint us in our fare—  
No doubt a prejudice of education,

For fact is fact—this ought to make us humble—  
Our brains confess it, though our stomachs grumble.

## IV.

But why on us pursue thy cruel plan?

O! why condemn us thus to bread and water?  
As if thou counted'st all the race of man

As rogues, and culprits who deserve no quarter—  
And 'tis thy part to punish, not to spare,  
By putting us upon state-prison fare.

## V.

All flesh is poison in thy sapient eyes—

No doubt thou'rt right, and all mankind are wrong;  
But still, in spite of us, the thought will rise,

How, eating poison, men have lived so long—  
Mayhap, thou meanest a slow poison then,  
Which takes effect in three score years and ten.

## VI.

Our table treasures vanish one by one—

Beneath thy wand, like Sancho's, they retire;  
Now steaks are rare, and mutton-chops are done,

Veal's in a stew, the fat is in the fire.  
Fish, flesh, and fowl, are ravished in a trice—  
"Insatiate Graham! could not one suffice?"

## VII.

When wine was banished by the cruel fates,

O! gentle tea, for thee I trembled then;  
"The cup which cheers, but not inebriates,"

Not even thou must grace our boards again.  
Imperial is dethroned, as I foreboded—  
Bohea is dished, Gunpowder is exploded.

## VIII.

Venison is vile—a cup of coffee curst—

And food that's fried, or fricasseed, forgot ;

Duck is destruction, wine of woes is worst,

Clams are condemned, and poultry's gone to pot.

Pudding and pork are under prohibition—

Mustard is murder, pepper is perdition.

## IX.

But dread'st thou not some famished foe may rise

With vengeful arm, and beat thee to a jelly ?

Thou robber of our vitals' best supplies,

Beware ! “ there is no joking with the belly ! ”

Nor hope the world will thy prescriptions follow—

Thy bread and doctrine are too hard to swallow.



## THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

---

THEY tell me to hasten and marry—  
But ah! 'tis the cost that I fear;  
And prudence still warns me to tarry  
Ere seeking amusement so dear.

Oh! there's rapture unmeasured in wooing,  
And sweet the confession, when won;  
But the housekeeping horrors pursuing,  
Are sure to make sentiment run.

Thus I mused t'other night, as fair Chloe  
Swam round in the dance at my side:  
I must furnish that wardrobe so showy,  
If rashly I make her my bride.

That slim fairy foot, and its fellow  
That tread the light measure so gay,  
Must with satin be shod, and prunella,  
And husband the piper must pay.

At a glance of that ankle so slender,  
My heart the dear bargain would close;  
When my head bids me, ere I surrender,  
Remember the price of the hose.

That hand, so desired beyond measure,  
The suitor, that ventures to hold,  
Can only secure such a treasure  
By hooping the fingers with gold.

Those eyes, though their vision surpasses  
The eagle's that pierces the light,  
Must be aided with opera-glasses,  
Howe'er they embarrass the sight.

Though made up of roses thy face is,  
Such roses bloom not in the sun ;  
We must veil them in best of point laces,  
Or freckles will soon overrun.

Sweetest mouth that e'er smiled upon mortal  
Hides organs of hunger within ;  
And dainties must pass the red portal,  
Or soon cherry lips will grow thin.

Ah ! that charms so desired by a lover  
Have duties so costly assigned !  
That the pearls, which thy smiles now uncover,  
The choice of the market must grind !

Thy form richest fabrics must cumber  
With many a garment of show,  
And with doubtless of others a number  
That bachelors never may know.

Thy brow, the fair temple where towers  
High honor in marble enshrined,  
Must be thatched with straw, feathers, and flowers,  
To keep out the sun, and the wind.

Thy care must be constantly petting  
With rarest cosmetics thy face—  
Thy nose be indulged in coquetting  
With 'kerchiefs bewildered with lace.

Those tresses, ensnaring allurers,  
With fillets of gold must we bind :  
Those ears must be fed with bravuras,  
And hung with the jewels of Ind.

Strange, that man should embellish a creature  
Already more fair than the morn—  
That the being most gifted by nature  
Is the one we most love to adorn.

Why was Eden so pleasant to Adam—  
So rid of connubial ills ?  
Because his ingenuous Madam  
Ne'er bored him with milliners' bills,

No bonnets had she for her tresses,  
No silks did her person enrol ;  
So cheap were her costliest dresses,  
For a fig one had purchased the whole.

Ah ! that was the season to marry—  
Ere fashion made woman her thrall  
Her trumpery-garments to carry—  
Yes !—clothes are the curse of the fall !

## THE GEOLOGICAL LECTURES.

---

DEAR Reader, lest the march of mind  
Should leave thee lagging far behind,  
Lay by thy books—I'll show the spot  
Where learning can with ease be got :  
Erst, only won with anxious toil—  
With waste of health, and midnight oil.  
For know, the hill of Science hath  
A newly found, and rosy path;  
Where rugged rocks no more appal,  
But flash with living crystals all—  
Where Pallas, while she guides, beguiles,  
And wreaths her haughty brow with smiles.  
Hush!—we are near—now ope the door—  
What showering rays upon us pour!  
Lo! here a heap of crystals lies,  
There, flash the gems of female eyes;  
Whose flaming cross-fires stream in sheets  
From batteries on the rival seats.  
Such blaze the town cannot remember,  
Since the great burning in December.

But hush ! the lecturer speaks—and all  
Into a listening silence fall.

He tells how Saurian monsters ran  
On earth, before the age of man ;  
And though their fossils strew the ground,  
No trace of human bones is found.  
Now, though his words are wisdom—though  
His lips with wit and genius glow ;  
Yet what to us are words or books,  
When girt with such distracting looks ?  
From creatures under earth, we move,  
To watch the living ones above.  
He holds a rocky fragment high—  
We gaze—but thwarting glances fly :  
At the volcanic fire of eyes  
The rock melts into air, and flies.  
“Marble is limestone,” says he now—  
Our eyes are on some marble brow :  
“And such is alabaster too—”  
Now necks and arms leap into view :  
From “coral reefs,” to coral lips,  
The mind, despite our efforts, slips.  
“Jet will inflame”—that’s school-boy’s lore—  
Jet eyes will burn, we knew before :  
“Our gas-lights are produced from coal”—  
Doubtless, for now before us roll  
Hundreds of coal-black eyes, with flame  
To which your hydrogen is tame.  
“Coal lies in strata”—ah ! how fair  
The “coal formation” of the hair,  
Deposited in wavy beds  
Upon the surface of those heads :

"Diamonds are charcoal"—how they glow  
Upon that hand of driven snow!  
"Sapphire is clay, though bright to view"—  
But pale to yonder eyes of blue:  
"From felspar comes our porcelain"—  
We hear, but still the giddy brain  
To woman—woman steals away,  
That "porcelain of human clay"—  
First in our thoughts, bewitching fairy!  
To thee, all rocks are secondary.

Ah! what a joyless time, and sad,  
Our Saurian predecessors had:  
Condemned to walk the gloomy earth,  
Ere blooming woman yet had birth—  
To pass that dark and dreary while,  
Without the luxury of a smile—  
Their days, a loveless, cheerless trance,  
Their nights unlighted by a glance:  
Poor things! thus hurried on the scene—  
How dull their "lectures" must have been!

## REPLY TO A LADY,

WHO SENT THE WRITER A KISS, LONG DUE, BY LETTER.

---

MANY thanks, gentle coz, for your mail-carried kiss—

But your prudence should tutor you better :  
When making a payment so precious as this,  
'Tis unsafe to transmit it by letter.

What a cruel temptation to place in the way  
Of poor post-office clerks ! should an inkling  
Escape of the treasure the post-bags convey,  
Sure the mail would be robbed in a twinkling.

Though your message declares the kiss sent, yet in  
sooth,  
Vain my search to discover and save it :  
I must own I should feel more assured of the truth,  
If from your own lips I could have it.

You may tell me, perchance, in a case of this kind,  
That the word for the deed should be taken ;  
Yet my mind, to be frank, is so strongly inclined  
To the latter, it cannot be shaken.

What ! take up with a word from a fair one, instead  
Of the mouth which the graces have lent her—  
One might as well marry a messenger maid,  
When in love with the mistress that sent her.

My soul from results to their sources aspires—  
Though some on thy word would have doted,  
Let such with the odor content their desires,  
But give me the rose whence it floated.

For how tender soever your mere word of mouth,  
'Tis for good legal tender too chilling :  
Besides—there's a discount on notes from the South,  
And bills are poor barter for billing.

Fair debtor ! your payment not yet is complete—  
Though reluctant to dun beauty's daughters,  
Excuse me ! I'll give no receipt till we meet,  
When I'll sue for my claim at head-quarters.

That receipt, should you graciously meet my appeal,  
Shall be given in full, with all fitness—  
Drawn up by my hand, and impressed by my seal,  
But I hope you'll dispense with the witness.

You must pay me in person, so precious a debt,  
I can trust to none else for collection :  
So look for no grace—I'm resolved not to let  
Any bankrupt-law yield you protection.

And how could your fair lips insolvency swear,  
When their looks would disprove their relation ?  
For 'tis plain enough kisses are blossoming there  
To meet the demands of a nation



The court of Judge Cupid has ever decreed,  
When a question like this has arisen,  
That the debtor be gaoled till the plaintiff succeed,  
With the creditor's arms for her prison.

So be ready to close our account when we meet,  
Nor drive me to such cruel measures :  
Be assured, when I press you for payment so sweet,  
It will never diminish your treasures.

## LETTER

TO A FAT MILITIA COLONEL.

---

DEAR COLONEL ; your letter is duly received—  
From the tenor of which, I perceive you are grieved  
That in spite of your sweating, and training, last fall,  
On your hard-trotting horse, and—oh ! hardest of all—  
Notwithstanding your diet in solids, and liquor,  
The fat on your carcass, grows thicker and thicker.  
Why sorrow ? methinks, it should quicken your mirth  
To reflect, that you're filling more space upon earth—  
Be consoled with the thought, in your present distress,  
Of the many advantages fat men possess—  
For a Lambert would swim where an Edson would  
drown,  
And though clumsy in action, is hard to knock down ;  
And if floored by a chance, let him fall as he will,  
While at all points so cushioned, he's sure to 'scape ill.  
Then your lean lizard beauties, are horrible ones,  
My delight is in such as have flesh on their bones—  
I maintain the old adage—which can't be rebuffed—  
That askin, like a purse, should be always well stuffed :  
And from boyhood to manhood, my palate has said  
That the thicker the butter, the sweeter the bread.

When we find, in your manner such humor and suavity,  
We're surprised so much weight, could exist without  
gravity.

So attic your wit, without grossness or fault,  
That I never saw butter so seasoned with salt—  
And your tongue keen and polished, by acid unsoiled,  
Will escape rust the longer for being well oiled—  
It were hard to determine, which virtue stands higher—  
Of your wit, or your valor, which most to admire :  
In the fight, a lank braggart might rush through the  
blaze

Without fear, and unhurt by the death-shots that rattle ;  
But the broad honest front, which the colonel displays,  
Requires all the hero to bare to the battle.

Then presume as you please, in the circles in town,  
A gallant of your avoirdupois must go down ;  
Whose personal property, speaking in bounds,  
Must approximate closely to three hundred pounds—  
For each dame, who gives squeezes, must know, if  
she's skilled,

That her rooms, when you're present, are sure to be  
filled.

Now 'tis plain that dame Nature, reviewing your case,  
And perceiving your mighty soul struggling for place,  
Has resolved, since the tenant is growing and swelling,  
To enlarge in proportion the size of its dwelling.  
Then swell on ! my bold hero, enlarge every day,  
For we can't see too much of you, look as you may :  
Your soul, like a wick, shall shine brilliantly still,  
Be the tallow around it as thick as it will ;  
And you'll leave, when by bombshell or bullet you're  
killed,

Such a void in the world, as can ne'er be refilled.

## WINTER.

---

### I.

SEASON of rigor !—when the conquering North  
Pours down his lawless, and barbarian winds—  
His flying legions thick with snowy plumes—  
Cruel marauders, to lay waste our fields,  
And rob the leafy harvest of the woods—  
I love thy face—'tis honest, and thy grasp  
Of welcome, rough, but hearty like a friend's :  
Or if we deem thee foe, at least thou art  
An open foe, that grantest ample time  
To don our armor, and prepare for strife.  
Thou giv'st no cheating promise like the spring,  
Capricious beauty ! even in her smiles  
Dealing the stab of treachery—but all  
Thy stormy terrors frankly court the day ;  
And from thy front, severely stamped with truth,  
We know, we feel we may depend on thee !  
Trainer of manhood ! nurse of energy !  
I greet thy coming, when luxurious suns  
Have sapped my vigor, and the balmy airs  
Of Summer lapped me in inglorious ease ;  
And as the soldier, wearied of the sloth,  
And dull inaction of protracted peace,  
Starts at the war-blast's summons—all alive,  
And proud to wield his energies again,

So stirs my spirit, when th' imperious North  
 First blows his roaring trumpet through the woods :  
 New-braced, with muscles tense, and beating blood,  
 I leap to action, and with conscious pride  
 Redeemed, once more I feel myself a man !

## II.

Season of patience ! when, subdued by fate,  
 Submissive Nature yields her to her doom,  
 Unmurmuring—when plundered herb, and flower,  
 Making the best of cheerless poverty,  
 Still bear with life—even of oppressing snows  
 Forming a mantle to repel the storm—  
 When every widowed tree, that lonely sighs,  
 Of sun, of leafy offspring all bereaved,  
 Consents to trials it would vainly shun,  
 Nor yet despairs—but cases every bud  
 In shining mail—sure armor 'gainst the sharp,  
 And glittering lances of assailing frost—  
 And patient bending to the tempest, waits  
 Till quickening suns shall set the prisoners free  
 To burst and revel in their new-born joy !—  
 Hence let me learn—for Nature's simplest mode  
 Teaches some lesson to the human heart—  
 When joys, the traitors, flee, and wintry skies  
 With chill and gloom o'erpower me, stripped of  
 friends

As forest trees of leaves, forlorn, and bare  
 To every biting blast—oh ! let me learn  
 Like Nature's self to sway with every gale  
 Unbroke—and, nursing in my patient heart  
 The vital spirit unsubdued, and pure,  
 Wait the bright coming of immortal Spring !

## THE RETURN TO TOWN,

AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

---

WELCOME, dear town ! once more thy streets I tread,  
Who late thy din and motley follies fled—  
But, in thy stress of trial, and of pain,  
My heart, relenting, turns to thee again :  
We greet, in sorrow, what in pride we blame,  
For oh ! affliction is a sacred claim.  
Forgive my lash—forgive my bitter sneers—  
I scorned thy smiles, but soften at thy tears.  
There is a charm and pathos in thy wreck,  
Which thy bruised head with gentler graces deck :  
As Rome, in ruins, wins more touching praise  
Than in the grandeur of her palmy days.

I stand upon thy ashes !—and the sight  
Revives the splendid horrors of that night,  
When winds and flames, in riot rude, devour  
The hoard of years, in one consuming hour.  
What wealth those fire-waves whelmed for evermore !  
Such shipwreck Commerce never knew before.  
I see the flames approach her marble fane—  
Is there no shield to ward the glittering rain ?

Now from the darkness shoots the fatal gleam—  
'Tis fired!—they strain—they drive the torrent stream  
In vain—the flames retain their noble prize—  
The crashing dome in raging surges lies.  
Now mount the flashes—startling with affright  
Far hills and cities with th' unnatural light :  
The fervid sky is glowing like the morn,  
And a young day is from that hell-womb born !

Such moments try the temper of the heart,  
And generous manhood shows its better part :  
Some, at a shrieking mother's wailings wild,  
Defy the hazard to preserve her child—  
Some brave the current, on that icy night  
In open boat—the blaze their only light,  
With arms unused to toil, the subtle grain,  
That out of wreck brings safety, to obtain :  
While others yield their piles, with all they claim,  
To sulphurous ruin—and defraud the flame.  
Such is th' enduring spirit in the breast  
Of the maim'd town, and trial is its test.  
To know its force, the bow must first be bent ;—  
The spice be bruised, before 't will yield its scent.  
Brave town ! unbowed, though levell'd to the plain,  
Thy walls shall rise—shall rise ? have risen again—  
Thyself hast sworn thy glory to renew :  
Thus to resolve on action is to do.  
I weep, yet bless the wo that proves thee great,  
Lament thy loss, but fear not for thy fate.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

---

THERE is a time of fearful change,  
That tries the anxious brain,  
And drives the life-stream of the heart  
Back to its fount again.

'Tis when the warm, o'erflowing breast  
With confidence expands ;  
And yields its jewel, happiness,  
In trust to stranger-hands.

My bride! my bride! that hour is come—  
In bright, yet dread array—  
And merry friends come trooping in,  
And all, save thee, is gay.

There is a quiver on thy lip,  
A tear-drop in thine eye—  
Oh! curl in smiles that mouth again,  
And wipe that weeper dry.

Fill high the cup! 'tis Hymen's feast—  
Unwelcome thoughts, give way!—



Shall we be sad when others smile—  
And we more blest than they ?

'Tis from our bliss their own is born—  
Our sunshine lights their eye ;  
Then let not these unworthy tears  
Our inward joy belie.

Methinks, to know thy fragile form  
Henceforth shall be entwined  
By the strong arm of watchful love,  
Should cheer thy drooping mind.

Thy lips are mute—then let the tear  
Give answer on thy cheek :  
Its silent eloquence reveals—  
Oh ! more than words could speak.

As guardian of thy bosom's peace  
I feel new energy ;  
Life has a nobler motive now,  
It is to live for thee !

Should toil or hardship mar our course,  
Should trial's front appal ;  
Fearless, for thee, my gentle bride,  
Could I encounter all !

And when a random cloud intrudes—  
As haps to all who live—  
Still will we love through all the gloom,  
And, loving, will forgive.

Thy father's counsel guides thee still,  
Thy mother's smiles delight ;  
But soon the eagle-flight of time  
Must bear them from thy sight.

Oh ! in that dark, distracting hour,  
For refuge from despair,  
Where wilt thou hide thy timid heart—  
Defenceless woman !—where ?

Here, on this firm and faithful breast  
Thy load of sorrows fling !—  
The rock, amid the storms of life,  
Where thou secure mayst cling.

## A NEW SONG,

ON AN UNFASHIONABLE THEME.

---

### I.

I HASTEN from the cares of day  
With weary heart, and sad ;  
Sure at my welcome door to meet  
A smile to make it glad :  
A smile to make it glad, dear wife,  
A tone to lull to rest—  
What wonder, like a drooping bird  
I seek my sheltered nest !

### II.

I hasten from the gayest scene  
To greet a home so dear ;  
Sure, when the dull delight is past,  
To find my pleasure here :  
To find my pleasure here, dear wife,  
Too happy in the choice  
To barter splendor for thine eyes,  
And music for thy voice.

### III.

I hasten from the death of friends,  
A prey to sorest grief ;  
Sure in thy kind consoling arms  
To find my best relief :

To find my best relief, dear wife,  
Where every wound I cure—  
Where, beggared of all other love,  
I could not yet be poor.

## IV.

I waken when my restless frame  
Subdued by sickness lies ;  
Sure, bending o'er my helpless head,  
To meet thy faithful eyes :  
To meet thy faithful eyes, dear wife,  
Though dim with watching me,  
Smiling to hide the weariness  
'T would pain my heart to see.

## V.

I quicken as I think of thee,  
When journeying far I roam ;  
Sure, at thy prayer, a heavenly hand  
Will guide me safely home :  
Will guide me safely home, dear wife,  
To little ones, and thee  
Eager with mother's pride to show  
Their newest tricks to me.

## VI.

I hide within thy breast my shame  
At passion's wayward will,  
Sure in that pure confessional  
To find forgiveness still :  
To find forgiveness still, dear wife,  
All generous as thou art :  
I cannot thank thee as I would—  
God bless thy gentle heart !

## TO AN INFANT IN HEAVEN.

---

'Lost cherub!—in our musings lone,  
We feel thou art not wholly gone:  
There's not a star in yon blue deep,  
That seeks from twilight-cloud to peep,  
But our fond, yearning hearts declare  
Thy own meek eyes are trembling there:  
There's not a sigh the Summer heaves  
Among the chafing forest-leaves,  
But in the gentle rush it brings,  
We hear the rustling of thy wings:  
At hush of night, when every thrill  
In Silence' smothering arms is still,  
Creeps thy soft whisper in my brain—  
"Be just! and we shall meet again."'

F.

---

Thou bright and star-like spirit!  
That in my visions wild  
I see mid heaven's seraphic host—  
Oh! canst thou be my child?

My grief is quenched in wonder,  
And pride arrests my sighs:  
A branch from this unworthy stock  
Now blossoms in the skies.

Our hopes of thee were lofty,  
But have we cause to grieve?  
Oh! could our fondest, proudest wish  
A nobler fate conceive?

The little weeper, tearless,  
The sinner, snatched from sin ;  
The babe, to more than manhood grown,  
Ere childhood did begin.

And I, thy earthly teacher,  
Would blush thy powers to see :  
Thou art to me the parent now,  
And I, a child to thee !

Thy brain, so uninstructed  
While in this lowly state,  
Now threads the mazy track of spheres,  
Or reads the book of fate.

Thine eyes, so curb'd in vision,  
Now range the realms of space—  
Look down upon the rolling stars,  
Look up to God's own face.

Thy little hand, so helpless,  
That scarce its toys could hold,  
Now clasps its mate in holy prayer,  
Or twangs a harp of gold.

Thy feeble feet, unsteady,  
That tottered as they trod,  
With angels walk the heavenly paths,  
Or stand before their God.

Nor is thy tongue less skilful—  
Before the throne divine

'Tis pleading for a mother's weal,  
As once she prayed for thine.

What bliss is born of sorrow !  
'Tis never sent in vain—  
The heavenly surgeon maims, to save,  
He gives no useless pain.

Our God, to call us homeward,  
His only Son sent down :  
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,  
Has taken up our own.

## HYMN OF PATIENCE.

---

MORTAL ! when thy heart is riven  
By the shaft of earthly pain,  
Grieve not—for the hand of Heaven  
While it bruises, will sustain.

Mourner ! when thy home is dreary  
By a friend estranged or dead,  
Weep not—for the lone and weary  
Find a heavenly friend, instead.

When the raging thunder crashes—  
When the lightning stroke is near—  
Start not—Him that guides the flashes  
We can trust, as well as fear.

When in justice He appals us  
By the threat of endless pain,  
Sink not—soon his mercy calls us  
To his pardoning arms again.

Father !—oh, with patience bless us,  
Till each seeming ill be past :  
Let whatever gloom oppress us,  
All must end in light at last.



## WORLDLY FRIENDSHIP.

---

OFF was I told from boyhood's days,  
'Twas vain to seek, in human ways,  
For flowers that grace a sunnier sphere—  
That Love, and Friendship bloom not here :  
That such exotics of the sky  
In our chill clime would droop and die.  
But I disdained the words of age,  
And shivered at his chilling page.  
How could my warm blood's summer stream  
Of winter's icy fetters dream ?  
Ah ! dimly books the truth reveal—  
We cannot know until we feel.

Yes ! sights they little dreamed to view  
Have filled these trusting eyes with dew :  
I've seen kind hearts won, used, betrayed,  
And stepping-stones to profit made :  
I've seen the selfish reach his end  
O'er the crushed bosom of a friend—  
A friend, whose too devoted heart  
Braved all, and gladly, for his part :

Who, mounted high, unfeeling grows,  
 And spurns the steps by which he rose—  
 He, whom his vampire thirst had drained  
 While yet a lingering drop remained,  
 Is left, a worn-out steed, disgraced,  
 To perish on the barren waste.  
 Oh ! foulest fiend on earth that groans—  
 Ingratitude ! whose raven tones  
 More harsh than hell's gate-hinges grate,  
 Thy brightest is no envied fate ;  
 For on thy front the blasting stain  
 Is branded, like the mark of Cain ;  
 And, in thine every triumph here,  
 A "still small voice" shall pierce thine ear,  
 And shriek "Remember !" till aside  
 Thy skulking head for shame shall hide.

Oh ! when these sickening scenes we view,  
 The heart will ask "are none then true" ?  
 Kind Heaven !—in my night-wanderings far,  
 Twinkles for me no cheering star ?  
 Is no true friend reserved for me ?—  
 Dearest ! there is, and thou art she !  
 To thee ! to thee ! in every ill  
 Of time, and change, I turn me still.  
 From hollow friends, and selfish foes,  
 To thee ! my jaded spirit goes :  
 Life's warring spears, which compass me,  
 But drive me closer home to thee !  
 One heavenly chord still sooths mine ear,  
 'Mid all the jarring discord here :  
 One desert-foam still flows, whose brink  
 Invites my parching lips to drink :

One bosom-pillow still is spread,  
Whereon may rest my throbbing head.  
Giver of mercies !—I would bow  
Submissive to each chastening blow ;  
And, as the grateful peasant cried,  
To whom earth's goods thou hadst denied,  
Blessing his God, through every ill,  
The light of day was left him still ;  
So give I thanks, whate'er befall,  
Thou still hast left what gladdens all !

## THE WRECK OF THE "HOME."

---

ON Hudson's noble waters  
A sea-bound vessel rides,  
In all the pride of mould, and strength,  
To grace, and scorn the tides.

And crowds her sides are climbing—  
Who could forbear to roam  
In halls so gay—on keel so fleet  
As thine, ill-fated "Home?"

Sweet name! to tempt the wanderer  
That seeks his native shore—  
Ah! yield not to the winning sound—  
Or yielding hope no more!

Beware her treacherous beauty!  
Tread not her brittle deck—  
For in your bitterest hour of need  
She'll part, a faithless wreck.

Turn back! thou reckless mother—  
Oh! will thy precious child  
Sleep better rocked in surges' arms,  
Or hushed by sea-blasts wild?

Gray sire of fourscore winters !  
Is life so little dear—  
Comes death so little near to thee  
That thou must seek him here ?

Brave not the seas, ye brothers !  
Can friendship balk the main ?  
Be your love-links of adamant,  
The wave will snap the chain.

Bright bud of opening beauty !  
Sweet maid of gentle heart—  
The pride—the solace of all friends—  
Thou must not hence depart !—

The sunken rock will bruise thee,  
The wintry waters chill ;  
Thy lips will quaff the bitter brine—  
Oh ! stay in safety, still.

Heaven has like thee too many,  
To need another there ;  
And weedy earth, alas ! too few  
Such precious flowers to spare !

Ere sorrow's night can lower,  
Young spirit, thou shalt flee—  
Bright, sudden—as the star of eve  
Drops, glittering, in the sea !

Frail bark ! thou'rt doomed to curses  
From many a widowed heart,  
When thy rent ribs shall strew the shore—  
Oh ! haste not to depart !

She's off, like restive courser !  
And, eager for the main,  
With trampling wheels, and panting breath,  
Bounds o'er the billowy plain.

Joy thrills the home-bound traveller,  
His treasures soon to greet—  
Kind hearts, dear voices long unheard,  
Bright smiles and welcome sweet.

But hark !—the winds are blowing  
Their tempest-trump—and high  
The driven billows heave, and foam,  
And storm-clouds scour the sky !

A gale, brave bark, is rushing—  
Would try thee, though of steel !—  
At every flap of saucy wave  
She quivers to her keel.

A leak !—God give them courage !  
This is no time to shrink—  
Rouse all ! ev'n woman's tender hand  
Must struggle, or they sink.

In vain !—the searching waters  
Stream through her shattered frame—  
Her floundering wheels are mired in foam—  
Quenched is her vital flame.

Now spread all sail ! good seamen—  
Back ! on the track ye've crossed—  
Last hope—and drive her on the beach !—  
Speed ! speed ! or all is lost.

Fast flying on the breakers,  
Through darkness, roar, and rain,  
She rushes blindly—staggers—strikes !  
Her back is broke in twain.

Down in the boiling waters,  
With screams and strife, they slide :  
And, from the fragments where they cling,  
Drop, beaten by the tide !

Now comes the final struggle—  
The yell, the gasp, the leap—  
The weak, convulsive, clench the strong,  
And drag them down the deep !

Hast failed to reach thy haven,  
Bright maiden homeward bound !  
Ah no !—on yon star-beaconed shores  
Thy better home is found.

Bruised, shivering, on the pebbles,  
A few are flung alive ;  
And turn to hark, through winds, and waves,  
If they alone survive.

But, mid the roaring tempest,  
No sounds upon them break,  
Save the deep groan of failing strength,  
And the sharp gurgling shriek !

Howl !—howl ye strangling billows !  
And drown that piteous moan—  
Ye ne'er, in all your murderous course,  
A fouler deed have done !

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

---

### I.

SHE sank, an exile, to her last repose ;  
No early friend—no tender father near—  
No mother by, the dying eyes to close—  
The last faint wishes of the heart to hear.

### II.

But God before the sufferer's couch appeared—  
Friend of the friendless, He was by her side :  
His word more than a father's counsel cheered,  
His whispered hope a mother's love supplied.

### III.

She felt the comfort of a friend so true,  
And knew the voice her failing ear that blest :  
Knew 'twas His hand that smoothed her pillow—  
knew  
'Twas on His bosom that she sank to rest.

### IV.

Ye wounded hearts ! that bleed at every string  
Torn from the idol of long, happy years,  
Knew ye her joy, your grief would lose its sting ;  
Saw ye her smiles, ye soon would dry your tears..



## V.

What! weep for her? poor roving, wearied souls,  
While she, safe-landed on the homeward side,  
Waves her white hands to warn you from the shoals,  
Or clasps, in suppliance for an heavenly guide?

## VI.

Nay, rather seek to aid the purpose high—  
To reap the good—for which the blow was given,  
For God may deign to make the slenderest tie  
A clew to lead the wanderer up to Heaven.

## THE FRIEND THAT DIED FOR ME.

---

WHEN blind with sin, my Father's will  
I reckless disobeyed,  
One pitying friend bore with me still,  
And interceding prayed.  
With sobs, and tears, he bent him down,  
A suppliant on the knee—  
Oh! shall my thankless heart disown  
The friend that wept for me?

When sore beset with deadly foes,  
Forlorn, about to yield,  
His guardian arm would interpose  
To succor, and to shield.  
His wounds secured me from distress—  
His sufferings set me free—  
Oh! grateful, let me ever bless  
The friend that bled for me.

And when insulted Justice claimed  
A victim for His shrine,  
This faithful friend, unsought, unblamed,  
Laid down his life for mine.  
The tortures I deserved, he bore,  
And perished on the tree—  
Oh! let my prostrate soul adore  
The friend that died for me.

## THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF MANHOOD.

---

IN my young march up manhood's steep—  
How pearly were the skies !  
How bright the purple tops did peep  
Upon my morning eyes !

Oh ! sure beyond those barrier-peaks,  
Methought, when I shall stand,  
My heart will find the food it seeks—  
There lies the golden land !

And sated oft with sport, mine eye  
Would seek that distant hill,  
Whose untried glories should supply  
The something lacking still.

Now, climbed the hill, and won the charm,  
Oh ! why not on me burst  
The prize, to tempt the soul's right arm—  
The draught to quench her thirst ?

I feel the leap of powers within,  
Begot in loftier sphere,  
That find no worthy prize to win—  
No match to rouse them here.

The world's broad landscape fills the eye,  
But empty leaves the mind—  
Alas ! I have no heart to try  
The barren joys I find.

Here tower the mountain-heights of fame,  
There vales of pleasure sleep ;  
And rivers, lit with golden flame,  
To wealth's wide ocean sweep.

But yon bleak heights are chill with snow,  
And fevers haunt those vales ;  
While rapids mar yon rivers' flow,  
And wreck the bark that sails.

And is this all ! my head exclaims—  
This all ! my echoing heart—  
Be such, oh earth ! thy highest aims,  
Then let me hence depart.

The land surveyed, and worthless found,  
Why pitch my dwelling here ?—  
Ye stars !—oh take my soul unbound  
To your own glittering sphere !

' Stay !'—whispers me a still small voice—  
' Thy daring wish restrain !—  
Though poor, of earth's pursuits, the choice,  
They are not wholly vain.

' If powers, for earthly task too great,  
For worthier service sigh,  
'Tis proof they'll find that better fate—  
They shall not useless die.

' Ignoble though the game, or goal,  
The race gives vigor still :  
Cares train the sinews of the soul  
To serve a deathless will.

' Earth is the school to guide thy growth,  
And fit thee for thy home ;  
And manhood, but the nobler youth  
Of nobler life to come.

' Apprenticed here, the work, though vain,  
Thy powers develops still ;  
Thou aim'st at puppets but to gain  
For nobler marks the skill.

' As trees beneath the soil must shoot  
Before they form the grove,  
So man in earth must spread his root  
That hopes to bloom above.'

I listen, humbled to the ground,  
That I should seek to fly,  
In chains of guilt, and ignorance bound,  
To the free realms of sky.

No ! let me store my better part,  
And waste my term no more ;  
Then sail, with freighted head, and heart,  
For yon star-pebbled shore !

There, in that clime of fruits, and flowers,  
The soul shall find her fill

Of tasks, that more than rouse her powers—  
Of joys, that more than thrill.

Such task shall be on God to wait :  
Though humblest there, more proud  
To ope to passing saints the gate,  
Than here to rule the crowd.

Such joy—o'er crystal walls to pore  
On spheres no longer dim ;  
And list to stars, unheard no more,  
That chant their evening hymn.

Perchance, admitted to His face,  
When I the blaze can bear,  
I'll join the body-guard of grace,  
And learn to worship there.

Perchance, Great King ! Thou'lt bid me speed  
(Grown riper, taught by thee)  
Ambassador to worlds in need,  
Far o'er the ether sea !

Perchance, when new creations spring,  
I'll join the bright parade,  
When all wide heaven is on the wing,  
And learn how worlds are made.

Let me no more the steps despise  
Which such a height begin ;  
But, with the sigh that seeks the skies,  
Put forth the strength to win.

## TO THE FIRST CROCUS.

---

FAIR herald of the train  
Of many colored flowers ! why in such haste ?  
Thou wilt find time in the long summer's reign  
To blossom, and to waste.

So white, so fresh, so new—  
Sure thy chaste veins, which drink dissolving snows,  
Have with their juices sucked their lily hue :  
Thy cheek so palely blows.

And yet not all are pale,  
For as I speak fresh wonders are unrolled :  
Thy new-born sisters burst their glittering mail  
Of purple, and of gold.

Young guileless innocent !  
That op'st thy bosom to the earliest ray  
Of treacherous April, all too confident  
The glowing joy will stay,

I pity thee—for soon  
New snows will cover all thy beauties up ;

Or chilly clouds will rob thee of the noon,  
And shut thy baffled cup.

And yet thou shalt not sink :  
There is a hand upholds the pure from ill,  
By inexperience led to danger's brink,  
That will support thee still.

Be patient ! to the end—  
Soft winds shall be thy playmates, birds shall sing,  
And o'er thy grave with drooping heads shall bend,  
All the fair host of Spring.

And thou shalt leave a train  
Of bright successors to thy jewelled crown :  
Unnumbered blossoms in their turn shall reign,  
And hand thy honors down.

When spring shall wake again,  
And many a head that greets thee now—lie low ;  
Thy own will peep above the snowy plain  
As rash—as fair as now !



## SENSATIONS AND REFLECTIONS,

CAUSED BY THE EARTHQUAKE IN JANUARY, 1841.

---

'Some say the earth was fer'rous, and did shake.'—MACBETH.

---

I LAY at morn half conscious of the dawn :  
My pausing soul, touched by returning sense  
Of duty, yet unwilling to forbear  
Her rosy journey through the land of dreams,  
Hung doubtful like a cloud 'twixt heaven and earth  
Midway, or like a failing bird that long  
Had beat the ether of sublimer spheres,  
Reluctant downward drooped—when suddenly  
Shouted a mighty voice, and truant Reason  
Leaped to her post : deep inward groans, as though  
The uttered grief of Earth's capacious breast,  
Came up, and her profound and solid frame  
Shuddered beneath me, that my lifted couch  
Quivered unsteady as a floating bark :  
Wonder and awe oppressed me, and I felt  
Held for the instant in the hand of God !  
I knew the frantic EARTHQUAKE in his car  
Had rattled by, and laughed ; and visions swift  
Trooped o'er my brain, of horrors manifold  
That have befallen when this mighty orb

Cracked like a globe of glass, alarming nations  
With the wild thunder ; whose deep-rung vibrations  
Ran jarring from the tropic to the pole :  
When cities shook, unseated ; and loose walls,  
And staggering towers across the peopled streets,  
Nodded and knocked their heads, in ponderous ruin  
Deep-burying all below : wildest convulsion  
Of all that agitate the frame of Nature !

How solemn 'tis upon the rocking deep  
To feel the mastery of the lawless waves !  
Helpless, uncertain but their treacherous arms,  
That lift us up so high, may part apace,  
And down to dark and unimagined horrors  
Leave us to sink : what double terror then  
When sober Earth mimics the reeling sea !  
And plains, upheaving unto billows, yield  
Unsolid to the foot of man and beast ;  
When our sure dwelling, like a foundering bark,  
Pitches and rolls, the plaything of those strange  
Unnatural waves ; while hideous underneath  
Yawn greedier caves than deepest ocean hides,  
Glutted with fragments of the shipwrecked earth,  
Clashing and plunging down !—O ! let us kneel  
And offer up the incense of our thanks  
To Him that spared us blow so horrible,  
And only laid his lightest finger-touch  
(Gently as though the frozen frame of Earth  
Had barely shivered with the wintry chill,  
Or as some wing of passing angel, bound  
From sphere to sphere, had brushed the golden chain  
That hangs our planet to the throne of God,)  
To jog our sluggish memories that His hand  
Upholds, commands us still.

Tremble, ye rich !

Where were your mansions now, had HE, indignant,  
Pushed from their firm foundations ? Where your  
lands,

Had HIS unpitying hand, withdrawing, left,  
Their unsupported burthen to go down  
To the strange bottom of some new-born sea ?  
Tremble, ye great ! ye puny apes of power,  
That with mock-majesty misrule the earth,  
Where were ye now, had HIS insulted rod  
In earnest ire fell on your heads ? Ye ! whom  
This lightest pulse of the Almighty heart  
Quails to your just dimensions ! Yet wherefore  
Bid warning to the rich, the great, alone,  
When ALL should reverent bow : have we not all  
A stake more priceless than command or gold—  
His favor ? Let our thousand hearts, that stirred  
Like leaves at this hushed whisper of His might,  
Pause, and with inward probing seek the cause  
Which drew the chiding of the Sovereign down.  
Are HIS commands forgot ?—our solemn duties  
Ill-done ? or left, through folly's vain pursuit,  
Untouched ? Then let us wisely take new heart,  
And from the couch that trembled at HIS touch  
Rise up, resolved to bend us to our task  
With manly zeal, that at the close of day  
We may go up to meet our Master's face,  
And claim the promised wages without shame !

Thus lulled to calm reliance in the fold  
Of 'everlasting arms,' should lurking tempests  
Spring sudden upon sleeping Nature ; should  
Rebellious fires, that in th' embowelled Earth

Lie prisoned, rise, and writhing to be free,  
Burst her centripetal and iron bands—  
Unhinging continents, uprooting mountains,  
Until her ragged quarters all at large  
Fly diverse into space, leaving a gap  
Of yawning night, wherein our helpless form  
Drops like a stone, piercing an unknown gulf,  
Too deep for thought to sound—how would we smile  
At baffled Fate! safe in the precious trust  
That we had won us an Almighty friend,  
And he would lend us wings to break our fall!

## OUR COUNTRY: A LYRIC.

---

### I.

HAIL to thee, Native Country !  
The young, the brave, the free :  
What heart of true-born child of thine  
Beats not with pride for thee ?  
Thine are the unshorn mountains,  
And thine the sweeping streams,  
The billowy and the shoreless plains,  
Whose soil exhaustless teems !

### II.

Far o'er the world of waters,  
From Europe's broken chain,  
Freedom, a wandering exile fled,  
To found a nobler reign.  
The westering sun she followed  
To this her chosen ground,  
Where tyrant never planted foot,  
And God alone is found !

### III.

Bright flower among the nations !  
Wild blossom, half-disclosed,

Yet fairer in thy opening bud,  
Than with full bloom exposed—  
The glory of thy forests  
Can ancient realms outshine ?  
The pride of Art let others boast,  
But Nature's best is thine !

## IV.

Thy waters need no minstrel  
To sound their mighty name :  
Niagara is a herald-trump  
More worthy of their fame.  
Far flow thy swelling rivers,  
Wide roll thy spreading seas :—  
The burthen-stéeds of boundless wealth,  
The silver chains of peace.

## V.

Thy people need no monarch,  
No sceptred 'man of straw ;'  
Their rulers are their servants all—  
The freeman's king is LAW.  
They boast no haughty title,  
From ages gone before :  
They know, and proudly know, their sires,  
O ! need they seek for more !

## VI.

Thine is the noblest charter  
By wisdom ever penned ;  
And what thy sages could achieve,  
Thy soldiers can defend :  
By this the humblest yeoman,

Released from every ban,  
May lift to Heaven his honest front,  
And feel himself a man !

## VII.

Thine are the generous fathers,  
Who, claiming but a grave,  
The soil to Freedom and her heirs,  
A mighty freehold gave !  
Their star-illumined record  
Of trial deeds sublime,  
Will guide and cheer the struggling free,  
Throughout the route of time.

## VIII.

Thine is the youthful navy  
That in a night arose,  
And thundered through the sounding seas  
Defiance to its foes :  
Wherever blow the breezes—  
At home throughout the world—  
Her canvass flaps its daring wings,  
Her banner is unfurled.

## IX.

Thine is the glorious Union,  
That like the solar sway,  
Binds roving stars of various clime  
In one harmonious play :  
Wheel within wheel revolving,  
The vast machine sublime  
Rolls on, the model of the free,  
The wonder of the time.

## X.

Fair group of sister-nations !  
In holy friendship twined,  
Still cherish with unbroken front  
One heart, one voice, one mind :  
God bless the sacred union  
That made the many one,  
And lead the sisters hand in hand,  
Till thousand years are gone !



## FREEDOM TO HER SONS.

A LYRIC ON THE TIMES.(27)

Sons of a dauntless race !  
That danger could not shake,  
Nor load of crushing trials break,  
Nor hungry want debase,  
When struggling Freedom bade them wake  
To battle for their country's sake,  
And save their trembling mother from disgrace,  
What palsy numbs your muscles' might ?  
What thunder-cloud spreads noonday night  
O'er the meridian splendors bright  
That lit the happy land ?  
Why do the loom and spindle cease,  
Deranged, as if by war, in peace ?  
Why do the skill of artisan,  
And rugged force of laboring man,  
The daring keels of Commerce bold,  
Her mazy schemes—her streams of gold,  
And all the thousand wheels she roll'd,  
Stand ?  
Degenerate !—wherefore do ye pause,  
In any stress, in dumb surprise ?

Your manly sires, whate'er the cause,  
Had met the ill in other guise—  
Did they surrender to despair ?  
Did the staunch yeoman tamely stare,  
In mute inaction lost,  
When danger, death, and even disgrace  
(Most frightful) met them face to face,  
And all their lances tost ?  
And shall ye, with far lesser anguish,  
In such unworthy stupor languish ?

Wake ! ye sleepers—'tis not night !  
An eclipse but veils the light  
For a moment from your sight—  
But for a moment darkness spreads :  
But ye stand, with terror crost ;  
As if hope, country, all were lost,  
And ruins' rocks hung tottering o'er your heads.

What though distress awhile denies  
Your pampered taste its luxuries—  
And honest labor struggling hard,  
Finds not at once its due reward—  
By whom was such foul harvest sown ?  
Alas ! the blame—rash children !—is your own.

Ye strove to grasp, at once, the spoil  
God grants alone to patient toil ;  
And, in the plunder of a day,  
Would bear the wealth of years away—  
What wonder, Mammon's hurried wheels  
By friction into flames should break !  
What wonder, from such clouds in peals  
The thunder-tongue of God should speak !

Oh ! think ye Heaven can mark, unmoved,  
Such error in a land beloved ?  
Perchance the alarming crash was sent  
As warning, not as punishment—  
Not idly pealed to raise our wonder,  
But, while it shakes, to clear the air, like thunder !—  
A promise, when the vapors fly,  
That brighter suns and skies are nigh.  
Heaven only dams, to spread the tide  
In lake-like bounty still more wide ;  
If well we take, the stroke may prove  
As healing as the scourge of love.  
The thongs that lash, the spurs that gash,  
To victory urge the horse ;  
The gales that bend, the vessel send  
More swiftly on her course.  
Then, though the rocking seas be rough,  
What care we ?—our good ship is tough.  
Oh ! fear ye the stormy waves and gales  
Your bark will overwhelm,  
While Nature's life-breath swells your sails,  
And Freedom keeps the helm ?

Desponders, wake ! arise !  
Rouse your slumbering energies !  
No more at phantoms quail !  
Have I, your mother, quit your side ?  
Is not your own—of lands the pride ?  
Does bounteous Nature fail ?  
Do not her glorious suns still rise ?  
Still suck the sea-mist to the skies !  
Do not her clouds, with wealth o'ergrown,  
Still shower the quickening life-drops down ?

Do not your mountains yield the plain,  
From their broad backs, the gathered rain ?  
Do not your brimming streams still sweep  
Along their highways to the deep,  
In boundless, ceaseless, majesty ?  
Say ! are their channels dry ?

And, more than all, does not the plain  
Wave with its billowy seas of grain ?  
Wherever sown, (would more were sown,)  
How have the heavy harvests grown !  
How the gay heads of corn and grass  
Nod welcome as ye pass !  
Suns, streams, fat plains, and dropping showers,  
Full harvests, odors, fruits and flowers—  
All Nature's treasure-gifts profuse,  
With health to enjoy, and strength to use,  
All, ripe for gathering at your door—  
These, in a land of rank, and fame,  
Where Law and Freedom reign secure,  
Twin-monarchs on the throne—Oh ! shame !  
Have ye all these, and yet are poor ?

Sons of a simple race !  
Whose purer taste not yet was fired  
With the mad rage to hoard and spend,  
Whose purer habits scarce required  
More than their native soil could lend,  
How different your insatiate thirst  
For the besotting bowl of gain !  
As if the golden shower were first  
Of all the joys the heavens can rain—  
How changed your pride, to shine profuse  
In all that foreign arts produce,

Disdaining as beneath your use  
What native skill can give.

Back to the soil ! thence sprang your sires  
To shield it through the battle-broil ;  
Men cling to what their care requires—  
They love it best who till the soil.  
Return ! your wasteful course despise !  
And scorn by strangers to be fed—  
Once banish foreign luxuries,  
Ye'll want not foreign bread—  
I ask ye but to dig, to sow  
That soil I called your sires to win ;  
And bury, with the furrowing plough,  
Your load of gathering woes therein.

Rise, my sons ! ye're destined still  
To loftier seats on Glory's hill—  
Freedom still success insures  
To the land that best endures—  
Then, bound for greatness, speed ye on !  
Girt for the race with native strength alone—  
'Tis native strength the prize secures ;  
Cleared is the track, and bright the sun,  
To win, to seize, ye've but to run—  
For Nature's God his part has done,  
To do the rest, is yours.

## THE LOST PLEIAD:

OR THE STAR OF NEW-JERSEY. (35)

---

'Tis done! our glorious standard  
Droops blotted on the air :  
The star that earliest rose and shone  
Is veiled in vapors there.

From that bright constellation  
Whose rays illumed the world,  
One Pleiad fire is quenched in gloom—  
One ancient orb is hurled.

The light, that like a beacon  
First cheered our fainting sires,  
When rushing tempest shook their bark,  
By impious hands expires.

The state, that suffered sores  
When Freedom was unchained,  
With all her venerable scars  
Denied the prize she gained :

The battle-ground of Freedom,  
The brunt of war that braved,  
Dishonored with a broken seal—  
Disfranchised and enslaved.

Was it for this at Trenton  
Was drawn th' avenging sword ?  
Was it for this on Monmouth plain  
Heroic blood was poured ?

Is this, great shade of Mercer !  
The harvest of thy strife ?  
Was it for this thy wounds were borne—  
For this was paid thy life ?

Rise, sons of gallant fathers !—  
Did foreign foe invade,  
I know each breast would bar his march—  
Each hand would find its blade :

What matter who the oppressors  
That on our rights have trod ?  
Rise all !—with just, yet bloodless arms—  
Redeem your native sod !

Away with paltry jarrings  
When laws are overthrown !  
Each true son of a sovereign state  
Should make her shame his own.

Take nobler ground than party  
When Freedom is your plea !—  
It little boots who reigns or falls,  
Let but the state be free.

Then speak !—one voice of thunder  
Will rend the gloom in twain,  
And 'mid the broken clouds reveal  
Our ancient star again !

## ELEGY.

---

**MARSHALL !**—thy name is written on the rock  
Where Freedom raised her standard in despair ;  
But braved triumphantly the tyrant's shock,  
And drove the baffled lion to his lair.

For thee thy country mourns—departed worth !  
Whose hand upheld her from her childhood's years ;  
For thee ! her guide—her guardian from her birth,  
The grateful orphan sheds her generous tears.

Thine is the double glory, to sustain  
The prize of liberty, as well as win ;  
With open foes to triumph on the plain,  
And thwart the plots of treacherous friends within.

Remnant revered of freedom's holy band !  
Who lingered long, yet bade, too soon, adieu ;  
Ah ! whither now shall turn thy widowed land ?  
In danger's hour, whose hand will guide her  
through ?

Feeble and few, thy hoary mates appear  
Who drank pure freedom from her fountain-head :



What now is left to keep the current clear ?

What—save the bright example of the dead ?

In storms of war, in every civil strife

When license threatens freedom with its blight,

We'll ope the spotless pages of thy life,

And read the lesson that shall lead us right.

## THE UNION HYMN.

---

WHEN o'er the wide land terror-clouds were rolling,  
When tyrant rulers threatened to enslave,  
What did our fathers in that fearful trial,  
Weak, scattered, few, their precious rights to save?  
Not with desponding, not with despairing,  
Did the bold freemen meet the tempest-blast;  
But solemn, firm, with hearts and hands united,  
Life, fortune, honor, staked upon the cast.

### CHORUS.

Then rally round the star-flag! sons and heirs of  
freemen—  
All chains we spurn, save such as brothers bind:  
Oh! sacred union! marriage-tie of heaven—  
Who dare divorce what God himself has joined?  
Then hail! hail to union! sole chain of freemen!  
Stones of one arch, one common fate we'll find.  
Together!—together!—A band of brothers all,  
Together will we stand or fall!

When rending cannon pealed their dreadful thunder,  
When hireling legions stained the sacred soil,  
What did our fathers in that hour appalling—  
Half-armed, unused to front the battle-broil?  
Not by retreating from the frightful carnage—  
Did the true soldiers yield the sod to slaves;  
But, linked together shoulder to shoulder,  
Bore their invaders back upon the waves.  
Then rally, &c.

When thwarted traitors sought our bands to sunder,  
When party frenzy shook the land's extremes,  
What did our fathers when the clouds of treason  
Hung o'er our stars and dimmed their rising beams?  
Not to ambition yielding false-hearted  
Were the true patriots tempted by the spoil :  
North, South and West, in phalanx staunch, unbroken,  
Spurned their false friends and hissed them from  
the soil.  
Then rally, &c.

When crashing broadsides o'er the waves were  
booming,  
When haughty fleets our commerce would dismay,  
What did our fathers when the lords of ocean  
Bade them surrender to their sovereign sway ?  
Not, basely yielding to the lofty summons,  
Did the bold seamen from the struggle flee ;  
But to the rent mast nailed the insulted standard,  
And round it rallying, set the ocean free.  
Then rally, &c.

Firm-linked and true in every coming danger,  
War, civil broil, or treason's dreader pest,  
Still like our fathers let us cling to union—  
Hold but to that, and Heaven will do the rest!—  
Year after year along our dazzling banner  
New stars uprising, swell the clustered flame :  
Nations benighted hail the constellation—  
Beacon of Freedom on the heights of Fame.  
Then rally, &c.

## POLITICS,

AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

---

'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.'—DR. JOHNSON.

---

MY DEAR MECÆNAS : In this noisy time,  
When party-chorus drowns the song of rhyme,  
When the wide strife of busy patriots, prone  
To push their country's welfare—and their own,  
So stuns, that lyres the loudest to our ears  
Would murmur softly as the hymning spheres,  
What hope has mine, the faintest of the train,  
To wake and win a hearing for its strain ?  
But thou wilt list, however rude my skill—  
Above the strife we'll hold communion still—  
Watch undisturbed the raving crowd the while,  
And smile, where shame forbids us not to smile.

From the high watch-tower of thine elbow-chair,  
Survey the land—behold the conflict there :  
The same as ever in free states abides :  
Two broad divisions take contending sides,  
The *Ins* and *Outs*—for such their titles still,  
Disguise, miscall them as their holders will.

The Outs combine the spoils of power to gain,  
 The Ins are leagued as firmly to retain.  
 Assailants those, defenders these we find :  
 They sound their war-cries, and the battle's joined.  
 The Ins, besieged, the 'vantage ground maintain—  
 They must be ousted ere their foes can gain ;  
 But with assailants glows a hope, a zeal,  
 An active spur, their rivals never feel.  
 The Ins, their hot besiegers to annoy,  
 Proclaim them plunderers, banded to destroy :  
 The Outs declare the land about to sink—  
 Law, justice, freedom on destruction's brink ;  
 Our wealth, wives, fire-sides, children, all at stake—  
 Shakes with the din the land—so let it shake :  
 'Tis scene for laughter rather than for fear :  
 Such blustering tempest sweeps the sky more clear.  
 'Tis like the strife of Law's fierce brotherhood,  
 Whose fruit is truth, the nation's heartiest food.

Now patriots swarm : oh, happy, happy land !  
 Such hosts of brave defenders to command.  
 They err, who hold that dangers chiefly breed  
 Spontaneous patriots at their country's need :  
 For most we find the precious crop increase,  
 When sleeps the nation in the arms of peace.  
 Thronged e'er, as now, such numbers ready-made,  
 Their darling country—and themselves—to aid ?  
 Speak, Muse !—how now !—response I vainly seek :  
 The jade so titters that she cannot speak.

'Twere well indeed did partisan excess  
 Beyond fair courtesy no farther press ;

But the low arts now growing into use,  
Demand severe chastisement of the Muse.  
Parties are courtiers to the people-king—  
Each seeks the shelter of the sovereign's wing :  
Should one win favor by a fawning bow,  
His foe supplants him by a stoop more low ;  
Both hope to find by flatt'ry's readier clew,  
The grace alone to honest service due.  
No fouler maxim 'scaped the devil's lair  
Than this, that 'all in politics is fair :'  
That men in crowds may stoop to deeds of shame,  
Which singly done, would blast the surest fame :  
Who, lonely, quake, by spectral shame assailed,  
When backed by numbers, meet the ghost unquailed.  
As if disgrace that singly would appal  
By others shared were no disgrace at all :  
Fierce partisans with this unholy cry,  
Rush to the fight and every weapon ply—  
No means too base that win the victory :  
Uphold for office to the giddy mass  
The most obsequious of the servile class—  
From crawling creatures choose their candidate,  
Since worms for gudgeons are the surest bait,  
And slanderous charges of corruption wide,  
Reckless of truth, they hurl from side to side ;  
With taunts so filthy, that they soil alike  
The lips that cast them with the heads they strike.  
Peace to all such !—the muse disdains her wrath  
To waste on reptiles that beset her path.

But were there some, whose lofty shining name  
Their country blazons on her lists of fame,  
With honor pure, with genius like the sun  
That warms and quickens all it shines upon,

Whom our proud hearts, when civil tempests chafe,  
 As beacons hail, and feel the state is safe ;  
 Should such, ambitious blindly of disgrace,  
 Stoop from their height to seek or hold to place,  
 And yielding country at a party's call,  
 Grant to the half what should be given to all,  
 And plunging reckless in the muddy tide,  
 Rush on—our pity who were once our pride—  
 No matter whither, so themselves but ride—  
 Slaves, by their myriad masters' will assigned  
 Tasks most revolting to the lofty mind ;  
 To quit the bench, the senate, for the field,  
 For self the arms of eloquence to wield ;  
 Blushing, to vaunt their merits through the land,  
 And sue for praises which they should command :  
 The friends of peace—the flames of strife to light :  
 The people's guides—to lead them from the right :  
 To rouse the passions which they should allay,  
 To cloud the visions they should light with day :  
 And, hardest service for a generous foe,  
 To hide all merit which their rivals show :  
 Neglecting country, often in her need,  
 Before a rival's measure shall succeed.  
 Oh ! sad decline—oh ! fatal barter base !  
 When Freedom's champions honor yield for place :  
 What doom to sullied greatness shall we deal ?  
 Enough reproach !—they need it not who feel.  
 The muse forbears, when conscience' self shall scourge  
 With lash more sure than satire's skill can urge :  
 To such, defeat can scarcely add a sting,  
 And triumph's tide flows bitter from its spring.

Time was, the highway up to public fame  
 By honest hearts was travelled without shame ;

But who would now a road so miry tread,  
To win dishonoring laurels for his head ?  
For me, Mæcenas, if the choice were mine,  
Albeit unfit in such career to shine,  
Albeit too glad to win the humblest fame,  
I would not seek what must be sought through shame.  
If I must sell my freeman's right of speech,  
Nor hold a thought save what my masters teach ;  
For grudging votes play beggar where I can,  
And stoop to all that misbecomes a man ;  
If I must balk my rival in the race,  
By every artifice uncourteous, base—  
Conceal the good, exaggerate the ill,  
And though convinced keep unconverted still ;  
If I must, losing, pour on him that beat  
Slanders most coarse, for ruffians only meet ;  
Or, winning, vainly boasting of my crown,  
With scoff unmanly foully tread him down :  
And, more than all, if I must basely part  
With every stay that props the manly heart ;  
Respect, pride, conscience, justice, honesty,  
And though a freeman be no longer free ;  
If such the route the dupe of fame must stray,  
Oh ! lead me, Heaven ! some safe inglorious way ;  
Yes ! better linger in my lowly sphere,  
Than purchase honors at a price so dear—  
Yes ! better rest an humble son of rhyme,  
With spurring wish, but halting power to climb ;  
With dogging critics yelping at my heels,  
And all the pangs the poet dreams he feels :  
Not wholly cheerless, while a page is free,  
Where I, Mæcenas, may commune with thee—  
Where, though the loud world haply scorns to hear,  
A friendly few still lend a willing ear :



Oh ! sure the bard not wholly chants in vain  
That finds one worthy listener for his strain.

Adieu ! my friend ; although my anxious mind  
Much to condemn, and more to pity find,  
I am no croaker, for I feel too sure  
New habits will prevail, and times more pure.  
Deem me the last, whatever tempests wear,  
That of our brave republic would despair :  
Yes ! though her frame should tremble to its base  
With the rude struggle of the game for place,  
Though the mad waves clash eager to o'erwhelm,  
Still would I hope, while Freedom keeps the helm !  
Our father's blood still courses in our veins,  
Our fathers' banner streams above our plains :  
Let but a foeman's footstep print the sand,  
I know one thrill would quiver through the land—  
I know the ranks, now face to face that brawl,  
Would, opening sudden at the trumpet's call,  
Wheel to the foe with undivided front,  
Blent on the instant for the battle's brunt :  
And our proud stars, that sleep in silver haze,  
When peace o'erpowers them with her moonlight  
blaze,  
In war's eclipse would kindle on the eye,  
And cheer the nations as in days gone by !

## LETTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER, (29)

IN REPLY TO THE CRITICS.

---

MY DEAR MECÆNAS : Let appalling news  
The rude abruptness of my note excuse ;  
From Gotham's din rejoiced at my release,  
In rural shades indulging dreams of peace,  
Judge my dismay, when doubling peals of thunder  
Rent the calm silence of my sky asunder !  
In wild alarm, the tenants of my brain  
Held sudden parley 'mid the hurricane ;  
And, as I listened to each dropping word,  
My Muse and Reason meeting thus conferred :

MUSE.

What crash—what peal—what rupture of the spheres,  
Rings its loud 'larum through my startled ears !

REASON.

What crash, good Muse ? I cannot hear a sound ;  
Some teasing wasp, perchance, is buzzing round ;  
Some hooting owl, that cannot silence bear,  
Pours out his doleful discord on the air.

## MUSE.

Would that it were !—ah, no ! I see it now—  
 The source tremendous of this stunning blow :  
 No common tempest at my head is hurled,  
 But the dread thunder of a crushing ‘ WORLD :’  
 That mammoth sheet, whose giant folds I see,  
 Wide-spread to smother—whom ?—poor timid me !  
 Oh ! thou, its guide to such ‘ renowned success,’  
 Penny Apollo of our Gotham press !  
 Great Sonneteer ! why stretch thy mighty arm  
 To crush a Muse that never did thee harm !  
 That viewed thy sheet’s vast sea of words with dread—  
 That ten of thy ten hundred sonnets read,  
 And one remembered ? Why not better aim  
 Thy barb’d goose-feather at some nobler game ?  
 SPRAGUE, BRYANT, HALLECK, whose exalted shrine  
 Stands on Parnassus somewhat nearer thine ;  
 And leave to me my humbly-plodding place,  
 To gather flowers by streams that wash its base.

## REASON.

What ! art thou stirred by noises such as these ?  
 A penny trumpet, or a whistling breeze ?  
 And know’st thou not thy bark is wafted on  
 Far better by an adverse wind than none ?  
 What ! deprecate the malice of a foe  
 That loves to bend at shining mark his bow ?  
 That strove with throes convulsive to defeat  
 COOPER’S renown, and hurl him from his seat ;  
 That even in ELSSLER found no graces rare,  
 Who, touching earth, seems most at home in air ;  
 That dubbed our IRVING when his stinging page  
 Lashed home the pseudo-critics of the age,

‘ A blown-up bladder,’ which his pen of steel  
 Would pierce, and all its emptiness reveal ;  
 Which dreadful fate, though friends were much  
     alarmed,  
 He by some miracle escaped unharmed.  
 Methinks, good Muse, thou shouldst be prone to greet  
 Abuse such merit has been doomed to meet.

## MUSE.

Too true—too true ; I feel my humble name  
 (Unworthy praises such as these may claim,)  
 Unworthy even to mate with them in blame :  
 Yet painful ’tis one’s bantlings to descry  
 Torn limb from limb, upheld to public eye  
 Thus raw, and ragged, with this taunting sneer :  
 ‘ What precious offspring of the brain is here !’

## REASON.

And dost thou think that JUSTICE deference pays  
 To partial censure, more than partial praise ?  
 Censure, the chaff that winnows for its food,  
 That sifts the ill, but touches not the good ;  
 That picks from stones the mortar they enclose,  
 As sample of the fabric they compose ;  
 That strikes at random, hoping still to hit ;  
 That in its zeal to blaze its flippant wit,  
 Would scruple not an honest fame to kill,  
 Had it the venom as it has the will.  
 ’Tis pity talents should be thus misused :  
 Good Muse, though rudely by thy foe abused,  
 Do not to him, with hate too blind to see,  
 Deny all merit, as he did to thee :

For he some tolerable verse has writ ;  
But now, mistaking decent parts for wit,  
Deals right and left his rude yet harmless knocks,  
But mostly loves with startling paradox  
To fly directly in the Public's face,  
And all received opinions to displace.  
This 'stirs the town ;' but will it long be stirred  
By empty cries, where Reason has no word ?  
Injustice soon a sword of lath is found,  
Gilded, perchance, but powerless still to wound.  
Wit is the polish, justice is the steel,  
Whose temper only will the offender feel :  
No, no—such carpings as assail thee now,  
The just heed not—the unjust heed not thou !

## MUSE.

Yet have I thought, so dreadful was my fright,  
'Twere best to rein my courser, and alight,  
Like HALLECK—like in this alone, alas !—  
And send, awhile, my Pegasus to grass.

## REASON.

Regard my counsel : shallow wits despise,  
But to just errors never blind thine eyes ;  
And when some honest critic, ere he chide,  
Shall place thy faults and merits side by side,  
And teach, in manner courteous, fair, and true,  
What thou must shun, and what thou shouldst pursue,  
Cherish his counsel in thy heart of hearts,  
And to each censure from his quill that parts,  
Submissive bow ; and then, and not till then,  
Pause in thy course, and mend afresh thy pen.

THE parley ceased : and Reason, thou hast heard,  
(Rare case, Mécænas !) had the final word :  
So I suppose the jade should have her will,  
And, thou approving, I must scribble still.  
Though well aware my most redoubted foe  
Ten thousand tempests round my bark will blow ;  
Portentous 'Signals' shall in billows rise,  
And 'Worlds' o'erhang like thunder-clouds my skies.  
But larger craft the awful storm have passed,  
So let me hope to weather out the blast ;  
Secure in this, however gales be rough,  
My bark, although not fleet, perchance, is tough :  
Too tough for such vain-battering, frothy waves  
To strew its fragments round the ocean-caves.

But in this 'modern Phœbus' quiver lies  
A venom'd dart, whose wound all art defies ;  
And I have dreaded lest his vengeful brain,  
Exhausting all its hoarded terrors vain,  
In wild despair of means to bring me low,  
With his applause might strike a deadlier blow ;  
And my poor Muse that braved his anger's blaze,  
(Forbid it Heaven !) drop withered at his praise !  
May the kind Fates, that cheered us with his wrath,  
Conceal this fatal weapon from his path ;  
Or my poor Muse, and thine, Mécænas, too,  
With pen and ink have little more to do !

## HOMŒOPATHY, NO NOVELTY.

---

'Similia similibus curantur'!—CELSUS.

'Wounds by wider wounds are healed,  
And poisons, by themselves expelled.'—BUTLER.

'The hair of a dog will cure his bite.'—OLD ANGE.

---

Oh ! Hahnmann, what a cloud of dust  
In physic art thou raising !—  
As if thy theories were new,  
Which all the world is praising.

If heightening symptoms of disease  
Be means that will remove it,  
Does not our own wise Faculty  
In constant practice prove it ?

If surest dose to cure a man  
Be that which makes him sicker,  
Oh ! what, than our own Brandreth's pills,  
Can heal the patient quicker ?

If like cures like, how rare a chance  
Some teachers high in station  
In physic's schools, now have to heal  
The ignorance of the nation !

But not in medicine alone,  
Thy treatment we're pursuing—  
'Tis what our public worthies all,  
And private too, are doing.

Our whigs, who military chiefs  
Have always dangerous reckoned,  
Would heal the errors of the first  
By setting up a second.

Our wise administration, too,(30)  
When knotty questions bother,  
Still mend the ill one blunder makes  
By rushing on another.

Our mobs, whene'er the staff of life  
Grows scarce in market, seize it ;  
And even destroy the little left  
In order to increase it.

Our rich, whom overgrown estates  
Oppress with care and trouble,  
When most complaining of their load  
They seek to make it double.

Our widows, when divorce or death  
Their galling halter looses,  
Ere long another cord apply  
To soothe their ancient bruises.

Our bucks, when for an unpaid coat  
The heartless tailors sue one,  
And when all other measures fail,  
Take measures for a new one.



Our toppers, who will drink, despite  
The temperance cry of warning,  
Assuage the pangs of punch at night  
By juleps in the morning.

Then keep your arts, ye foreign wits !  
Nor hope for such we'll thank ye :  
We practice more than you can preach—  
You cannot teach a Yankee.

# THE MONOMANIA OF MONEY-MAKING,

## A SATIRE.

---

'Bit with the rage canine of dying rich—  
Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of Hell!'—YOUNG.

---

### PART I.

WHEN generous Nature, at Creation's birth,  
Poured her full horn of bounties on the earth,  
She called her host of hungry offspring round—  
'Children!' she cried, 'behold, my stores abound :  
Whate'er the seas—whate'er the shores produce,  
Hills, plains, or streams, I offer to your use.  
Let none a needless fear of want appal,  
So large my wealth abundance waits for all.  
Divide in peace—nor grieve that some have more,  
For honest toil deserves a larger store ;  
But check, in competence, your greedy care—  
Who takes too much, absorbs his neighbor's share—  
Your ease secured, direct the high-born mind  
To wisdom's search, for which it was designed :  
With science pierce beyond the starry sphere,  
And train the soul for her long dwelling there—  
And mark ! should want reduce your brother's purse,  
Lend him your own, or dread your mother's curse.'

So Nature spake in earth's unspotted prime—  
What says dame Gotham, in our wiser time ?—  
Hear how her rules transcend the ancient kind,  
Fruits of reform, and of the 'march of mind.'  
'My sons, give ear !' the shrewd old lady cried,  
'Time was, when Nature's charter was our guide ;  
What were her statutes it were vain to state,  
Her laws, and ties are now quite out of date:  
My grand arcanum for complete success  
Is sly self-interest clad in virtue's dress :  
A mask so simple, all who will may wear ;  
For virtue's garb is home-spun, and not dear.  
Spending brings want, and avarice brings shame—  
Give just enough to shun a miser's name.  
Keep honor clear, if not from guilt, from doubt—  
Cheating's as easy in the law, as out :  
Be seeming pious, for the weak believe  
A good church-goer, dares not to deceive :  
Avoid a row, in noiseless quiet live ;  
When forced to action, better lead, than drive.  
The shortest rule (and worth my catalogue)  
Is simply this—treat each man like a rogue—  
Not openly, but still with smiles most winning,  
For many a shilling has been saved by grinning.  
Be smooth to all, show confidence in none,  
Thousands, by confidence, have been undone :  
Deceive—don't fight—ev'en friends that balk your  
ends—  
Friends ! a true son of Mammon has no friends,  
Nor needs them—friendship is a costly curse—  
Give me the friendship of a well filled purse :  
This never bores us with its needy cry,  
With this, if friends be wanted, we can buy.

Whene'er you plunder, make it understood  
You bleed your patients, solely for their good ;  
But robbing's dangerous, better win by stealth,  
For cunning, cunning is the way to wealth.  
Strength preyed on weakness, till the equal sway  
Of laws was fixed, when cunning ruled the day :  
Where honest toil his scanty hundreds makes,  
High-reaching cunning his full thousands takes.  
Keep out of debt—'tis just, nay more, 'tis wise—  
Keep out of debt, ' there all the honor lies :'  
High stood our Fulton, and our Clinton, yet  
The shameless beggars died at last in debt.  
Mistake me not, but mark the line I draw—  
Avoid all debts within the gripe of law ;  
If what you win by your superior sleight  
Wound not the law, a fig for moral right.  
Should they, whose rights you ravish thus, rebel,  
Perchance, to yield a trifle were as well ;  
Keep such from want—want is a noisy fellow,  
That the whole story to the town might bellow :  
Such timely aid keeps sufferers in due bounds,  
Pence are well given when they save the pounds.  
Of man's revenge there's little cause for dread,  
Hold but the golden rod above his head :  
Interest must tell, pride knuckles in a trice,  
And even principle has now its price.  
Thus march ! my sons, on your victorious way,  
Lock up your hearts, but give your heads full play ;  
Outwit the simple, and the needy grind,  
And soon the glorious goal of wealth you'll find.  
Not there to stop—but boldly hurry thence  
Beyond the Rubicon of competence,  
Which old dame Nature's blue-law-chart requires.  
As the fixed limit to man's high desires.

Heed ye not that—still pile the swelling store  
It is not much you struggle for, but more.  
What! shall we pause, while the prolific prize  
Doubles so sweetly on our doting eyes?  
Unnatural scheme! broached by Malthusian scholars  
To check the propagation of young dollars.  
'Buy books,' they cry—let fools for books disburse—  
'And store the mind'—fudge—better store the purse.  
No—no—improvement is sad waste of time,  
And spending money, of all crimes *the* crime.  
Once rich, you may abate, not quit the chase,  
Hire out your cash to labor in your place—  
Dollars are slaves, so keep them busy too,  
You toiled for them, now make them toil for you.  
Lend to the pressed—'tis liberal—in their trouble:  
Taking good care your gain, o'er theirs, is double.  
Now comes your luxury of power—how sweet!  
All bow—all cringe—the world is at your feet:  
Now, while the golden halo girts your name,  
May you aspire to some high niche of fame;  
Perchance, (though few may reach such lofty rank)  
Perchance, become directors of a Bank!—

Thus gave dame Gotham her long code of guile—  
Though prone to weep, who could forbear to smile?  
Ye shades of Bacon! Milton! Chatham! where  
Are now your laurels?—withered all and sere;  
For a new glory cheers our modern sight—  
Puts out the scholar's, poet's, statesmen's light—  
A bank-directorship absorbs the view,  
A fame, Parnassus' proudest day ne'er knew!

## PART II.

My gentle muse ! resume the golden strain—  
How fares the youthful follower of gain ?  
Now, touched with Nature's—now, with Gotham's  
text,

The young gold-hunter staggers quite perplex ;  
His brain, the last—his heart, the first imprest ;  
For Nature ever wins the youthful breast.  
Yes ! for a while, his spirit, yet unstained,  
Clasps the pure law in early prime ordained.  
' I'll toil,' he cries, ' yet take my brother's part—  
' I cannot wholly shut him from my heart—  
' And walk the line which rigid honor draws,  
' Nor deem all just that wrongs not human laws.  
' Such be my course, till plenty crowns my task,  
' For oh ! a competence is all I ask—  
' Then will I turn to nobler use my days,  
' And seek, through good to man, my maker's praise.'

Behold ! he plunges in the stream—he strives—  
From year to year he toils—he weds, he thrives ;  
But has he time for wife, or children ?—none—  
He loves them well, but business must be done.  
Still, still, though thrifty, gain absorbs him quite—  
Haggard, and worn he drags him home at night,  
And grants them but the refuse of his powers,  
Whose tender minds require his choicest hours.  
He feeds and clothes—what further can we ask ?—  
Great God ! is this the parent's only task ?  
Their lives sustained, need they no further good ?  
Require not souls, as well as bodies, food ?

Can all the skill which hireling schools supply  
Release the parent from a charge so high ?

Arrived at wealth, by his untiring zeal,  
Despairing Nature makes her last appeal—  
'Beware !' she cries—'tis now thou must restrain  
'This rage—this gnawing appetite for gain.  
'Who crams his gluttonous heart with hurtful things,  
'Must take the pangs which surfeit ever brings :  
'In all pursuits of toil, ambition, ease,  
'Tis moderation gives the boon of peace.  
'Who takes too much from out the mass away,  
'Robs—and the penalty of crime must pay ;  
'Remorse, contempt, and ever haunting fears  
'Shall dog his quaking soul through after years—  
'When dead, wild heirs his plunder shall disperse—  
'Curse to the getter—to the spender, curse.  
'Oh ! ere too late consider, pause, retire !—  
'With all thyself or children can require,  
'In prudence spend—let further growth alone—  
'More would but mar their welfare, and thine own.  
'Adorn thy wealth, and be the poor man's friend—  
'Thou hast the means of life, now seek the end !'

In vain ! in vain ! the madness is too strong,  
Drunk with success, he hurries still along ;  
And still with envy is he stung—for see !  
He has a neighbor wealthier far than he.  
Others persist, and is he worse than they ?  
Thus each goads other on his course of prey.  
They call him busy—busy ? ay—with crime—  
Oh ! life misspent—oh ! foulest waste of time !

No time has he his grovelling mind to store  
With history's truths, or philosophic lore.  
No charms for him has God's all blooming earth—  
His only question this—' What are they worth ?'  
Art, nature, wisdom, are no match for gain ;  
And even religion bids him pause in vain.

Oh! what are riches, bought at such a price ?—  
Say! are they worth such vital sacrifice ?  
For me, who rarely mix with Mammon's host,  
I would not purchase, if such be the cost :  
If I must toil—with more than I can use—  
If what God gave—I must to man refuse—  
If I must stint my child in all, save food,  
And swindle e'en his fortune for his good ;  
Nor let him raise (till mine is low,) his head,  
Like the starved worm that feeds but on the dead—  
And watch my neighbor with suspicious art—  
And know no road, save interest, to his heart—  
With mind untaught, which does all arts refuse,  
Save but to heap the goods I must not use—  
Without one hope that is not born of pence—  
Without one throb of generous confidence—  
Be such Gain's wages, I would scorn to earn—  
Be such her lesson, let me never learn :  
Come want—come poverty with all its wo,  
Before my heart be taught to stoop so low.  
But, should my destiny be quest of wealth,  
Kind heaven ! oh keep my tempted soul in health !  
And shouldst thou bless my toil with ample store,  
Keep back the madness that would seek for more !  
Or, should that hell-itch seize me, stop my breath !  
Check the foul pest ev'n with the dart of Death !



For time were shame, on such low purpose bent—  
 Better life lost, than life ignobly spent.  
 Yes! let corruption's worms my frame intwine,  
 Before such rottenness of soul be mine!

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## PART III.

Now, Muse! the pleasures of the rich display—  
 Sweet must they be to tempt the price they pay—  
 A morn of toil, a noon of watchful strife,  
 Deserve rare sunset at the eve of life :  
 Who stoops so long, at least should rise at last—  
 A path of thorns should blossom ere 'tis past :  
 Who drops for gold such treasure as a friend  
 By the rash purchase seeks some glorious end.  
 Unrivalled charms must such in Mammon find  
 For which thy tints, oh! Nature, are resigned :  
 Dearly his heart must prize his youngling pence,  
 For which he drove his blood-born offspring thence—  
 Oh! choice must be those sweets, for which the heart  
 With the pure joy of succoring want can part.  
 What are those raptures which his soul delight?  
 Good muse!—present them to our eager sight!

If Avarice' gripe close not at once the purse,  
 Ease, fame, or fashion tempts him to disburse.  
 Retired from toil, he that pursues his ease  
 Builds him his mansion—plants his grounds with trees :  
 Ingenious plans of bliss his gains employ—  
 He well has earned, and shall he not enjoy?  
 Would that he might!—but habit will not mend—  
 Nature, too proud, disowns the tardy friend

Who spurned her charms when youth was in his veins :  
Her sex such lingering homage still disdains—  
Female—her heart the suit of age will shun :  
Female—she claims by wooing to be won,  
Can he delight him in the verdant field,  
Or the rich products which his gardens yield,  
Whose soul finds food in men alone ?—alas !  
Can brutes carnivorous thrive on herbs, and grass ?  
Such diet strange is swallowed without zest—  
Vainly he chews what he cannot digest.  
So tired of joys unfelt, and empty brain,  
Our beggared Cræsus sighs for toil again.  
Confusing business is his only rest—  
Quiet is torture to his feverish breast :  
The mind still loves the arts wherein 'twas drilled—  
Still grasps the tools in which alone 'tis skilled.

Perchance, by smile of fickle fashion won,  
He rears his dwelling in the realms of ton :  
With every gorgeous trapping, loads the floor,  
Which wealth profuse, and vulgar taste can store ;  
With gaudy glitter ever tickled most—  
As if the test of elegance were cost :  
At dinner, plays the host with pompous pride—  
His awkward spouse and daughters at his side,  
Uncouthly courteous, now abashed, now bold ;  
As if good breeding could be bought and sold—  
As if an hour sufficed him to obtain  
The grace his models use long years to gain.  
Soon, more at ease, as more he meets the crowd,  
He picks his teeth, and roars his jokes aloud ;  
Sure of success with guests too wise to frown—  
What jest could fail with wine to wash it down ?

No ! the cold heart his selfish course requires  
Wars with the charm true courtesy inspires :  
That quiet zeal—that watchful wish to please—  
That graceful sacrifice to other's ease.  
Nature does much, but do the best she can,  
Time is required to mould the gentleman :  
Years of nice training first must pass away—  
Such human Rome was ne'er built in a day.  
The rosebud, wild, with single petals burst :  
The apple was but sorry crab at first :  
Like the pure gem in rocky caves distilled,  
Long years, alone, the living crystal build.

Think not, I laud refinement over nice,  
Or deem that manners will alone suffice ;  
Or pass the hollow sycophant, unspurned,  
Or smirking fops, from foreign tours returned,  
Whose sodden wits, the trial would exhaust  
To lisp the language of the lands they've crost.  
No !—Honor's flame within the breast must glow,  
While Honor's signet stamps the manly brow :  
What eyes declare, the heart itself must feel ;  
And deeds must prove, what lips profess of zeal :  
For truth is fount of courtesy, and test—  
'Tis proper feeling properly expressed.

Perchance, Ambition's voice his spirit calls  
To mount to place, or sit in Learning's halls—  
For wealth may ev'n preside at Science's shrine,  
Who oft, like Trade, hangs out her gilded sign—  
And all obeisance, to the station made,  
Our hero deems to his own merit paid.  
So, when aloft the earth-born reptile crawls,  
And mounts, by chance, some ruin's sacred walls,

Like our poor groundling, the conceited snake  
The gazer's homage to itself might take.  
Oh ! shame—that wild Ambition spurs him here,  
To shine ridiculous in a loftier sphere :  
Oh ! shame—to see the drayman's sturdy horse  
Project his clumsy limbs upon the course.  
A mind, exalted into space too rare  
To buoy its weight, not long can lord it there :  
The wave, storm-lifted from its ocean-home,  
When heaved too loftily, must break in foam.  
The fish, that longs the realm of birds to share,  
Turns fins to wings, and rushes into air ;  
A fluttering moment there contrives to shine,  
Then drops, exhausted, to its native brine.

Thou lord of thousands ! keep thy state confined  
Within the limits proper to thy mind !  
For earth well fitted, wherefore court the air ?  
To win brief envy, and the vulgar stare—  
Keep with thy mates, and act an honest part,  
Scorn will be dumb, and Satire stay his dart :  
Retirement shun, and Nature's green retreat—  
With slight, the slighter of her charms she'll greet :  
Nor wait on Fashion—the coquettish jade  
Laughs in thy face at all thy blunders made :  
And Learning, if like Danæ, she sustain  
Thy rude embrace, 'tis for the golden rain.

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PART IV.

Last bliss of age, when every bliss decays—  
Thee ! faithful Avarice, shall I blame, or praise ?

Whose temperate cup warm youth rejects unquaffed,  
Which yields to age such comfort in the draught.  
Come all the ills on mortal hearts that prey—  
Pains, losses, wants, that scare the world away—  
When the frail host of hopes and pleasures fly—  
When love is far—this faithful friend is nigh :  
True as the stars—in steady watch more true,  
For stars in time have melted from the view :  
But once the heart let loving Avarice clasp,  
Its pulse must cease ere he can slack his grasp.  
When his old frame diseases foul infest—  
When every human feeling leaves his breast—  
When shunned, and loathsome—how with ready will,  
This constant friend, though poor, attends him still.  
Firm to the last, beside the death-bed stands,  
And saves the cost a hireling nurse demands—  
Out sits the dreary watches of the night  
By flameless hearth, alone, uncheered by light ;  
Smooths the foul bed—and from his glances dim,  
Knows the last thought that fluttered was on him—  
Feels his last death-gripe on the brink of doom,  
And last hangs o'er his features at the tomb !—

Age may well love such constancy in wo—  
Can virtue's self more true devotion show ?—  
What wonder then, our hero, near his end,  
Should seize the proffered hand of such a friend ?  
What wonder in his will it should appear  
That friend alone had won his dying ear ?

He leaves his treasures to the farthest race  
Of his descendants which the laws embrace.

Holding—from such injustice 'twould appear—  
The distant series dearer than the near :  
So warms the sun the mountain's foot below,  
And leaves the nearer summit to the snow.  
His pet of offspring is his dear estate,  
Which all must bend to nurse till farthest date—  
Children are bags, to hand the money down,  
Pipes to convey—for uses not their own.  
But soon, or late, the waiting harpies sweep,  
And scatter to the winds the darling heap.  
His money 'tis, that drives yon rattling steeds,  
And yon mad crew of supping vampires feeds ;  
'Tis his descendant holds th' ignoble chair,  
Outroaring all his clamorous comrades there.

'Tis ever thus—tall piles, not wisely spread,  
Will fall in ruin on some passing head.  
The waves, when gentle, of wealth's useful sea  
Give health and vigor in their motion free ;  
But, tossed too high, ere they their level gain,  
Curl, break, and plunge their rider in the main.  
Perchance he gives his thousands to the poor—  
He well may give what he can use no more.  
What willing charity !—gives, dares he say ?  
He gives, but not till Heaven has snatched away.  
What base presumption in a mortal clod ?  
We are but tenants, and our landlord, God ;  
What now we use, is soon to others free—  
We rent the dwelling, but hold not the fee.  
Ye wise philanthropists ! whose ready hand  
Has swept so many evils from the land,  
Ye've warred with drunkenness—why not restrain ?  
This wide intemperance in the thirst of gain ?

Rise ! and unite to check the rash desire—  
Ye need not total abstinence require ;  
Adopt the chart of Nature's liberal laws—  
Ye smile—but is it an unworthy cause ?  
Is it not certain as the planets roll,  
Who drinks from gain's intoxicating bowl,  
Maddened, and reckless with the fiery draught,  
Is prone to thirst for every drop unquaffed ?  
Oh ! is not such intemperance an ill ?  
Is not the curse wide-spread, and growing still ?  
Does it not sink, in its undue pursuit,  
Its victim to the ignorance of the brute ?  
Does it not all the claims of kindred smother ?  
Set child 'gainst parent, brother against brother ?  
Save crime from law, and every pulse restrain  
Which throbs in pity for another's pain ?  
Dethrone the mind from honor's lofty seat,  
To mate with cunning, and low-lived deceit ?  
Rob foes, cheat friends, and with unfeeling smart  
Stab with ingratitude the trusting heart ?  
Are not wives slighted for the golden glare,  
And children left without a father's care ?  
Does it not wring the straitened widow's sigh,  
And force the shivering orphan's hunger-cry ?  
Merging the victim of its foul caress  
In heartless, powerless, sottish selfishness ?  
And, more than all—can spirit-wings comply—  
After long grovelling—when we bid them fly !  
May not a golden lading, too profound,  
Risk the soul's bark, to starry haven bound ?

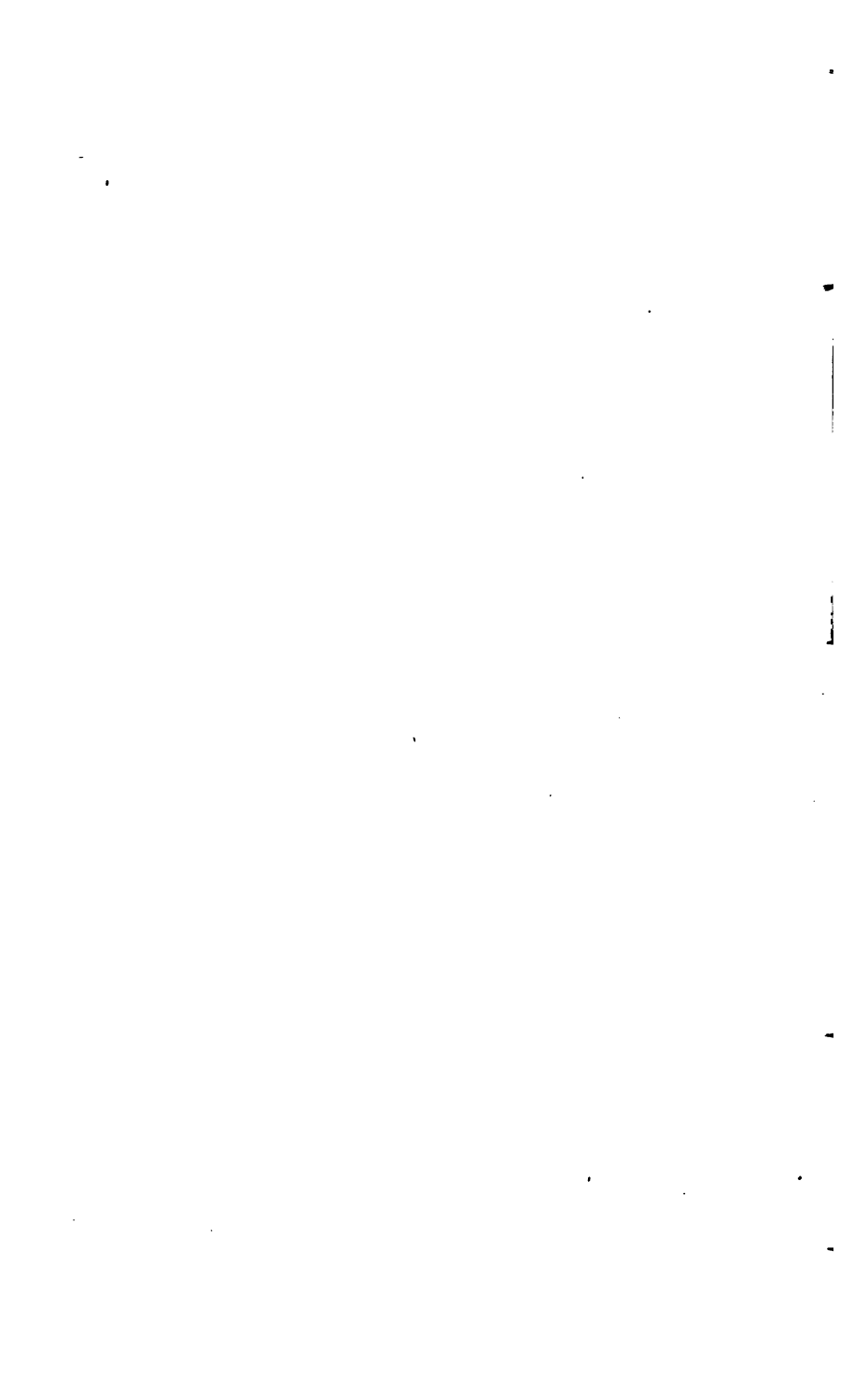
May not complaints which morbid thirst impart  
To drunken body, seize the drunken heart ?

And can a people given to gains excess,  
When clogged with mortal dropsies, hope for less ?  
Does not this palsy in our nerves of trade—  
This wide ‘delirium tremens’—hence invade ?  
Alas ! we feel the drunkard’s fate too well—  
Excess, though late, will bring its own sure hell :  
Such is the raging mania of the time—  
And such its fruits, pride, ignorance, folly, crime.  
Oh ! was I wrong to call the evil sore ?  
There is but one intemperance can do more.  
Ay !—and for every evil in its train  
I’ll find a rival ‘mid the ills of gain.

My tale is told—may Heaven, which deigns to use  
The humblest tools, give motion to my Muse,  
And guide her shaft, which else must strike in vain,  
The double mail that steels the breast of gain.  
Thus may she rouse to thought some sluggish heart—  
Thus cause some reckless-rushing soul to start :  
Not idly, then, has she beguiled the time,  
Nor rashly winged the ether-realms of rhyme.  
Oh ! never more may Satire’s sacred dart,  
For vultures, barbed, seek out the sparrow’s heart  
Nor waste on petty trifles of the hour,  
Or private weakness, its resistless power ;  
But pierce the mighty evils of age,  
And gleam, as onwards sweeps its whistling rage,  
The dread of folly, and the foe of crime,  
And virtue’s safeguard till the death of Time.



## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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1. *Passaic*.—The tales here collected under this head were first published singly in the Knickerbocker Magazine: partly for the purpose of giving them the benefit of good company, and extensive circulation, which they were sure to meet with in that journal; but chiefly, that the author might thereby avail himself of such critical suggestions as might fall in his way, in order to remove or modify the more glaring defects of the poems, and render them less unworthy to meet the public eye when they should come to make their appearance alone. However imperfectly this plan of improvement may have been carried out, it may be observed in proof of the sincerity of the intention, that almost every reasonable hint from those who have noticed the poems, has been adopted: whether the suggestion came from the courteous or the unfriendly—since ‘*fas est et ab hoste doceri*’—the writer believing he would be more likely to neutralize the effect of unfavorable criticism by the correction of his own errors than by any display of obstinacy or resentment towards his judges: and although in a single instance he has retorted—and not with malice to his assailant, he was not too proud at the same time to profit by his sugges-

tions thereby exemplifying the good policy of the Athenian's advice to 'strike! but hear!'

*Passaic River.*—' This stream is endowed with a very singular character. Rising in, and flowing through a mountainous country, it is the most crooked, sluggish, and longest of the state, and yet presents the two most profound cataracts, and the greatest hydraulic force. Its extreme source is near Mendham, Morris co. Between the Little and the Great Falls, a distance of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles, the river is broken by some inconsiderable ripples, which afford a sufficient fall for mills, but do not much disturb the placidity of its course; but before the great leap, it is again composed into a steady calm, as if concentrated for a new and more vigorous effort. When it reaches the perpendicular pitch, it pours itself in one unbroken column 50 feet in altitude into a deep and narrow chasm of about 60 feet in width; through which it dashes, foams and roars, into a broad and still basin which it has excavated for itself. From this it rushes impetuously, by a rapid descent of 20 feet, beneath the level of Paterson plain, curbed by walls of trap-rock and sand-stone, whose loose and disjointed character has enabled the stream to excavate its passage through the deep chasm. From Paterson to the port of Acquackanonck, 10 miles, where the river meets the tide, its course is again sweetly still; and the tide waters of no river can present a more charming scene. Few streams possess more attraction than the Passaic between Paterson and Newark, above the marshes. The whole course of the river is about 70 miles, in

passing through which, it has looked to every quarter of the compass, save the west.'

*Gordon's Gazetteer of New-Jersey.*

2. '*From his drenched hat the spray-drops gathering slow.*'

'Spray-drops' was originally 'rain-drops': meaning the mist-rain, but the North American Review in a friendly notice, having objected to the difficulty of tracking meteors in a storm, evidently supposed the rain-drops to come from the clouds: the change is made to prevent further misconception.

3. '*Was but his pet and follower a bear.*'

Patch was generally accompanied by a tame bear in his various *professional* tours about the country.

It may perhaps be as well here to state that the author has not been able to discover any particulars, concerning the early history of our hero, further than those generally known to the public. An individual of the humblest class, he amused himself while bathing, with leaping from rocks of various heights in the neighborhood of the falls at Paterson, until he had acquired sufficient skill and confidence for a public display; when he immediately, like Curtius, jumped himself into everlasting fame.

4. '*Some things as well as others can be done.*'

This is the only oracular saying of our hero that has survived his death: but, though brief, how comprehensive, and generally applicable! how brimming with wisdom and indomitable resolution! how

skin, to Napoleon's characteristic retort, 'Impossible ! ce mot n'est pas français.'

5. '*As if God meant his fruits for fools alone !*'

The reply of Descartes, when surprised at a rather luxurious repast, to the sneering question, whether philosophers feasted upon dainties ?

6. '*Were by Lobau dispersed with muddy water.*'

A mob in the Place Vendome at Paris, that would not retire on threat of being fired upon, was finally scattered by means of a fire-engine and a little dirty water.

7. TALE II. *The worth of Beauty, or a Lover's journal.* The individual, to whom the present poem relates, and who had suffered severely all the pains and penalties, which arise from the want of those personal charms so much admired by him in others, gave the author many years since some fragments of a journal kept in his early days, in which he had bared his heart, and set down all his thoughts and feelings. This prose journal has here been transplanted into the richer soil of verse, where, although it has become more enlarged in its dimensions, and more showy in its coloring, it has doubtless lost much of the touching simplicity that marked its early condition.

8. '*Like a huge bear, alone and still*

*Crouched on the meadow lay Snake-Hill.*'

Snake-Hill : a noted eminence of Secaucus Island in the marsh on Hackensack river, and a very promi-

ment object from the road between Jersey-city and Newark. Its formation is of trap rock on sandstone base.

9. '*As shy to meet the stranger tide.*'

The Hackensack and Passaic rivers unite a little below Snake-Hill, and form Newark bay.

10. '*A clear spring heaving silently.*'

This spring is situated on the borders of a wood, about equidistant from the towns of Newark, Orange, and Bloomfield. It is about 20 or 30 feet in diameter and is called the Boiling Spring, not from any actual heat of the water, but from an appearance of ebullition in the sand, as it heaves in different places.

11. '*'Tis where Passaic scared from sleep  
First ventures on the daring leap.*'

'By two perpendicular leaps, and a rocky rapid, the stream descends at the Little Falls, 50 feet in the distance of half a mile into the valley north of the first mountain. The first fall has comparatively a gentle, and certainly a very beautiful appearance. It is 10 feet deep, and more than an hundred yards broad, and has been artificially formed into a broad angle opening down the stream, over which the whole river, but now still and lifeless, is precipitated in two broad and dense sheets, which are shaken by the shock into clouds of foam, and scarce recover their liquid form until they encounter the second precipice. This has a depth of 16 feet, over which the flood, confined, in ordinary seasons, to a very limited bed, pours in a deep mass, with tremendous

force, covering itself with a perpetual halo of spray, and then hastening rapidly away, beneath the bold and lofty arch of the aqueduct of the Morris Canal, as if regretting, and gladly seeking its broken quiet.'

*Gordon.*

12. '*And search for crystals in the sand.*'

Quantities of silicious minerals are found in this neighborhood; a very rich vein of amethyst-colored crystals of large size may be seen in the quarries on the left bank of the stream just where the trap overlays the sand-stone.

13. '*Of huge columnar prisms composed.*'

The basaltic rocks about Little Falls, frequently take the form of hexagonal prisms of great regularity.

14. '*But in one universal fire*

*Of sunset glory, they expire.*'

This is no exaggerated description of the brilliance of our American woods, in the fall season. Let the doubter walk through them when in the nick of their glory, let the weather be cloudy and drizzling, to give a varnish to the leaves, and to form a dark background for the vivid hues to rest upon, and contrast with, and he will not be disappointed. A very showy scrap-table has been made of the leaves of different forest trees, previously pressed and dried, by first gluing them fast, and then giving the whole several coats of fine varnish. The colors will remain perfect for several months.



15. TALE III. *The Last Look.*

The following account of the melancholy accident, the theme of the present poem, is taken from the preface to an address delivered on the occasion at Newark, N. J., by the Rev. James Richards.

'This address was occasioned by the melancholy death of Mrs. Sarah Cumming, consort of the Rev. Hooper Cumming, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Newark. She died by a fall from the rocks at Paterson, on the morning of the 22d of June, 1812, in the 23d year of her age. She had gone with Mr. Cumming to spend the Sabbath at Paterson, where he was appointed to preach by the Presbytery. On Monday morning they took a walk to the Falls of the Passaic, which lie in the neighborhood. When they had finished their view of the wonderful scenery, which this place affords, Mrs. Cumming fell from a high part of the western rock, an elevation of about seventy feet, into the basin below. She had just before complained of dizziness, and sat down with Mr. Cumming at a little distance from the edge of the precipice, until she was composed. Wishing to take another view of a scene so sublime, and to her so novel and interesting, she ventured again, with her husband, to the margin of the rock. When they had stood a few minutes, he said, 'It is time to return,' and requested her to accompany him. The path being narrow, he stepped back a pace or two, supposing she would follow. Alas! only a cry is heard. He turns—but she is gone from his sight for ever! In the dreadful agitation of his mind, he runs backward and forward along the awful brink, crying, 'she is fallen! she is fallen!' At this perilous mo-

ment, a lad of about sixteen years of age, who was providentially but a few rods distant, flew to his assistance, and once actually held him by the skirt, when he seemed in the act of throwing himself down the precipice. They both descended by the usual passage to the foot of the rock; and again the agonizing husband would have plunged into the abyss, but for the firm resistance of the youth destined in providence to preserve him, during this paroxysm of unutterable grief. Hundreds crowded to the mournful place, and the deepest sympathy was seen working in every bosom. The body after long search was taken up by one of the elders of his church. It was conveyed to Newark; and at 10 o'clock the next day, the funeral was attended in the Second Presbyterian Church by a great concourse of people from Newark, and the neighboring towns. Tears flowed from a thousand eyes. Never was greater sympathy excited on any occasion. The profoundest silence reigned through the assembly; and the procession formed, in conveying this lamented female to the tomb, amounted to more than sixteen hundred persons of both sexes. Mrs. Cumming was born of reputable parents in Portland, Maine, and received her education in that town. Her family name was Emmons. She was married, and removed to Newark, a few weeks only, before her death. Her person was agreeable, her manners simple, and her mind strong and ingenuous.'

16. '*Who stand, a pair on yonder rocky height.*'

The pair are supposed to be standing at first on the heights near the Fall, on the left bank of the

stream, facing the south-east; they afterwards descend the hill, and cross the stream by the bridge in the valley, and passing through the village, reach the well known cliff on the right bank, where the fatal accident occurred.

18. ' *Where ponderous tides headlong plunge down  
the horrid chink.*'

The peculiarity of the great fall of the Passaic is, that the water pours perpendicularly into a very narrow chasm which is closed at one end, and open at the other; through which opening only, a side view of the cataract can be obtained from a distance. These falls have been much reduced by the quantity of water abstracted for manufacturing purposes, and at the usual season of travel in the summer months, offer no attractions to the visitor, beyond the romantic scenery which surrounds them: but after the rains of spring and autumn they roar down the steep with all their early grandeur, and seem to overcome and defy all the efforts of man to diminish their apparent volume; and at such periods, they form perhaps the most picturesque water-fall in the country; or would be such, were they not disfigured by the so-called improvements in the shape of bridges, houses of refreshment, &c. which have of late intruded, so unharmoniously, upon their neighborhood.

19. *The Martyr*.—A Revolutionary Ballad.

On the night of the 5th of January, 1780, a regiment of 500 men commanded by Colonel Lumm, came from New-York to Newark, following the river on the ice, and burned the academy, then standing on

the upper green. This was a stone building, two stories high, with apartments for the teacher. On the same night another British party, unknown to the first, fired the Presbyterian Church at Elizabethtown, the light from which alarmed the incendiaries at Newark, and caused their hasty retreat. They carried away with them Joseph Hedden, Esq., an active Whig, who had zealously opposed their previous depredations, dragged him from a sick bed, and compelled him to follow, with no other than his night clothing. The party returned by the route by which they came; and a soldier more human than his fellows, gave Mr. H. a blanket, a short time before they reached Paulus Hook. At this place he was confined in a sugar-house, and was afterward permitted to take private lodgings, where he finally died in consequence of his sufferings that night.

*20. The Retreat of Seventy-Six.*

On the 22d of November, 1776, General Washington entered Newark on his retreat through New-Jersey, having crossed the Passaic by the Aquackanonck bridge with a force of 3500, comprising Beal's, Heard's and part of Irvine's brigades. Here the troops remained encamped until the morning of the 28th, when Lord Cornwallis entered the town from New-York, and the American forces retreated towards New-Brunswick and the Delaware.

*21. 'Clip their wings while they are spread.'*

The very words of Washington. The events in this tale are copied very literally from history.

*22. Cornwallis was so unprepared for this sudden*

retreat of Washington, that he actually inquired if the roar of American cannon, then busy upon his rear at Princeton, could be thunder !

23. *Musings, &c.*—Most of the poems under this title appeared a few years since in the New-York American : greater indulgence could not have been shown by the editor to a personal friend, than was then and there bestowed upon an unknown correspondent.

24. ‘ *I greet thee, England ! mother of my home !*’  
The British coast is frequently the first land seen by the passengers of the Havre packets.

25. ‘ *What towering piles springs upward to my gaze !*’  
The Cathedral at Rouen, being the first edifice of the kind seen by the writer, made an impression upon the virgin imagination which the proudest architectural wonders of Europe, subsequently visited, could never equally create.

26. ‘ *Bronze warriors fight, and marble horses prance.*’  
Paris was entered on this occasion through the Champs Elysées at night, a necessity very much regretted at the time, but it may be questioned whether a night-approach through that superb avenue, when the principal features are but dimly shadowed to the passing eye, does not more strongly impress the imagination than when the whole scene is thoroughly revealed by the light of day. Certain it is, that the recollection of the scene in the mind of the writer

is such as it appeared on that occasion, and not such as subsequent examinations proved it really to be.

27. *A Lyric on the times.*

Written during the commercial embarrassments of 1837.

28. *The Star of New-Jersey.*

This political piece may appear to some to partake of a partizan character, but the dishonor shown to the great seal of the state at this time, aroused the thinking minds of all parties, to resent the indignity, and finally to redeem the lost honor of the state.

29. *Letter to the Editor of the Knickerbocker.*

This letter, although it touches its subject only in his public capacity of literary censor, is yet the nearest approach to personal satire, to be found in the volume : that being a weapon whose use is scarcely justifiable, unless in a case of defensive warfare like the present.

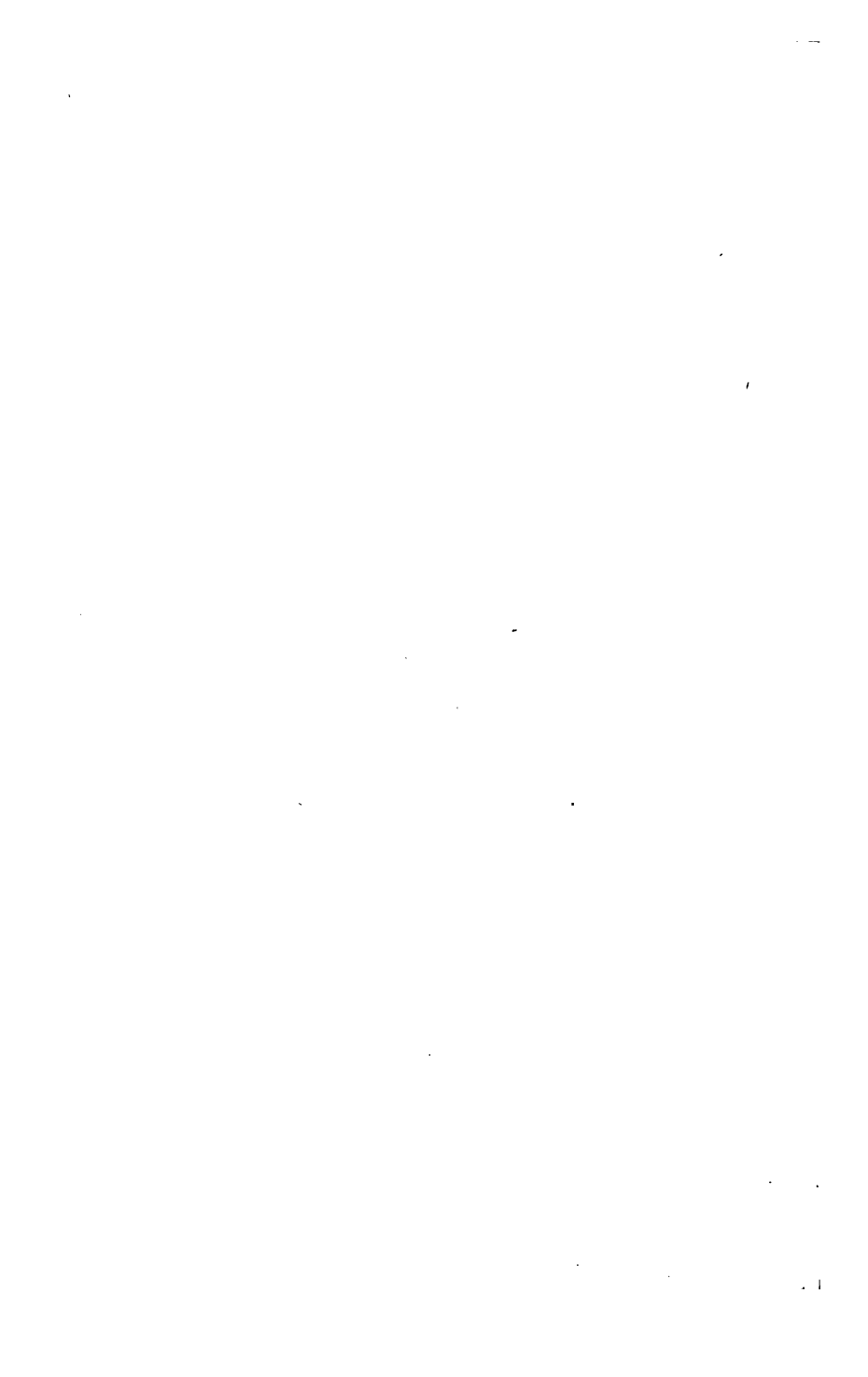
30. '*Our wise administration too.*'

This was written during the last administration, but perhaps it is not entirely inapplicable to the present.

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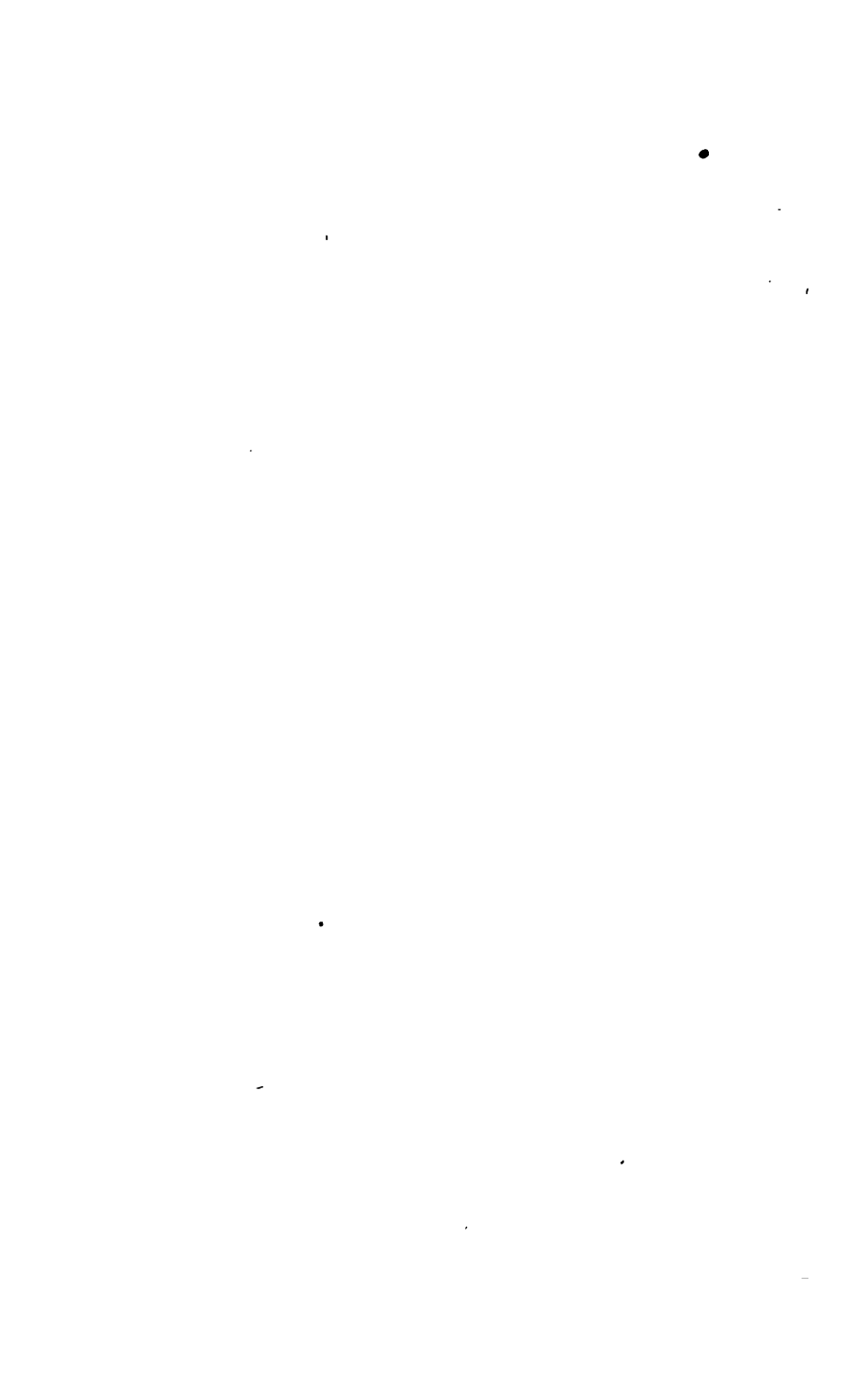












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Ward, Thomas,  
Passaic, A group of  
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